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The English Illustrated Magazine

1903

E

A WELL-KNOWN PARIS MODEL WHO POSES FOR THE MOST FAMOUS PAINTERS.

From a Drawing by Virginia Blanchard.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIX.

(NEW SERIES)

APRIL TO SEPTEMBER, 1903

London

HUTCHINSON & CO.

34, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1903

LONDON AND COUNTY PRINTING WORKS,
BAZAAR BUILDINGS, LONDON, W.C.

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The English Illustrated Magazine

SOME PARIS MODELS

By VIRGINIA BLANCHARD

THE Pigalle quarter is an old art quarter of Paris, with associations enriched by great names. It is an un-Americanised quarter which still flaunts its flag of disrepute, cultivates wickedness, pursues art, and is happy.

Here few English or American students come. There are Russian, German, Spanish, and, of course, French, but for the most part the English and American students flock together in the one time famous *Quartier Latin* on the other side of the Seine—a quarter which has been so successfully white-washed by these missionaries of respectability and cold water, that a gentleman who writes clever articles for the London magazines complained in one of them that the charm and glory of the Latin Quarter had perished by the hand of the young American girl! I know that gentleman to be neither a dyspeptic nor a woman-hater (that he might be was hinted by one of the accused!), so there must be some truth in his statement. We do not know if Thackeray and Du Maurier, and the painters who made their respective days in the art world of Paris so gay, would have found this atmosphere more congenial than that of the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg in the old regretted days; but, at least, it is a more proper boarding-school for the young person. For the malcontent who does not go to Paris for the purpose of hearing his native tongue, and "teaing" with the girl friends of his youth, there is the Pigalle quarter.

Henner has his studio in Place Pigalle, and in the vicinity are a number of ateliers, whose distinguished occupants wear always a red ribbon in their button-hole. Besides there are two famous public ateliers, where younger, if not lesser, painters carry in their mind's eye decorations on their velveteen jackets, which are not visible to the observer without the gift of prophecy.

Where there are painters there must be models, and in Paris, where the artistic population is the largest and most cosmopolitan in the world, the models, if they could be brought together in one company, would make a little world of small comedies and large tragedies.

As a rule they know each other only as other people do, according to their common successes and common failures. The better class women of the profession—that is those whose gifts have earned for them the honour of posing for great painters—always say in reply to enquiries: "Oh, *I* don't know any *models!*" in a tone which says: "My dear sir, though my beauty is such I cannot escape the importunities of painters and I have consented to make the world the happier for my having been created, still, you must not make the mistake of supposing *me* to be an ordinary model." Her case is an exceptional one. I have known a great many exceptional cases; in fact, there is quite a colony of them.

With the men it is different. Being men their self-respect is not at stake, and they have a certain professional pride. Having an instinct for a life for which they are hardly equipped to enter as masters, they enter by its back door, as it were, and prefer the drudgery of Bohemia to the colder, more prosaic toil of a less artistic calling.

I know a man who now wears the Cross of the Legion of Honour who began life

as a model, but he was an exceptional man.

Before the mists are scattered along Rue Duperré by a tardy sun rising above the white towers of Sacré Cœur, on the heights of Montmartre, when the goat-herd, in his blue smock and sabots, has driven his flock before the wild music of his pipe along Rue des Martyrs beyond Montmartre, into suburban Paris—there is a gathering of the brotherhood of models around the fountain of Place Pigalle. They gather there every Monday morning of the year. It is an old custom of the quarter, the origin of which is forgotten in the *melée* of traditions.

Now and then one habitué disappears and his comrades say with dramatic effect to the inquiring painter : "*Il est mort!*" followed by a long sad recital of how the life killed; the hardness of the life; the cruelty of it! (but they would not leave it for another; oh, no, not for a fortune!). The dismal recital is accompanied by a Greek chorus of "C'est vrai! C'est vrai, monsieur!" from the surrounding group.

But the children who are often professionals at six years of age fill the places left vacant, so the actors change parts, but the scene remains one of those classics of Bohemian life which survives generations.

It is a strange group of humanity these models, in their varied and eccentric costumes. Velveteens, long cloaks (which drape the figure with a certain picturesque grace), wide soft hats, and long hair seem to be the accepted *mode*, as well as the peasant's costume of Italy, which the women sometimes wear. The men who possess costumes usually carry them in a bag of bright stuff under their long cloaks.

The commanding Raphael, whose name no doubt was chosen after his choice of profession, occupies the central position, partly by reason of his great height and also because he is a bulwark around which the weaker members cling.

He is to a limited extent a born tragedian. His natural pose is one of uncompromising fierceness. He, the mildest hearted of old *poseurs*, would make a splendid model for a bandit, with his fierce brows, long wild locks and beard.

A little pathetic, faded, grimy figure by his side is "*grand-mère*," as they call her, an old, grey-haired woman, still hugging the illusions of her youth, and waiting in the tawdry splendour of her national costume for the painters who used to celebrate her, and who have long since passed by for the last time. The kindly Raphael taps his brow significantly, and murmurs "*Elle est folle!*"

And that little rogue Jean Dagnano of the glorious, melancholy eyes. It is not often that Jean joins the group at the place, for he is a much-requested model, and his engagements are made ahead, but sometimes he comes looking like a little old man in his long trousers, much too big for him, and great hat which reposes comically over his ears. But even in those absurd clothes he has a certain charm—the union of the ludicrous with the beautiful.

The young Madonna but recently come from the vineyards of Italy, her brown cheeks still warm with Southern sunshine, has learned the value of a sweetly maternal expression and is always provided with an *enfant* of the proper age, even when she must rent it!

There is the old Dagnano of the saintly face, and the gay philosopher who smokes his pipe, exchanges clever repartee with his comrades, and scorns to be anxious as to the coming of the painter.

The painter descends from his heights at an early hour, and proceeds slowly to the Place. He appears in the distance! The curtain has risen, the play has begun!

Raphael, with a step forward, tosses his head and knits his shaggy brows into their fiercest expression; the elder Dagnano turns his martyred eyes heavenward; the Madonna rests hers tenderly on the infant for whom she is paying a franc a day; the short man with the bushy hair, whose figure shed of its strange garments is a model of athletic power, turns his back (which is his good point) and

GROUP OF PARIS MODELS IN PLACE PIGALLE.

From a drawing by Virginia Blanchard.

demands a light of his gay friend! If it is all acting it is not bad art. Each performer has perfected his *rôle* in this one-act pantomime of the streets until it rivals the performances of the Odéon! The happy model who walks away in the footsteps of the velveteened, long-haired painter of the quarter is as real in his part as is his patron. And, after all, it is such a pleasing, pretty part! Who would essay to separate the real from the make-believe; the sentiment from the colour of it; the passion from the show of it, in delightful Paris?

It is all art; and if in the pursuit of the beautiful they forget the truth, if the original idea is lost in the thousand seductive by-paths of art, still, we have, once or twice in a century, a Millet or a Rodin to sound a recall to the stern Mother.

"Jean Dagnano, 2, Passage Crimée"—our *cocher* knew nothing of Passage Crimée. How could a respectable *cocher* driving a rubber-tired *voiture*, and having his stand in the Boulevard Malesherbes, be expected to know such an impossible address? He shrugged his shoulders, elevated his eyebrows, and lowered the corners of his mouth, thus conveying his disgust, and also the fact that he assumed no responsibility in the matter.

Passage Crimée is in La Villette, and La Villette, of course, is out of the question except for a specially-planned and daring expedition. It was here that Jean of the sombre eyes and black locks resided, and we wished to find him at home. In the Batignolles it was all very well and respectable enough—that is, it was not quite beyond the pale—but when we turned into an old street in the vicinity of the Quai of the Seine, our *cocher* began to show signs of wavering at his post. He had sunk his chin into a great black muffler until he was almost inaccessible to public view; the curve of his back indicated plainly that he was deeply humiliated; and he walked his horse while he asked information of every pedestrian, explaining with the last touch of hauteur which he could summon to his aid, that he knew no such address. Even the horse looked ashamed—a Paris cab horse!—a typical one which wheezed habitually, and whose bones rattled in the harness with every breath he drew!

At last the place! After all, it was so narrow a *voiture* could not pass into it, and so crooked we could not see the end of it. Suddenly, as we peered into its dark corners, it swarmed with human beings, all gesticulating and talking wildly in Italian and bad French; a shocking old hag came out and gibbered, and waved her arms until she conveyed the idea that she knew Jean, and would help us to find him.

We followed her with trembling limbs and chattering teeth; we thought almost with affection of our scornful *cocher* waiting, and longed to fly back to his protection.

But we found Jean. He was quite worth the perils of the search, and in all the squalor of his surroundings he had the same princely dignity and courtesy and melancholy charm which he had shown in the more favourable atmosphere of the atelier. We wondered what he thought of our coming, but he was too real a patrician to give any sign.

The next day when he came to pose he gave us a few picturesque details of his life—(that long past of ten years!). He had come to Paris from Italy two years before to make his fortune (!) as a model; he was a professional now—he had a little red-leather engagement book which he produced in proof of his claims. Oh, yes, he could read and write Italian and French both—he had been to school in Italy. He was quite unconscious of any hint of precocity in acquiring two languages at the age of eight. He was less communicative about his life in Italy; it seemed to be shrouded in mystery, but I do not know if it was his genius for the picturesque or if he was really desirous of keeping it unillumined. He was captivating, and when his dark face was lighted by one of his rare smiles, it was like an electric flash in a dark sky.

I never felt so humble as when I had to "show him out"—that is, escort him down four flights of stairs, the walls of which contained some rare objects which, on occasion, had proved too great a temptation to the artistic temperament of certain models.

landing, which commanded the grand staircase of the *hôtel.*

There are the aristocrats of the profession, who live in comfortable homes in respectable quarters, and pose only for the elect. They have a particular distaste for post-cards.

RAPHAEL OF THE PIGALLE QUARTER POSING AS A ROUMANIAN PRIEST.

From a Drawing by Virginia Blanchard.

However, he forgave me; he conveyed as much in his "*au revoir*" which increased my embarrassment. The next day I could not face the superb magnanimity of that expression, so I stole down very softly behind him, and applied my eye to the crack of the door on the third

An amusing incident once occurred when a youthful and ambitious painter, wishing to enter the Salon on a charger, so to speak, thought she had an inspiration when she beheld a glorious creature, who was one of the models of Henner. She wrote (on a post-card!) asking to

make an engagement. Luckless aspirant! The next day she received a reply, couched somewhat, if not exactly, in these words: "Madam,—Under no circumstances do I reply to a post-card, and I never inconvenience myself to pose for any but painters *who are known.*"

DAGNANO, WHO POSES FOR RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

From a Drawing by Virginia Blanchard.

The crushed young painter went out and purchased a box of tinted note paper as the first step to artistic fame.

To this class belongs the beautiful Madame X——. She is a perfect type of the harem, and her wonderful eyes look out from more than one of those fine canvases of Eastern life by Bridgman. She has posed for many Salon successes, and for one by Dagnan-Bouveret she is said to have given some sixty sittings for the head alone.

Her dress is perfect and her carriage elegant, so that when you meet her on the boulevards among those gay throngs of beautiful women she is among the most *chic* of them and would easily be mistaken for a *grande dame.*

She is full of little artless graces, and is fascinating in every pose she assumes —consciously or otherwise. In fact the perfection of her art is that she is always perfectly unconscious. Her innocence is like that of the Garden of Eden—it seems a pity to disturb it with a three-ply

Japanese screen—but even in a Paris atelier there are limitations to naïveté; and when Raphael is posing in one end of the room, one wishes she was less unconscious, and would make her elaborate toilet within the confines of the *paravent.*

She carries with her always an atmosphere of violets, early spring and nightingales, and when she has rustled out, leaving only the least suspicion of a whiff of *perfumer violette* the room seems empty, and the company dull.

She has some rare *histoires*, this lovely Madame X——. She lives a quiet domestic life in a little ménage, with a husband, to whom she refers in the tenderest accents, but her profession is a dangerous one, and her experiences would not be proper reading for a young ladies' boarding school.

But she retains her atmosphere of innocence and elegance through her worst tales —which by some strange chance are always her best, and when she has said:

"Il a dit —— —— ——!"

"Et vous?" we respond.

JEAN DAGNANO OF THE MELANCHOLY EYES.

From a Drawing by Virginia Blanchard.

"Mais, mon Mari!" she exclaims, with such an expression of injured innocence one must needs believe in her, and fall to speculating upon the manner of man her husband must be.

To see Raphael at his happiest is to see him in his costume of a Roumanian priest. Certainly the costume is very

beautiful, having been purchased by Raphael in Rome, after, I fancy, having served some rich Roman at one of the carnival balls. Raphael himself tones in with its fine colour, and he covets admiration like a child. When I first saw him in this costume he was waiting for me in the atelier, full of happy anticipation of the impression he would make. I was pre-occupied and failed to give voluble expression to my admiration. His face clouded with disappointment, so that someone remarked in English, "You are not half appreciative. See how disappointed he is!" Whereupon I immediately struck an attitude of startled admiration, and exclaimed in ecstacy: "Magnifique! Quelle couleur! Quel superbe ensemble!"

Then the sun rose, and his face beamed with satisfied vanity. He is an honest old fellow, who never disappoints a patron, is always on time, replies promptly (even to post-cards), and will keep the fire going, and stay over time. Altogether he is a noble example of the profession, and possesses all of the cardinal virtues of the calling, which, it will be seen, are not altogether identical with the Mosaic code.

He lives in the by-ways of Montmartre with his wife, of whom he speaks admiringly, describing her as "trés grosse et trés blonde," which would seem to be his ideal of feminine beauty.

He has posed for many of the "big men," such as Carolus, Duran, Bonnat, and Gerôme, and there is always a sigh of satisfaction among the hard-worked students when he comes on for a week at Julian's.

The old Dagnano has the face of a saint and a martyr. There is that in his face which is difficult to describe, but which is easily felt to be the material for religious paintings. He once posed for a head of the Christ, which earned him such a reputation as a model that he has had urgent offers to leave Paris and go to other cities while certain religious paintings were in progress. However, it is only in certain poses, and from certain points of view that one gets the beauty of his expression. There are poses of his head which give quite a different impression of his character.

It is as though he had lived so long with his part that it had become inseparable from him, and yet had not altogether superseded the original character which was different.

"I don't speek Eenglish, but I speek a leetle Americanse!" With which witticism "Pippa" screwed his little face up into a most impertinent and bewitching wink at the American girl, while he pirouetted on his little bare toes.

He has vanished now, nobody seems to know where; gone back to Italy, perhaps, or further to that other land of the blessed. But wherever he is now there is more than one tablet to his memory in the hearts of the students who worked in the big atelier where he once posed.

He was seven, and one of Nature's works of art. To his physical beauty was added audacity, *savoir faire*, and an eternal gaiety, before which every barrier of human reserve or dignity or ill-nature went down.

He would, from the throne, in the awful hush of working hours, boldly wink at the most formidable spinster in the crowded atelier! and that without a rebuke. In fact, I think she privately encouraged him after she came under his spell.

He embraced his favourites, called others by their first names, made jokes with the "dragons," gave acrobatic performances among the wet canvases, and finally would sweep the atelier for that tyrant, Annette, as a final act of grace.

"Really, we shall have to get a nurse in if we take them as young as this," commented Lotos, who posed as a formidable intellect only, and professed to dislike children, but who was secretly Pippa's slave.

It is a custom on Saturday mornings—the last of a week's *séance* in the public ateliers—to pass a palette around among

the students for the benefit of the model. This collection is quite distinct from the week's earnings, and is large or small according to the popularity of the model.

I think "Pippa" had to employ the deep, bottomless pit of his trousers' pockets as well as his purse for the sous that weighed down the palette that last Saturday morning. But that is not the end of the story, for "Pippa" was sentimental.

It was a case of love at first sight with "Pippa" and the American girl. Things grew apace and by Saturday noon "Pippa" had arrived at the poignant stage where he wished to part with his worldly goods.

After lunch the girl came in from a neighbouring restaurant and found him munching dry bread by the stove in the big empty room.

"Is that all you eat?" she inquired, remembering with remorse the "Chateaubriand" she had just finished.

"Oui, oui, c'estassez!" He appeared to be unusually gay, and his colour did not suggest starvation.

He tossed aside the crust and produced his purse, bursting with five and ten centime pieces.

"Regardez!" he exclaimed gleefully.

"What shall you do with your sous?" she asked, by way of making conversation.

"Attendez! je vous montrerai!" and with a look of inscrutible mystery he sped out into the street.

"Voila!" he exclaimed, when he had returned, and diving deep into his bulging pockets, he produced in lieu of his sous a magnificent supply of hot *marons*, which he heaped in the lap of his beloved.

He would not share them, but stood over her and watched every *maron* in delighted excitement as it disappeared, exclaiming encouragingly, "Mangez! Encore mangez!" When the last one had been swallowed he gave expression to his delight by a double somersault, with a climax of his favourite pose—the Apollo Belvedere—and called upon the girl for applause.

That afternoon he went away, and the next week everybody in the atelier wondered why life seemed such a dull drudgery, and everybody else so old and cross and ugly.

IN POPPY-LAND

By A. SYLVESTER FAULKNER

I am dreaming in my poppy-land amid the rippling corn,
Where grasses tall and cornflowers blue, and poppy-buds are born,
And the birds and breezes sing a lullaby.
And what is all the rest to me?
What care I for the land or sea?
All things are fair and sweet that be
Beneath the summer sky.

Fair dreams of love they bring to me, those summer winds that sigh
Around me, while above my head the seagulls swoop and cry,
And far away the many wail and weep.
Great gods! I ask no more, no more
Than this fair world beside the shore;
But if I wake the dream is o'er—
Give, then, eternal sleep.

COMMANDER CAGNI, THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN NEAREST THE NORTH POLE.

[By Permission of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

FURTHER NORTH THAN NANSEN*

Being the First Account of the Duke of the Abruzzi's Polar Expedition

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

The Unknown is always of interest. The exploration of the silent, inhospitable wastes around the Pole has always been followed keenly from the early days of Phipps and Parry until Nansen's achievement, when he reached the 84th parallel in the *Fram*. But it has been left to Prince Louis of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi, and cousin to the reigning King of Italy, to conduct an expedition still farther north, thus breaking all previous records.

On board a Norwegian ship, the *Jason*—which he re-named the *Polar Star*—and accompanied by a mixed crew of Italians and Norwegians, he left Archangel in the summer of 1899, and, encountering great perils and hardships, wintered in the Bay of Teplitz, from which a sledge expedition, led by Commander Umberto Cagni, actually forced its way up to 86° 34′ N., the highest latitude ever yet reached by man.

Having just concluded the translation of the Duke's exciting and highly interesting narrative from the Italian, I am now able to give for the first time to English readers an account of the adventures and hairbreadth escapes of the royal explorer and his gallant party. It must, however, be brief, and cannot possibly convey half of the thrilling stories contained within the two handsome volumes illustrated by the Duke's own photographs, just published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

The plan of the expedition, which was carried out almost in its entirety, was to leave Archangel for Cape Flora and Northbrook Island, where a magazine was to be established with provisions for eight months, and four boats left. Thence the original idea was to proceed to Queen Victoria Sea, and there seek a safe anchorage as far as possible to the north, close to the lands lying to the west of Franz Josef Land. Sledge expeditions were to be carried on in autumn and in spring; the first was to transport supplies to the lands situated more to the north, and the second was to attempt to reach the highest latitude. When these expeditions came back at the beginning of summer, the place where the ship had wintered was to be left; or, if it were then too late to do so, a second winter might be passed there, and in the following year the expedition was to return to Cape Flora, with or without the ship. In case the expedition were shipwrecked during the autumn, the supplies on board, with what had been left at Cape Flora, would enable them to subsist until the arrival of the relieving ship, which, after two years had elapsed, was to be dispatched to that place. If it were impossible to do otherwise, they might retreat towards Novaya Zemlya, or to the Spitzbergen Islands, according to circumstances, by means of the boats left at Cape Flora.

The plan of the sledge expedition was as follows: It was to start as soon as possible in spring, from the place where the *Polar Star* had wintered, advancing in the direction of the stores they had left during the autumn, and from this point cross the ice towards the Pole. The supplies were calculated so as to maintain a party of four men for forty days, a second party of four men for seventy days, and a third party, composed also of four men, for ninety days. The ship was under the command of Captain Evensen, a Norwegian; and as Siberian dogs are the most useful animals to man in the Polar regions, many of them were taken. The total cost of the expedition, including the purchase of the *Jason* and supplies for four years, was £38,413.

Commander Cagni, of the Italian navy, who succeeded in penetrating so far north, was aged thirty-six, and was second in command of the expedition, and in charge of

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the scientific observations, having as his assistant Lieutenant Querini, who unfortunately lost his life; while Dr. Cavalli Molinelli acted as medical officer, and had charge of the zoological and botanical collections. In addition, there were four Alpine guides, an Italian cook, and ten officers and men. This intrepid party, after great difficulties in stowing their stores in the limited space at their command, at last sailed away to that strange land where men so ceaselessly pass from hopes to delusions, and from delusions to hopes.

THE "POLAR STAR" WINTERING IN TEPLITZ BAY.

They soon found the state of Barentz Sea unfavourable, and becoming hemmed in by ice discovered, to their dismay, that the British Channel, through which they must pass, was simply a level stretch of ice. This was the first of their thousand-and-one difficulties which, by patience and perseverance, they eventually surmounted, exhibiting a gallant heroism that has assuredly reflected credit upon the Italian nation. In Barentz Sea and Queen Victoria Sea they met with many illusions and daily disappointment, and on August 1st they experienced the first pressure of the ice. At Eaton Island, six days later, the pressure ceased, and they there encountered the *Capella*, which was returning to Europe with the Wellman expedition, its commander having unfortunately met with an accident. This meeting was not a good augury for the Duke and his party; nevertheless, with dauntless courage they steamed forward, leaving Europe ever at the stern.

Twenty-seven days after sailing from Archangel the *Polar Star* made her first record, for she reached 82° 4′ at the northern extremity of Prince Rudolph Island. Lower than the *Fram* record, which drifted as far as 85° 47′ N.; after the *Alert* and the *Polaris*, which reached, respectively, 82° 27′ and 82° 16′, the *Polar Star* thus took the fourth place among the ships that have gone nearest to the Pole.

The vessel visited Cape Fligely, which Payer reached in 1875 as the most northerly point to which he could penetrate, and then went on to Cape Germania, at last entering Teplitz Bay by a channel which the crew cut through the ice-field. The expedition there entered winter quarters. Tents were erected, stores and dogs landed, kennels and huts built, and during the last days of light, at the end of September, the party proceeded to settle down to life on shore. The ship, being fast in the ice, was at last abandoned.

"While under canvas," says the Duke, "we followed the same order of the day as on board. We were called at seven, and as we lived in a common room we were all obliged to rise at nearly the same time. The first breakfast was at eight; work began after nine, lasted till mid-day, and was taken up again after dinner till five. Supper was at half-past six, and few of us sat up after ten. Our mode of life was thus as monotonous as that of a school where all are obliged to act in the same way at the same time. Our different occupations helped us to pass the day quickly enough, but we found the evening tedious. After some months subjects of conversation had become more rare, and in order not to repeat the same things, we spoke little."

Suddenly there came a terrible hurricane, which raged unceasingly for eight days, and did enormous damage to the equipment. So great was the incessant noise that during the whole time they could scarcely hear each other speak. The snow was very heavy, and when the storm abated they discovered that the kennels and dogs were buried, while their own hut was also half buried.

The long Polar night dragged on slowly. They shot bears for amusement, but also found plenty to do inside the tent, and outside, where the registering instrument had been set up, as well as among the dogs, which now had to be trained. The most important work, however, was the preparation for the sledge expedition towards the Pole.

PERILOUS POSITION OF THE "POLAR STAR."

The equipment of such an expedition across ice demands much care, so that the weight to be carried may be reduced to a minimum, while, by judicious selection of the rations and the outfit, the members of the expedition may be enabled to resist fatigue and to live in a climate for which man is not adapted. Two sorts of stores were to be carried on the sledges—those for daily consumption, such as food for the men and the dogs, and those which would not vary, such as *kayaks*, tents, sleeping-bags, cooking-stoves, arms, instruments, and changes of clothes. Dr. Cavalli, guided

by the data furnished by Greely and Nares, fixed the rations at 2lb. 12oz. 9dr. per man. The quantity of petroleum required to cook food was calculated from what Nansen had consumed. The boats were *kayaks*, like those used by Nansen, built like punts, with the planking replaced by canvas. They had also a canvas deck with a hole in the centre in which sat the rower.

Thus, with daily adventures and with much anxiety and hardship, the winter days passed until February 18th, when Commander Cagni—who was to make a dash for the Pole with sledges—celebrated his birthday. On that day the party met for devotions, after which Cagni, addressing the Duke, saluted him in the name of all and assured him that he and his companions would do everything in their power to achieve success.

The expedition set forth, but it had not gone far before an accident occurred, and it was compelled to return. The mishap was, however, not a serious one, but it showed defects in the equipment that had to be remedied. Then came delay after delay, until, on March 11th, the gallant little band again set out. The Duke, who accompanied them for some distance, describes how constantly the sledges were overturned by the uneven condition of the ice and the swift pace the dogs travelled, and how the way was lengthened by the zig-zag tracks which the Alpine guides were compelled to make. At last, however, the royal explorer took leave of his second-in-command, and this is how he describes it:

"Cagni and I took leave of each other with heartfelt words, which expressed our sincere and mutual good wishes of meeting soon again after a successful expedition. I felt that this time our parting was definite, and that I should not see him again until many weeks had elapsed, on his return from the most severe trial he would have to undergo in all his life. If it had not been always easy to live together in a limited space of the same tent, at that solemn moment no memory of slight misunderstandings ruffled the tranquility of our minds, or rendered the last clasp of our hands less affectionate.

"The sledges went on; the doctor was the last to salute me, and the convoy then disappeared among the high

LANDING STORES FOR THE WINTER.

hummocks. Gini and I climbed a mound of ice to see the convoy once more as it proceeded on its way. Just now it was they who had saluted us; this time we saluted them, and from far away the cry of "Evviva," three times repeated, replied to our cheer. It was the last farewell We lost sight of the convoy shortly after."

IN WINTER QUARTERS.

The Polar regions admit within their limits only well-prepared and resolute men, and they are terribly severe towards those who go there carelessly or trusting too much in their strength. Commander Cagni and his party, after leaving the ship, met with a series of terrible hardships and disasters, all of which he relates in his thrilling narrative appended to the Duke's report. Let us, therefore, follow him over the wild trackless wastes of snow towards his unknown goal. The first peril of the party was when, through inexperience, a few days after their departure, they encamped on newly-formed ice. He gives his story in diary form, and thus describes their narrow escape:

"We pitch our camp on a spot where the ice is flat and tolerably thick. The dogs whine and refuse to lie down on this damp, cold, salted ice, with which they cannot even quench their thirst. To get a drink, the poor beasts have to lick the icicles formed on their coats. To prepare our supper, we take some snow from the old ice-field. It is very cold; as soon as the thermometer is exposed it indicates 38° C. Towards seven o'clock the ice

PACKING PROVISIONS FOR THE SLEDGE EXPEDITION.

begins to press on all sides; nearly all the men are already in their sleeping-bags, and the night is very dark, so that it would be folly to set out at this hour to look for some safer place. The howling of the dogs make a weird accompaniment to the noise of the ice pressure, which grows louder and louder; at times, it seems to us that we hear towards the south the distant rushing of a train, and at others the roaring of a stormy sea. The ice-field on which we are encamped begins to groan, and its outer edge bends under the weight of the neighbouring fields which are rising upon it; if it breaks we are lost; or, at least, our stores are, and with them all hopes of glory, which to-day were still so bright, will depart. What terribly anxious hours I passed that night as, carrying a lantern, I went round the boundary of the ice-field, watching the progress of its destruction which seemed inevitable! And yet we could do nothing but wait. A horrible time of suspense, which wore out our strength more than any stupendous efforts could. The temperature is still falling; towards midnight it is 39° C., and the dogs continue to howl, the ice to creak and moan, and we to suffer!" Next day the minimum thermometer reached 43° C., but although several dogs died of cold and the sufferings of the survivors were very great, they managed to get to land again and continue their journey.

The cold grew more intense as they went further north. Cagni tells how one day, while getting dinner ready for his companions, he accidently touched the metal lamp with his ungloved hand, and two of his fingers were frozen. Then, while seeking to remedy the evil, he made it worse, thoughtlessly rubbing himself with snow, which was probably of a temperature of about 45° C. Both his hands immediately turned white, and then livid to the wrists. Petigax, who at that moment entered the tent, called the doctor, and between them they saved his hands by rubbing them violently. The doctor had already had his nose frozen twice in less than half-an-hour. Ollier, meanwhile, had had a toe frozen, so Dr. Cavalli

COMMANDER CAGNI LEAVING FOR THE NORTH.

THE HIGHEST LATITUDE YET REACHED BY MAN.

[By Permission of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

ON THE ROAD TO THE NORTH.

left Cagni to go to see him. The thermometer marked 47° C. that day.

As part of the plan, Cagni sent back Lieutenant Querini with two men, Ollier and Stökken, rather earlier than was arranged, but unfortunately Querini lost his life, while the other two had hair-breadth escapes. Notwithstanding the dispiriting conditions under which Cagni and his small party were travelling, they still pushed on due north through drifting snow, across treacherous ice-fields and over huge hummocks throughout the month of March. On the last day of that month the sledge expedition halted, and Cagni, with two resolute men, Petigax and Fenoillet, started forward to make a determined dash to reach the Pole. I quote the Commander's own words in describing their parting:

"At ten o'clock Petigax and Fenoillet bid farewell to their companions, and set off towards the north with a sledge. Shortly after I bid Cardenti and Savoie goodbye; then clasping Dr. Cavalli's hand, a sudden feeling of emotion makes us fall into each other's arms. I whisper to him a last adieu to carry to my mother and to my betrothed, and hasten away to my sledges, on the track of Petigax. The weather is very fine, the sun shines and floods the snow with light, and our five sledges advance swiftly in a slightly sinuous line. While crossing a small pressure-ridge, we turn to send a last greeting to our comrades. The doctor waves our flag, his men wave their caps, and they all shout: 'Good-bye, we wish you a happy voyage!' . . . We would wish to answer, but our voices fail. . . Good-bye, dear comrades; may God protect and guide you safely."

After leaving his companions, Cagni was soon compelled to kill some of his dogs to serve as food for the others, and then came a terrible wind-storm and snow-drift, which nearly buried the party in the shelter of their tent. For hours they worked to

rescue their stores and equipment from the snow, and then on going forward nearly lost their lives by a sudden opening of the ice. Then came difficulties with the dogs, harness continually breaking, and accidents with the sledges, while the weather went from bad to worse. Still the three dauntless men pushed forward, making some rapid marches during the early weeks of April. Very soon, however, the appalling truth dawned upon the heroic explorers—that their supplies would not hold out—that they had not sufficient food to carry them forward to their goal! So they at once cheerfully went on half-rations, and in a semi-starving condition pushed on, determined not to be beaten while their physical strength held out. On April 13th they found themselves at 84° 50′, but the remaining dogs had become weak, and the going was now terribly hard on account of freshly-fallen snow.

In those regions of suffering and desolation, the hopes of the little party rose and fell each day, but the anxiety over their want of food was ever present. The storms increased, and each day's delay brought them nearer starvation. In a brief article such as the present it is impossible to convey the intense excitement which seized the explorers after they had gained a latitude higher than that gained by Nansen. They went forward with redoubled energy until, on Wednesday, April 25th, they had advanced as far as they dared, owing to their failing supplies, to a point not hitherto reached by any human being. They had broken the Polar record!

This was the gallant Commander's entry in his diary on that day:—

"I was not able to close my eyes last night, either on account of the cold or of my state of nervous excitement; and the men also slept little. We rose at seven, we ate only pemmican, and set to work to get the sledges ready. I have decided on leaving one, and we must unload them all; for a part of the pemmican, which has hitherto formed the foundation of the loads, must be taken out. When all the loads are made up, the heaviest sledge weighs 418lb., and the lightest, from which nothing is to be taken for some time, 374lb. I place in the snow three tin tubes, hermetically closed with wax, and containing one of the usual papers, addressed to the Hydrographic Office of

IN THE LAND OF SILENCE.

the Italian Royal Navy. I have written on the paper :—

> 'April 25th, 1900. 86° 31′ N. lat., 68° E. long. (I believe that this is correct within a couple of miles.) Having reached this my furthest point to the north, I begin my return journey with provisions for thirty days, 200 rations of pemmican, four sledges, and thirty-four dogs, with 300 rations. We are all in excellent health.—CAGNI.'

"At eleven we had everything quite ready, and we take our coffee and milk. While the men are packing up the tent and harnessing the dogs, I take the meridian altitude, both with the artificial horizon and the natural horizon, which is very distinct. It is easy to do so on account of the very slight elevation of the sun in this latitude. We are at 86° 32′ N. lat. The convoy is ready to start; I photograph it, and give the signal of departure. Petigax goes forward, following the tracks made yesterday, and as we take the first steps of our return to our own country our hearts beat quickly."

The perils of their return to the south, their narrow escapes, their long marches while starving, and their terrible suffering and hardships, are all described with a modesty which is Commander Cagni's chief and most engaging characteristic. To those who desire to read more of this, one of the most thrilling chapters of Arctic exploration and heroic daring ever written, I would heartily commend them to the Duke of the Abruzzi's two noble volumes entitled "*On the 'Polar Star' in the Arctic Sea.*"

The story is more exciting than any novel, for every page takes us breathlessly across those white trackless wastes in search of the unknown, and on almost every page there is an illustration—of which those I am permitted to reproduce here are specimens—as well as a quantity of photogravures, maps, and plans. The book is issued in a dozen languages, including Japanese. It is to-day the standard work upon the subject, and will probably remain so for a good many years to come, a credit to the royal Duke who organised the expedition, a credit to the heroic Cagni and his two companions, a credit to the House of Savoy, and a credit to the enterprising Italian nation—who now hold a record of which they have every reason to be proud.

THE SNARE OF LOVE

BY

ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT.

This Thrilling Romance, by the Author of "By Right of Sword," "In the Name of a Woman," etc., etc., will run through this volume of THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. *"The Snare of Love" is copyrighted in the United States of America.*

CHAPTER I

THE RESCUE

"WHAT'S that?"

As Grant jerked out the question in a quick tone of suspicion, and pointed ahead into the gloom of the unlighted road, I heard the stealthy tread of rapid footsteps, and caught a glimpse of the shadowy outline of a vanishing figure.

"Probably some Palace Spy curious about our movements," I said. "Nothing unusual in a land of spies like this. Did he pass us?"

"I don't know. Very likely. I was thinking and chanced to look up and saw him. Poor devil, he has to earn his living somehow;" and with a shrug of the shoulders he dismissed the matter.

"Plenty of people in Constantinople are curious about you, Cyrus; and when we take to night strolls in unfrequented spots it would be strange if we were not shadowed."

My companion did not respond to the implied invitation of my words, and we walked on in silence.

I had plenty of food for thought. If any other man than Cyrus Denison Grant, the young American millionaire, and my close friend and chief, had conceived the big scheme which had brought us into such intimate companionship in Constantinople, I should have laughed at it as a wild impossibility. But his wealth, his daring brain, his boundless enterprise and resource, his tireless energy, his dauntless confidence, and, above all, his magnetic personality had overcome so many apparently insuperable obstacles that we were already far on the road to success, and victory seemed assured.

I was deep in his confidence, and we had been discussing our prospects that lovely April night as we strolled and smoked on an unfrequented road between Pera and the dirty suburb of Kassim Pasha. But there was one thing he had not told me why for the last two or three weeks he had taken every opportunity to bring me out on this particular road at about the same time. And the matter puzzled me.

It was barely ten o'clock, and the lights of the European colony behind us shone brightly, throwing up a glare on the low scudding clouds which the soft south wind from the Sea of Marmora was driving up; while to our left, across the Golden Horn, lay Stamboul, dark and solemn in a gloom relieved by scarcely a single light. A

sullen contrast typifying, as it seemed always to me, the sullen protest of Mohammedanism against the encroachments of the nations of the West.

Something of the same thought was in my companion's mind, for when a turn in the road gave us a fuller view of Stamboul with the intervening water below us, he stopped, and stood looking across the great harbour on which the twinkling lights of the shipping showed up against the pall-like shadow beyond.

"Islam sleeping away his strength," he exclaimed, his low sonorous voice deep with feeling. "Think what it might be; aye, and what it shall be before long." As he spoke, he drew himself to his full height, his great figure towering above me, and his strong handsome profile duskily outlined in the gloom of the night, while he drew in a deep breath as though drinking in inspiration for his great purpose. "By Heaven, a scheme fit for a conqueror!"

Admiring and almost reverencing the man as I did, his sudden enthusiasm infected me, and together we stood, too full for words, intoxicated with the promise of success, and gazing down on what should be the realm of future great triumphs, in which he was to be the chief, and I but a very minor actor.

Knowing his mood, I did not break the silence, even when we resumed our walk and turned from the road into a more unfrequented by-way. We came soon near the spot at which he usually turned, and our footsteps were slackening, when the stillness of the night was broken by a woman's scream.

"Did you hear that?" asked Grant, in a tone of suppressed excitement. "It's a woman's voice. I have dreaded it."

"It's a row somewhere, that's all," I replied, little dreaming how fateful that night stroll was going to prove to us all, and puzzled by his last words. "How do you mean you've dreaded it?"

"Listen," he cried, not heeding my question.

"My dear fellow, we can do nothing; and we'd far better get back home than meddle in a thing of this kind." But my words might have fallen on deaf ears for all their effect upon him.

"Listen," he said again, laying his powerful hand on my shoulder, while he strained every nerve to catch a sound.

The cry was repeated; now louder and more insistent—a cry for help, unmistakably, and as we were expecting it we could locate its direction.

"Come; there's a woman in trouble. Quick!" and, turning, he rushed off at a pace that made it difficult for me to follow him. "I know the way," he called to me over his shoulder: and to my further surprise he made good his words immediately by threading his way readily through some devious paths between dense shrubberies, until we came out at the rear of a house of considerable size, of the existence of which I had been ignorant.

Some ugly business was going on inside, and, as we reached the house, the noise of struggling, and of men's voices raised in threatening altercation, came to us through an open window. A deep groan, followed immediately by the report of a pistol, came next, and then shouts and curses in guttural Turkish; and once more the woman's screams and loud cries for help, first in Turkish, and then in Greek.

"They are Turks, and someone's life's in danger," I said hurriedly. My companion had not waited to hear me, however; but with a knowledge of the place that continued to surprise me, rushed to a door, opened it and sprang into the house.

"It's a fool's game," I cried as a caution. I might as well have called to the wind; and fearing—I knew not what—I followed and laid a detaining hand on his arm as he was opening an inner door.

"Do you realise what you're doing, Cyrus?" I asked. "You are forcing yourself into a matter that may ruin everything. In Heaven's name, be careful, and think of the consequences."

"If you're afraid, man, stay outside," he answered fiercely, in a tone he had never used to me before, while he shook off my hand impatiently. "Do you think I don't

As we entered, the woman fired at her assailants.

know where I am?" and as he spoke he opened the door, and we burst in.

It was a strange scene indeed into which we dashed thus unceremoniously. The door opened into a large long hall, very dimly lighted by two lamps at the far end, fixed on pillars at the foot of a broad stairway. Standing some three steps above the floor was a woman, her face in shadow, her hair streaming over her shoulders, and her dress disordered, facing three men armed with knives, who were gesticulating and threatening her in loud angry tones. We had arrived at the moment of crisis, for, even as they menaced her, they were hanging back in fear of the revolver with which she held them at bay. Between them and the stairway two bodies lay on the ground; one, that of a woman, still with the stillness of death; the other, a man, groaning and writhing as if wounded.

As we entered, the woman fired at her assailants and missed them, and the report of the pistol was followed by a great shout of rage from Grant, who cried as he rushed forward:

"I am here, and will save you. Have no fear."

"The blessed Virgin be thanked!" called the woman in response in Greek.

Her assailants had been making too much noise to notice our entrance, but faced about on hearing Grant's sonorous voice, and having no stomach for a fight under such altered circumstances, and taking fright probably at Grant's big muscular form, they hesitated a second, and then bolted like rabbits through a door close to them. As they scrambled through it the woman fired again, and again missed them, while Grant, seeing she was safe and unhurt, rushed after them, and flung himself at the door which they had fastened behind them.

Then I had an opportunity of looking closely at the woman, whom I instantly recognised. She was Haidée Patras, the lovely Greek, one of the most beautiful women in all Constantinople, about whose personality there was a considerable mystery. In a moment I guessed the reasons for Grant's sudden liking for these night strolls.

"You are not hurt?" I asked.

"I am not hurt," she answered, and with a smile of indescribable loveliness and gratitude she moved down into the light and greeted Grant as he approached. "I was only frightened for the moment. You saved me, sir, and I thank you," she said, in English, and coming forward with the carriage of a queen, she laid down her pistol and gave him her hand. He took it and carried it to his lips; and many things were made plain to me as I watched the faces of both while they stood gazing each into the other's eyes, oblivious, as it seemed, of my presence.

With a half sigh she withdrew her hand, and then sank as if exhausted into a low chair, in which she lay back. Only for an instant, however, and then she sprang up.

"I am forgetting my faithful Lelia, and Koprili; shame to me when they may have given their lives for me." She bent over the woman who lay so still, while I turned to the man. I found that he was wounded, and had lost a great quantity of blood, judging by the pool which lay all about him on the floor; and he moaned and groaned dismally at every touch. With Grant's aid I found the wounds, which did not look so serious as the loss of blood suggested; and when we had bound up the hurts we laid him on one of the divans. In the meanwhile the woman had recovered consciousness, and with her mistress's help, delicately, tenderly, and lovingly given, she succeeded in getting to her feet and staggering up the stairway.

"This is a queer business, Cyrus," I said, when we were alone.

"I wish I could have caught those infernal villains," he replied, glancing angrily at the door by which they had escaped.

"I didn't know you knew the neighbourhood so well," I added a little drily.

"If I had not, there would have been murder done."

"True; the murder of a very lovely woman. But what the deuce does it all mean?"

"A pretty easy story to read, I should think."

"I'm not so sure of that. Matters are generally just what they don't seem to be in this sublime land of craft. We're probably only at the beginning of things. What are you going to do next?"

"I don't know. What we have rescued we must keep safe, I suppose."

"H'm! That means you are going to charge yourself with the safe keeping of the Greek?"

"Yes, if it's necessary," he answered, with characteristic decisiveness, as though that ended the matter.

"Women are the devil in Turkey," I muttered.

"This woman is no devil, Mervyn," and as he said this he looked me straight in the eyes for an instant.

"Well, I'm with you if it's necessary," I replied, after a pause. "But for Heaven's sake let us try to bottom the thing and see where we're going."

"Do I generally forget that?" There was a suggestion, scarcely perceptible, it is true, of defiance in his manner and words; an unwonted intention to keep me outside his real feelings and thoughts; a wish to fence with me.

"We have never before had to take a woman into the reckoning," I persisted.

"And may, or may not, have to do so now."

"As you will," I returned, with a shrug of the shoulders. "But, in any case, I'm with you."

"I know you are, and so have patience."

"If you bottom the thing, yes. But if you *don't*, I shall. She's coming back."

We caught the sound of her soft draperies on the stairway above, and, when she came down, I observed that she had taken advantage of the interval to array herself beautifully. She was dressed in a clinging gown of soft silk, her hair was done up, and she wore many jewels. She was obviously anxious to look at her best even at a moment of such crisis; and the fact struck me as significant. But her rare beauty of face and witching grace of form needed no rich setting of either costume or jewels. She was the loveliest woman I had ever seen; and I viewed her with quite dispassionate eyes; and she looked glorious and radiant as, with face slightly flushed and eyes aglow with emotion, she repeated her thanks to Grant for having rescued her.

She spoke English fluently, and her beautifully modulated voice gave a piquancy to her slight foreign accent which added to its fascination. She was certainly a woman to turn men's heads, and I could not wonder that Grant was deeply moved by her irresistible charm. When she turned from him to thank me also, her simple words seemed full of feeling and gratitude, although I did not fail to notice that she placed my services on a very different level from those of my friend. Her rescue had been his work; I was merely a subordinate accessory; and she wished him to see that she understood her chief debt of gratitude was to him.

Grant was strangely agitated. I had never seen him in such a mood. To me he had always been the very type of self-strength and self-confidence, knowing exactly what he meant to do and say, and doing and saying it promptly with clear-cut resolution and calm definiteness; and yet now he was more like a great bashful child, pliant, hesitating, stumbling over his words, and for the moment irresolute and tongue-tied. Yet I knew that his purpose was strong within him, and to give him time to recover outward self-possession, I took up the *rôle* of questioner.

"You were in great danger, mademoiselle; do you think you are safe now?"

"While you are here, yes; but in future, alas, no," she said sadly. "My servants have deserted me—except my woman, Lelia, and my faithful Koprili. Is he much hurt? Ah! it was terrible!" and she sighed and glanced to where we had laid the man, her lovely face full of tender solicitude.

"He is not seriously hurt, I hope; but he seems to have lost a good deal of blood. We have bound up his wounds. Do you know the reason for such an attack?"

The question seemed to distress her greatly, for she lay back a moment in her

chair and covered her face with her hands.

"The villains shall not go unpunished. I will see to that," exclaimed Grant, finding his voice, impetuously.

At this she uncovered her face, now very pale, and glancing at him, smiled sadly and shook her head.

"You can do nothing, my friend—I may call you friend, after what you have done for me. But in this, even you are powerless. You *can* do nothing; nay, you must not even attempt to do anything. I have brought you into danger as it is. It is that which grieves me."

"Will you tell us the reasons?" I asked.

"It is better not—far better not. You had best leave me now, at once."

"No," came from Grant, in a strong decided tone. "That is impossible."

"Spoken as I was sure you would speak—but it must be as I say. If you knew, you would see it as I do."

"Will you tell us?" I again asked.

"It is a long story and a strange one—but better not."

"You may trust us absolutely," declared Grant emphatically.

"Do you think I doubt that? Ah, no!" and she put out her hand as if to give it to him, but checked herself, and smiled upon him and then sighed.

"But you are in peril here," said my friend.

"Yes, but for myself I do not fear. It is not that. It may mean so much more—so very much more;" and she added the last words despondently. "It is that which troubles."

"Tell me that I may help. I have influence."

"I should but bring trouble on you, while you may not save me."

"It will save valuable time if you tell us at once," I said.

"It is a long story, but—" she paused and added in a low, almost caressing, tone, as she looked at Grant, "I should so like to tell you," and with just a shade of emphasis on the pronoun. Then with a change, as if taking a sudden resolution, she added earnestly: "I will tell you, and put my life and that of others in your hands." She paused and put her hand to her brow. "I must collect my thoughts. Oh, I wonder what you will think of it?"

And as she sat thinking for a few moments in silence and we waited for her to begin, I looked at Grant and noted the rapt, intense, expectant look in his shining eyes as he feasted them upon her wondrous beauty. And seeing it, I knew that for good or ill the fortunes of the Greek were for the future linked with his.

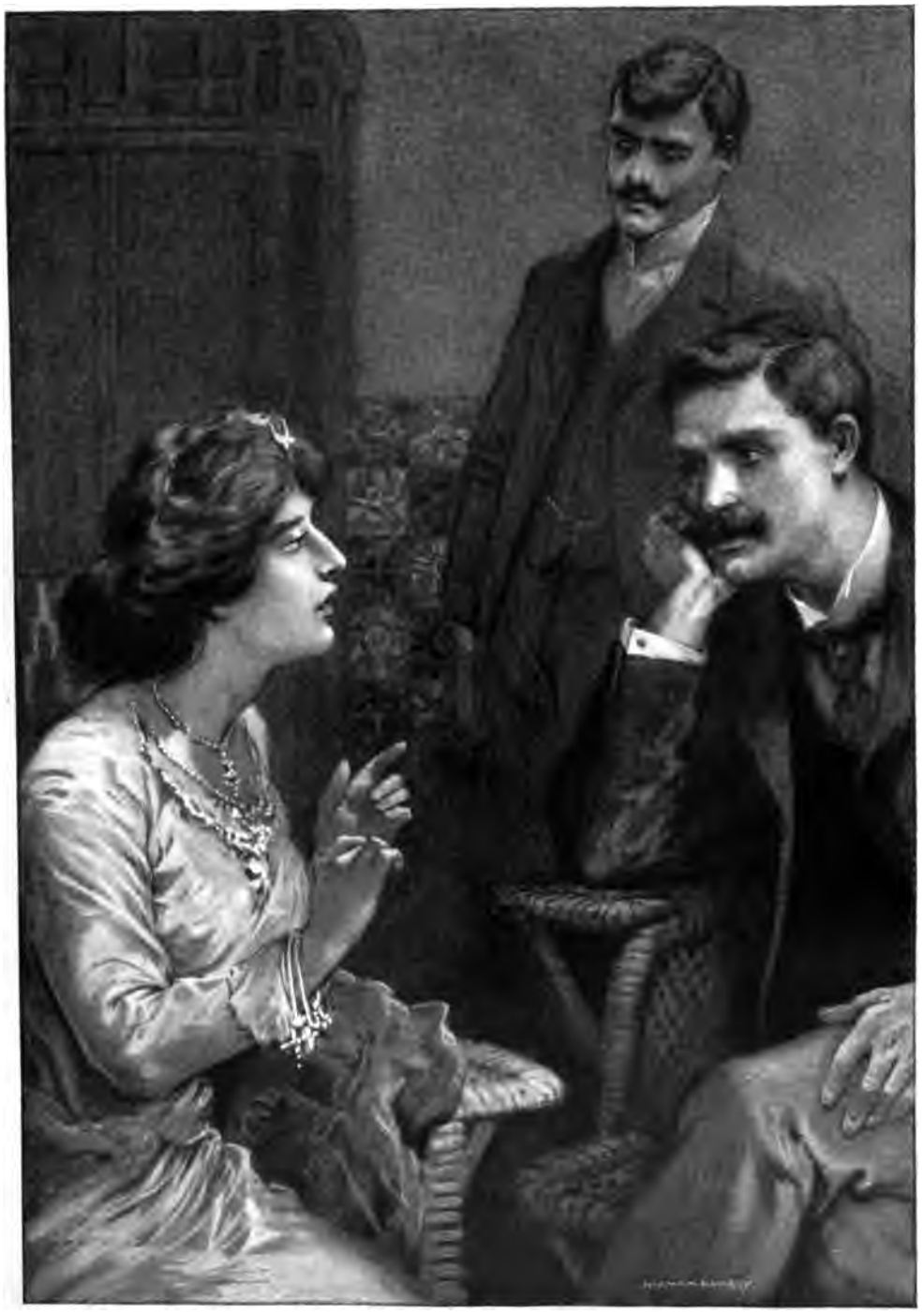
CHAPTER II

THE GREEK'S STORY

THE vital significance to us of the beautiful Greek's rescue and of the story which she afterwards told us can only be thoroughly appreciated when the reason of our presence in Turkey is understood.

Grant was a man whose ideas were big, even for an American, and his practical energy was as tireless as his courage was indomitable. "He could think most easily in millions," he used to say; and although he was only a year or two over thirty, he had already been phenomenally successful in piling up wealth. His father had left him more than a million sterling, and in less than ten years he had handled this sum so deftly in New York, that when he came to Constantinople he was worth perhaps ten times as much, while he possessed the absolute confidence of men ready to back him to almost any extent.

His Turkish enterprise was entirely characteristic of him; and not the least of its attractiveness for him was the fact that it was fraught with interests that touched closely the policy of all Europe. He had first come East for a holiday, and in the course of a hurried scramble through the north east provinces of Turkey, his keen eyes had been quick to observe the vast wealth that lay there undeveloped. He had instantly conceived a plan to develop it; and while his friends were busy with schemes to capture the industries of Western Europe, he determined to capture those of the East. The project was daringly ambitious, and although commercial in form, it involved political issues of



"Mine is a strange story," she began.

such tremendous consequences as to have daunted any man less resolute than himself.

The pith of it was nothing less than the ultimate solution of the Eastern Question by the gradual Americanisation of part of European Turkey and the Balkan States, commencing, of course, with a comparatively small district and then extending the sphere of operations.

The district he selected lay on the north east sea board as remote as possible from the capital; and while engaged in the work of industrial development, he intended to introduce a system of good government administered by carefully picked Americans and Englishmen; thus enriching the Turkish population of the place while, at the same time, giving them the blessings of personal security and just rule.

The difficulties were, of course, enormous, but to him no more than incentives; and in the six months he had been at work he had made remarkable progress. He was a born ruler of men, with a profound insight into human nature; he had poured out money with a prodigal hand in a land where bribery is all powerful, until more than half the people of influence about the court were in his pay; and his tact, shrewdness, capacity, and personal magnetism had succeeded with many of those whom money could not buy.

With the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, his success had been extraordinary. Utterly opposite as were their characters, the Sultan had been won over completely, and Grant was trusted by him to a degree that was positively remarkable. He was always welcome at the Palace of Yildiz Kiosk; and the ruler who shut himself from his people so rigidly that he was little better than a state prisoner, received Grant almost with effusion. He entered readily into his plans, or so much of them, rather, as Grant deemed it advisable to disclose, and without demur accorded him concessions which other men would have given half their lives to obtain. Grant handled him most admirably; and Abdul was so fascinated by the prospects of wealth and prosperity which were constantly dangled before him, that in fact the concessions were in Grant's hands before he was ready to deal with them.

He had, however, hurried forward his preparations, and matters were fast ripening to the moment for action, when Grant had begun to show his partiality for those evening walks, the last of which had had such dramatic consequences.

Up to that time I do not think that any thought for a woman had ever entered his head; but knowing his exceptional pertinacity of purpose, and his head-strong will when once fixed on an object, I could not but be apprehensive of the consequences now when I found him so strangely moved by this beautiful Greek, watched the rapturous looks he cast upon her, and saw how his strong nature was swayed by her words and glances.

"Mine is a strange story," she began, in her soft, rich voice. "I am, as you know, a Greek, but, as you do not know, the child of martyred parents. My father was Greek, my mother Armenian, and my earliest recollections are of a home all happiness and peace. My father was a merchant and prospered—and prosperity brought on him what prosperity always brings to an Armenian—the curse of the Turk's hate. I was but ten years old when that curse began to cloud my life, and before I was fourteen the heel of the oppressor came crashing down upon us. My father was the justest and kindest of men, as my mother was the most loving and gentle of women; but my father was rich, and the Turks hated him, and they never rested until they had hounded him to death—dogs that they are."

Her eyes flashed fire as this burst from her in a spasm of passion. For a moment she paused and I heard Grant draw his breath quickly, as his manner was when moved.

"I will not harry you with details. I was thirteen when one of the risings came which these beasts of prey instigate as a specious pretext for them to wreak their 'blood lust' on their victims. My father was as innocent of harm as a child unborn, but—they murdered him; and when my mother rushed in a tragic effort to turn

their foul purpose, they laughed as they beat out her brains before my very eyes. Oh, God, that fearful memory!"

She paused again, overcome by her emotions, and it was some time before she could control herself sufficiently to continue.

"I was spared, gladly though I would have died with those who were all-in-all to me; but I was spared—for what? Because they deemed me pretty child enough to be sold into that most infamous of all slavery, the harem of the Most Illustrious the Sultan, the Paddishah, the Shadow of God! Shadow of God!" she repeated with bitter scorn. "Shadow of hell, rather!"

The effect of these words on Grant may be readily imagined.

"Go on," he said, his voice low and resonant with passion, his deep chest heaving with tumultuous emotion.

She read his thoughts instinctively.

"No, I escaped that doom. Two of the devils who had me in charge grudged me to their Sublime Master, coveting me for themselves; and while they fought for me, I escaped from both in the care of an Armenian. I succeeded in leaving the country. I went, where do you think?—not to Greece, for fear of pursuit, but to America, liberty-loving America; and there succeeded in getting that part of his fortune which my father, having always the fear of violence before him, had stored with some merchant friends. With them I lived, drinking in the gospel of freedom and nursing the dreams of revenge. Oh, that wondrous land of modern miracles! You can understand something of what my young soul felt in your noble realm of perfect freedom; how my instincts of righteousness and right developed in the years that followed, my life saddened always by the memory of that awful past. I brooded on the thought how bright and glorious and happy would life have been had this land of bane and sorrow and oppression been free like yours. But my purpose had never faltered, and was strengthened by all I saw."

"Your purpose?" I asked, as she paused.

"My vengeance—if you prefer it so," she cried, turning to me, and speaking vehemently. "Vengeance upon the doers of wrong, and liberty for the wronged and oppressed in this black hell for us Eastern Christians!"

Her sudden vehemence silenced me, and after a pause she continued in a tone of suppressed bitterness:

"What could a woman do, you will ask; a woman in a land where women are only better than cattle, because they cost more to feed and clothe and house. But I *have* done something. I have plotted and schemed and conspired. I have wealth, and have used it in a land where every man has his price. I have found others who are sick to death of misrule and tyranny; and to-day it is largely by my work and effort that the goal is in sight, that the reign of the blood-thirsty coward of Yildiz Kiosk is drawing to its close, and that the dawn of liberty is at hand." Her cheeks mantled with a flush of enthusiasm, and her eyes shone brightly as she said this.

Neither of us spoke. We might well be silent indeed; for apart from the lovely picture of enthusiasm which this most glorious creature presented, and the influence of her glowing words, we had to think of how such a plot as she indicated would influence our plans. Whether Grant had a thought of the kind I cannot say. He sat gazing at her with the same rapt expression of intense and absorbing admiration; but I saw the rocks close ahead, and a hundred possible complications suggested themselves in the moments of silence that followed.

"And these men we found here to-night?" I asked after a while.

"Need you ask? Someone has betrayed me, and these men were sent to do that for which a thousand hands can be hired at any moment on the treacherous streets of Stamboul—to murder a Christian. They were Palace-hired assassins; and but for your help would have slain me. My servants had been either frightened or decoyed away, or kidnapped—what is that in this land of blood?—and when I was

unprotected, these miscreants burst into my house. Had they succeeded, the tale would have been told to-morrow that my servants had risen against me and murdered me for my wealth; and all police and Court officials would have made a fine show of energy in hunting them down and putting them to death for the crime—for they are Christians. As it is——" she stopped abruptly and threw up her white hands.

"As it is?" I repeated.

"They will refuse to believe my story, and will make another attempt when success will seem more certain. What is one paltry Christian woman more or less to the murderous devils of Islam?"

"By God, it is infamous!" cried Grant passionately.

"Your God is my God, and only suffers these things to be that His people shall combine to bring about the change. He has saved me now, by your agency, and He will save me again. I have no fear for myself; and when my work is done, and not till then, He will call me to Himself." She spoke with all the thrilling resignation of a martyr.

"But you cannot stay here. It is not safe," cried Grant.

"Where shall I go? I could turn coward and fly the country, putting myself under the protection of my Patriarch. But whatever I may be, I am no coward. I shall stay."

"But not here," he persisted emphatically.

"And why not here? Has not God worked a miracle that it should be you who have saved me. I know something of the task you are about here in Pera. I know that you are working in your way for reform, and for the development of some of the neglected wealth of the country. I know you have the arch-monster's ear and favour. You are working in your way, I in mine, for the same end. Do you think it mere chance that sent you here to-night to save me, and thus brought us two together? The very attempt to murder me has made me the stronger by your friendship. But I am a dangerous friend for any man to have in this land of darkness and evil; and if you will take my counsel, you will leave me, aye now at once, and forget we have ever met, and that your courage saved me. I am not afraid."

But Grant had been thinking his way to a decision, and having reached it, announced it with characteristic emphasis.

"I shall see this right through," he said firmly. "Right through. You are right, we are working for the same end by different paths. We'll work together. You will not stay here, but come at any rate, for the present, to us—my sister and aunt will welcome you; and until your plans are better shaped you will stay with them. Meanwhile this scheme of yours to depose the Sultan?"

"How do you know that?" The question came in a quick tone of alarm.

"You have told me now in almost so many words. It shall be looked into—your secret is safe with us—and we'll see what's inside it. And now it's all settled."

"I cannot leave my two faithful servants."

"Then bring them with you. You can't stay here. Mervyn, will you go and hunt up some kind of conveyance—if necessary a couple of carriages from the White House, while Mademoiselle Patras gets ready. I've made up my mind. I will see this thing right through."

And in that prompt and decisive way he took command, and to my not very great surprise the Greek yielded to him, after offering only the smallest and faintest protest.

We all yielded to him, indeed, when he was in one of his commanding moods; for it was useless to attempt to do otherwise. But when she had left us to make her preparations I ventured upon a mild remonstrance.

"She's a very beautiful woman, Cyrus, and she is certainly in a bad strait; but if she's in the thick of a plot to get rid of Abdul Hamid, isn't it a big risk you're running to shelter her at the White House?"

"And if it is?" he said abruptly.

"Well, you have big things on hand and they may be easily jeopardised if the Palace gets suspicious."

"Would you have me leave her here to be murdered?" he asked, with a frown.

"I didn't suggest that."

"I'm sure of that, and glad of it, too. You leave this to me, and bring those carriages along, there's a good fellow. I don't freeze to the notion of stopping on here a moment longer than necessary."

I went then and left him sitting at the foot of the stairs, the revolver close to his hand, his arms folded and his face, partly in shadow, wearing a stern, set, determined expression, indicative of his new strong resolve.

CHAPTER III

Enid Grant

I MAY be pardoned if I say here a word or two about myself and the position of matters at the White House, as Grant had named the building in Pera which served the double purpose of residence and offices.

I had first known the Grants some five or six years before in New York, when I was there with my father, Lord Bulverton, on a somewhat peculiar errand. As a younger son, I was never of much account, and from my childhood had been a very rolling stone. I managed to get into trouble and debt at Harrow, so that when a chance offered of shipping me to the East of Europe, where my uncle, my mother's brother, was consul at Adrianople, my family had seized it eagerly, much to my personal delight.

I had one gift, the power of acquiring languages, and Adrianople gave me full scope for it. I learnt Turkish thoroughly, and could not only speak it fluently, but, what is much rarer with Europeans, I learnt to write it well. It takes nine years, we are always told, to learn to write Turkish; but it did not take me so long; and when I was learning it I picked up Greek, Arabic, and several other tongues to be heard in that strange polyglot land.

The East had a great fascination for me, and when helping my uncle in business I roamed over Turkey, Greece, the Balkan States, and Southern Russia. The wandering life suited me, and it was with genuine regret that in obedience to my father's wishes I went home to England, in pursuance to his plans for my settlement in life.

He wished me to marry for money, I discovered, and for a year I bored myself and all about me by going into Society—that miserable make-believe of enjoyment—until he carried me off to New York, where his plan came very near achievement.

At the ambassador's I met Miss Grant. I was drawn to her from the first moment and was soon head over heels in love with her. I knew merely that her name was Grant, Enid Valerie Grant, and I neither asked nor cared whether she was rich or poor. She was bright, clever and, to me, fascinating; a startling contrast to all the women I had ever met; and so long as I knew nothing of her wealth, her companionship was just the sweetest thing in life to me.

But it was very different when my father told me she was the sister of Cyrus Denison Grant—one of the richest and most successful men in the States—and a millionairess in her own right.

"You have been a great many sorts of a fool in your life, Mervyn," he declared, with paternal pithiness; "but you seem to have shown some glimmer of common sense in this, and you have a chance of redeeming your position now with this Grant girl; and you must marry her. I've spoken to the brother and he's agreeable and says she likes you. So you've nothing to do but propose; and don't waste time about it."

My father meant well, no doubt, but he could not have taken a step more certain to set me against the thing. My relatives declare I am a fool in money matters, and without a scrap of ambition; most of my friends have taken much the same view, although they have expressed it differently; and the fact is certain that so soon as I knew she was wealthy, I became self-conscious and uneasy in her presence, and began to loathe myself for that despicable thing—a needy fortune-hunter.

To make matters worse, Grant, having no knowledge of women's ways or their hearts, detached his mind for a moment from his colossal business affairs, and spoke bluntly to his sister. The result may be imagined.

My father was anxious to return to London, and kept urging me to get the matter settled; Grant was uncomfortably significant, and Enid herself had so changed that she seemed as ill at ease as I was. Our pleasant comradeship was at an end; and as ill-luck would have it, a very prominent engagement of the kind between an English earl and a well-known millionaire's daughter was announced just then. By chance Enid told me of it on the very day on which I had intended to ask her to marry me. I was fumbling and stumbling to get to the point—doing it nervously and fatuously like a fool, I admit—when she reduced me to a sort of pulpy silence by asking with a laugh whether I thought English family or American dollars weighed the heavier in the scales of such an engagement as that of the Earl.

I accepted my defeat with a laugh to cover my discomfiture. I did more, indeed. I was so out of conceit with my part in the transaction, and so piqued by Enid's refusal, that without saying a word, even to my father, I bolted from New York by the next steamer, carrying with me a sick heart, a stinging sense of mortification, a crowd of perplexing doubts as to Enid's real feelings, and a firm resolve to be done for good and all with my father's matrimonial plans on my behalf.

For five years I saw and heard no more of the Grants. I went back to Adrianople and to my life of wandering there, looking for a fortune which I never found, and settling down into content with the small income of some few hundreds a year which came to me quite unexpectedly on the death of my uncle, the consul.

Then, to my intense surprise, I blundered upon Grant one day in the hills not far from Elbassan, at a moment when my arrival must have been profoundly welcome. He had been prospecting with a servant and a couple of guides in the district where he was acquiring his concessions, and his guides, after the manner of the wily Turk, had led him into an ambush, which his friends the brigands had prepared for him. They deserted him there, and he and his servant were making a plucky stand; the situation was becoming awkward for him, when the arrival of my little party turned the tables, and together we drove the rascals off.

As a result of this he asked me to join him in the big scheme; the companionship soon ripened into a deep and warm friendship, and I threw myself heart and soul into his work. My knowledge of the people and country enabled me to help him in many ways; and he in return gave me his entire confidence. He was alone then in the great house at Pera, and his sister's name was barely mentioned between us, until one day, without a word of warning, and as much to his surprise as to my concern, Enid herself arrived, bringing with her an aunt, Mrs. Constance Wellings.

Our meeting had its embarrassments for me, if not for her; but after a while we established a sort of armed neutrality arrangement; and I am free to confess that although I was not so foolish as to "go back" on the past, I soon began to feel the old charm of her companionship. I had my own apartments and my own servants, and having much to occupy my time I held aloof so far as practicable. I did not forget that I was a poor man and she a very rich girl, and that the past was dead and buried.

How she would view the dramatic introduction of Haidée Patras into the White House was a question which promised to be interesting, and she was not long in giving me an answer and making me acquainted with her opinion. And a very strong, clear-cut opinion it was, too.

On the evening following the Greek's arrival, I was passing through the drawing-room when she stopped me.

"I suppose you are, as usual, too busy to speak to me, Mr. Ormesby," she began in a decidedly aggressive mood.

"I am rather busy, Miss Grant. You see——"

"I bid you good evening, Mademoiselle Patras," and with a very stately bow she swept past us.

"That's just what I don't, but what I mean to. Why did you bring that Greek woman here, and who is she, anyway?"

"I did not bring her here. Your brother——"

"Well, I just want to speak to you, and I'm going on the verandah." I followed her and sat down feeling, it must be confessed, none too delighted at the prospective cross-examination.

"Now, Mr. Ormesby, who is she?"

"She's a very beautiful woman, her name is——"

"Yes—yes, we know her name and have seen her face; but who is she?"

"For the life of me I can't tell you. I can give you the sketch of her life, but your brother has probably told you that."

"Cyrus has just lost his head—for the first time in his life, and I suppose you know it. But what has she come here for?"

"For shelter in as bad a storm as ever threatened a woman."

"Shelter?" she repeated, with a sniff. "You mean she has shifted the storm centre so as to get us all into it."

"Your brother is not exactly the man to go about seeking unnecessary storms."

"Do you mean to tell me you think that woman is here by accident and not of her own deliberate intention? Please answer me that. You know you can speak straight when you wish."

"I have not formed that opinion."

"Oh, you men! What bats you can be when a women has a pretty face. Well, now I've suggested it, what do you think?"

"If you had been through last night's business, I don't think you'd dream of making any such suggestion."

"So you're in the toils, too, eh?" and she shrugged her shoulders and smiled pityingly. She had a very witching smile when she pleased, but there was no witchery in this one.

I made no reply, and in the pause her foot tapped the ground impatiently.

"She must have done it cleverly to trap you both. Cyrus I can understand, for he is not himself in this, but you—I should have thought you were different. You know these Easterns, and being an onlooker, should certainly have caught some sight of the wires."

"I think you are doing her an injustice, to say nothing of me."

"Of course you do. That's what the fly inside the web said about the spider to his critical friend outside. The whole thing last night was just a web, nothing more, and those white hands of hers have woven it. But I'm outside, thank you, and mean to stay there."

"My dear Miss Grant, you haven't a single fact to go on for such a suggestion."

"Fact! Rubbish! What are facts to a woman's instincts about a woman? Do you think I can't read her?"

She flashed the words at me quite angrily.

"But you forget; we were present when she was attacked; we saw the men who threatened her; we saw her fire at them; and I myself bound up the wounds of her servant, whom they nearly killed."

"Nearly killed! Why the man's walking about to-day as well as he ever was in his life; and as for that old hypocrite she calls Lelia—can't any one lie down on the floor and pretend to be dead? Why, a well-trained dog or a donkey can do it, and probably better than she did, if the truth were known. But there were only two men to fool, and there was the glamour of her beauty to cover up any bad acting! I tell you she is here of set purpose, and for a definite object—now what is it?"

"But she did not wish to come."

"Oh, Mr. Ormesby, do try and think seriously. Why, she has thrown herself twice right at Cyrus's head."

"Twice?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, twice; oh, don't you know? Then I *may* be doing you an injustice, as you call it. Her first introduction"—this with a fine play on the word—"was something of the same kind. She was being insulted in one of the streets of Stamboul, and Cyrus chanced to be at hand to help her. Chanced! What a chapter of chances, isn't it?"

"I did not know that," said I, not unimpressed.

"Cyrus told me, and she has taken care to let him see her several times since; until he was seized with the sudden longing for those night strolls of yours—near the house. Did you suppose she did not know what he was doing?" she asked triumphantly, and then changing quickly to great earnestness she added: "I tell you she has set herself to win upon him and to be brought here for some purpose, and what that purpose is someone must find out. Can you? Who is she? What is it she wants? She is a dangerous, treacherous woman, and is here for some dangerous, treacherous purpose. But I tell you more—she shall not stay here. Cyrus is blind for the moment where she is concerned; but at least I thought you would have eyes to see and ears to hear, and I am disappointed."

I had no reply ready, and sat for some moments in considerable uneasiness. The suggestion that the whole scene of the previous night was just a carefully rehearsed fraud, which had succeeded so far as to delude both Grant and myself, was an exceedingly disquieting one. Nobody cares to feel that he has been fooled; and I was naturally unwilling to believe it. If it was true, then the question as to the Greek's motive was one of absolutely vital importance, considering the critical position of affairs. I had had plenty of proofs of Enid's acumen, moreover; and her vehement words and manner impressed me. I never could understand women at any time, and now I was profoundly puzzled.

"What you say is very important, but hadn't we better wait a bit before jumping to conclusions?"

"I shall not wait; I've jumped already," she answered stoutly. "She shan't stay here."

"I don't know that your brother contemplates her staying here permanently; but she is for the time in considerable danger——"

"Which means you won't help me?" she interrupted.

"I really don't know what to say. She is your brother's guest, and for me to do anything would be extremely invidious. I can only suggest that we allow matters to develop a little."

"Until Cyrus is outwitted and his plans smashed."

"Don't you think he can be trusted to take care of them?"

"Where this woman is concerned?" and she laughed impatiently.

"Yes, where anyone is concerned," said I.

"Which shows how little you understand about men in love, and Cyrus in particular. I suppose you can see that he *is* in love with her?"

"She is a very beautiful woman, and very fascinating," I admitted, recalling certain parts of the previous night's scene.

"And perhaps you can carry your imagination a step farther, and think what is likely to be the effect of such a passion upon a nature like his?"

"Yes, I think I can."

"Then exercise it still farther, and tell me what will most probably be the effect upon Cyrus's work here if we assume that my view of this Greek woman, and not yours, is the correct one?"

"It might be, I admit, disastrous; but——"

"Never mind the buts," she broke in with quite the Grant directness. "On that assumption, don't you think it would be well to satisfy ourselves about her true motives and intentions?"

"I think it is a matter for your brother."

"And I don't—and so I suppose there's no more to be said. In my opinion she's a fraud, and if you won't help me to prove it, I must find someone else. At any rate she shan't stay here, if I have to insult her and drive her out of the house."

"Put my cushions in the verandah, Lelia, I am weary and will sit there," broke in at that moment from the room behind us the dulcet tones of Haidée Patras, speaking in Greek, and the next instant she came out through the window and gave a start of surprise at seeing us. I would have given a good deal to know how much she had overheard, and I threw a glance of warning at Enid Grant as I rose to offer my chair.

"Ah, I am disturbing you," said the Greek sweetly.

"Not in the least, mademoiselle," returned Enid stiffly. I murmured something conventional, and stood while the old woman arranged the cushions, into which her mistress sank with the easy grace that marked all her actions and attitudes.

I felt very awkward, and would have fled from the threatening storm had I not feared that an abrupt departure would have led Haidée to draw wrong conclusions as to my conference with Enid. I brought out another chair, therefore, and lighted a cigarette.

"It is a lovely view from here," murmured Haidée.

"We were not admiring the view, mademoiselle, but were speaking of you," replied Enid, with appalling directness.

"Of me?" and the shapely eyebrows were raised as if in surprise.

"Yes, I was asking Mr. Ormesby to tell me all that he knows about you. We Westerners go straight to the point, you know."

"But why not ask me first, then? Monsieur Ormesby has only had the outline of my life, and could tell you little. I will tell you all if you take an interest in my story. It is not a happy one—but it is not yet finished. It is not like the placid lives of your more fortunate compatriots in the land of true liberty; for it began in bloodshed, and will end, where we Eastern women would have it end—in revenge."

"My brother told me you had been in America—how long have you been back in Turkey?"

"Two or three years, in the East that is, as measured by time; but more than half my life as measured by my work."

"In Constantinople, how long?"

"Most of the time, but broken by visits to other places."

"And have you lived alone all that time?"

"I am always alone. Until yesterday, I had no friends here, as you understand friendships in the West."

"And where have you lived?"

"Sometimes here, sometimes there, as the circumstances of my life and work dictated. I have enemies, and could not live as you live in the West in one abode." It was excellently answered. A most natural explanation; but I was once more, as Enid had said, an onlooker, and I saw it might be no more than a plausible cover for facts intentionally concealed. Enid's distrust was beginning to infect me.

"In the West," said Enid very pointedly, "we like more direct answers to direct questions."

"The West does not yet understand the East, Miss Grant; but I should like you to understand me. Your brother has been so kind to me, so brave, so helpful, so generous, so good in offering me a shelter for a few days, that I hope you and I will be friends."

"'For a few days.' Where are you going then?" a note of unquestionable hostility, and spoken sharply.

"I go wherever my work calls me. Where that may be I cannot say yet."

"Nor when?" The question came almost like a sneer.

"I am ready to leave at any moment," answered Haidée placidly, but with a hardening of tone, which was the first symptom of antagonism she had shown.

Then the unexpected happened.

"Who talks of leaving?" This from Grant, who had joined us without our hearing his approach.

"Your sister was asking me when I was leaving, and where I was going, Mr. Grant, and I was trying to make her understand how my movements depend on matters I cannot control. You will understand me, however," she added, almost caressingly, and with a glance at his face which made Enid move uneasily in her chair.

"I wish you and Mademoiselle Patras to be great friends, Enid," said Grant with quiet assertive significance, and in a tone which told me he had quite gathered the meaning of the scene.

His sister held her head erect, and met his look with one quite as resolute and firm as his, and I thought she was going to make some reply which would have set the

highly combustible elements in a blaze; but after a pause she got up and said merely:

"I am chilled and am going in, Cyrus. I bid you good evening, Mademoiselle Patras," and with a very stately bow she swept past us into the room.

Grant followed her, and I heard him say in a low tone:

"What is the answer to my wish, Enid?"

"I choose my own friends, Cyrus;" was the reply spoken of intention loud enough to reach us in the verandah. A glance at the Greek's face showed me she had heard and understood, and the curve of the lips, the hardening of the lines of the face, and the momentary lowering of the brows told of the fire of anger and mortification the words had kindled. But when Grant returned, himself looking stern and angry, she greeted him with a smile, soft, gentle, and loving.

"Your sister is very reserved and hard to know, and I fear she has taken a dislike to me. I am so sorry; but perhaps my instinct was right, I ought not to have come here to sow discord." And she sighed and shook her head sadly.

"My sister is probably returning to America in a few days, mademoiselle," he replied, and I knew how much might lie behind the words. For an instant a light of triumph sprang to her eyes, to be quenched as quickly with one of her ineffable smiles as she glanced in my direction.

Had she forgotten that I was, as Enid had said, an onlooker; and did she fear I had read her expression? Was she no more than a clever actress; and was Enid right in her intuitive judgment? Who could tell? I could not; and the questions baffled me as I sat there smoking in silence, and feeling very much in the way, while the two talked together in low tones.

(*To be continued.*)

The mountains of Savoy and the Dent de l'Oche seen across the valley from the Rochers de Naye. The Castle of Chillon and the Lake are 3000ft. below this roof of cloud. The shadow effects shown in this photograph are of extreme rarity, requiring as they do a most uncommon state of "rest" in the cloud "waves."

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

By JOHN SWAFFHAM

Illustrated from photographs taken by G. R. Ballance.

MIST and fog—says science—are visible vapour floating in the atmosphere at no great elevation above the earth; cloud is visible vapour suspended at all sorts of aerial elevations up to a height which is often scarcely credible. Again, the veriest child knows that cloud may take a great number of forms, some of extreme beauty.

One often hears a man exclaim at the name of science; it is dry, it is abstract and dull. Yet, rightly viewed, the driest scientific problem contains more of enthralling interest than all the adventures of Sherlock Holmes or all the novels of Dickens taken together. Thus, endless as are the forms of clouds, there is no single one of them which does not carry some meaning to the eye which has learned to read their signs. Every scrap of air which we breathe contains in itself the potentiality of a quite respectable cloud, as a simple experiment will show. Our atmosphere is full of vapour, and this vapour is rendered visible in the form of cloud, mist, or fog, by whatever agency happens to lower the atmospheric temperature below the dew point. In practice this occurs, for the most part, in one of four ways. Everyone knows that acute evaporation or expansion of a spirit or other liquid will lower its temperature to an astonishing degree. Refrigeration is commercially possible

because of this knowledge, which is put into practical effect by the release of condensed air, or by the artificial evaporation of liquid ammonia, in or about the chamber which is to be "frozen." No sooner is this process in action than the moisture which formed part of the air in that chamber deposits itself in a frosty powder much like, and in fact no other than, the most finely divided snow which Nature ever sent out of her great laboratory. Another pleasant experiment may be used to prove the same effect. Take two watch glasses; invert one, fill the other half full of ether, place a single drop of water on the top of the inverted glass and set its companion upon it. Evaporate the ether by directing upon it a sudden steady blast of air, and you will find that the drop of water has become so strongly frozen that the two glasses are inseparably attached until such time as a thaw shall have freed them. Again, who does not know that his breath "smokes" in frosty air? This smoke is merely a miniature cloud formed by the sudden violent expansion of the "warm current" from his mouth on coming into contact with the lower temperature of the atmosphere. In the expansion the particles of moisture are condensed and form "visible vapour."

In the great and endless fields of space which surround our earth, these processes, and others like them, are in continual operation. By radiation towards the colder spaces of distance, by expansion of the ascending warm currents, by intermixture of cold descending currents with lower air which is more warm and more moist, by contact of warmer air with colder earth after the latter has radiated away much of its heat in the night time, clouds or mists are made.

Now everyone has probably heard the names of *cirrus*, *cumulus*, *stratus*—the three chief forms of cloud. *Cirrus* is the little far-off streamer which has neither regular form nor direction, but stretches and floats away on the ever-shifting currents of those high air-worlds. It is the little cloud "in form as a man's

Bays in the sea of cloud seen from the Rochers de Naye, altitude about 3500ft. In the middle distance are seen the Dent du Midi and the peaks of Mont Blanc.

hand," which the servant of the prophet saw from Carmel on the day when the great three years' drought broke; its presence makes what we call a windy sky, and mixed with the *cumulus* it makes a "mackerel" sky. Very different is the *cumulus* cloud pure and simple. When in the evening we see great clouds heaped and lowering, or driven low down across the sky, their history is plain to read. The airs about the earth have got heated, and they have risen in great currents. These currents came into sudden contact with a solid stratum of cold, when forthwith they spread out on a horizontal plane, upon which as the warm air still rose there grew up heaped banks, dense cones of cloud, which wandered over the face of the lower sky as the wind cared to hunt them. Last comes the *stratus*, the little haze which you may watch as it forms along the valleys at the close of a hot summer day. It stretches out arms, which creep from spur to spur of the hills, and cling like veils of smoke among the pines. Presently it reaches the mountain head where it wavers and sways awhile, till suddenly it takes heart to cast itself free and goes dreaming away over the still unbroken blue.

But, interesting as are the forms and shapes of cloud, when seen from beneath, the rare opportunity of viewing them from above, from so near that you may descend a score of paces and stand in their very midst, is an experience which may be called unforgetable. Naturally, it is not one to be obtained every day, nor yet in every place. In England there are few spots where one could ever climb above cloud level, but in the Alps, or any one of the great mountain ranges of the world, it is no hard task to be literally "up in the clouds." At three, four, or more thousand feet above sea level (according to the amount of moisture, and consequently the weight which the cloud is holding in

At 4000ft. the cloud has risen very near to the climber, who is able to see that the apparently solid surface is in a state of continual agitation. The centre of this trouble is an eddy, which—like the hot-water geysers of Iceland—will throw up a sudden spout of vapour to a height of 100ft., and as immediately subside. All the while this eddy is in rapid rotation, showing the force of the upward current, which is causing the disturbance.

The cloud at 5000ft. is in general but more consistent disturbance. The waves, unlike those of the sea, run in all directions at once.

The sea of cloud from about 6000ft.

This picture was taken at an altitude of over 7000ft. In autumn, before the coming of the snow, a "roof" of this kind often hangs above the Lake of Geneva for weeks at a stretch. On the upper surface it appears like a sea, snow-white in colour, which has suddenly petrified, with all its waves and ripples preserved as they were at the moment when the immutable grasp was closed. Here it is all dazzling, and apparently motionless purity, but below, under its cover, clouds of menace drive pell-mell over a dull grey sky, while the rain falls without end.

suspension) an active man may enter into their domain. He will step, as it were, from the world of day into a region of damp cold and white semi-darkness. If he does not know his business the climber may well lose himself, but provided with a compass and some small stock of mountaineering knowledge he will direct his steps until, clear of the bank, he stands in the purest blaze of the sun. Here it will be many times brighter than below, for the clouds lie at his feet and nothing intervenes between him and the light-giver. The spurs and peaks of the ranges lie like gigantic swarthy monsters couched upon a rolling mass of curdled whites and greys, more nearly like a sea suddenly made opaque with chalk, than any other comparison which language can provide. The waves of cloud are now at rest, now boiling in tumultuous eddies; sometimes, driven upwards by the breeze beneath, their masses break and whirl in a veritable maelstrom; at others they even spurt upwards in the likeness of a giant spout or column.

So far I have spoken of the abstract; let us now turn to the concrete facts of the camera. The Lake of Geneva, over against Montreux, fills a broad valley between two ranges of mountains. The breadth between the two shores at lake level is *here* a matter of five miles, to which you may safely add another two-and-a-half to get an estimate of the actual distance from mountain to mountain at an altitude of 5000ft. Further on, the actual water space exceeds eight-and-a-half miles across, while the total length is more than thirty-two miles. Remembering these figures, you are to imagine that you stand on the Rochers de Naye, 3000ft. above the lake, and the storied walls of Chillon. Above and beyond at the other side of the valley masses of mountain rise in exaggerated darkness from their contrast to the sea of cloud which fills the whole space with rolling waves. Below in the valley all the

This photograph of an English sunset, seen from the Hampshire Downs, affords a singular contrast to the views above the clouds.

Lower "Cumulus" banking on the peaks before rain.

BELOW THE CLOUDS.

High "Cirrus" clouds in the Alps, with rising "Stratus" ormation in the lower left distance.

world is overcast, if indeed it do not rain; but here the light is such that not even the eternally shifting surface can "kill" the reflected shadows which the Savoyard Mountains and the huge Dent de l'Oche cast upon their surface.

It is a sight of wonder when first seen, and, however "custom stales," the experience always carries with it something of the uncanny. When we have seen enough for the moment we go forward, while a change of face brings into distant view ragged peaks of the Dent du Midi, and yet further afield of Mont Blanc, first of all the Alps. And now it is no longer quite the same untroubled floor of vapour on which we gazed but a few moments since. As the cloud surges and heaves, the dark heads of buried pines leap into spectral prominence, only to fade once more as a new wave flings back the ebb of its predecessor. In and out, every "bay" and crevice in the outline of the hills is filled by this turbulent ether, until dazzled with the unaccustomed vision our steps are again turned upwards.

While we mount the cloud has already risen, for there is a wind in the valley below, and the surface of the bank is close to the spur on which we call the next halt. The sea is in full unrest; suddenly an eddy begins to boil in the midst of the swaying mass, and with a wild upheaval, and amid a cloud of seeming steam, a 100ft. shaft of vapour is flung up into the air, where it circles awhile and then melts slowly into space. Meanwhile a new "bubble" has formed to take the place of that which has "burst," and so the game goes on. In a while the cloud will find some new outlet for its energy, but before that we shall be once again far above its level.

When another 1000ft. have been covered, the cloud is in more general commotion, although the particular spot which was so violently troubled has now quieted down. It is hard to find a verbal simile for its present appearance, since these contours are certainly not those of water, nor yet of a cloud of steam. Here and there it has a likeness to the waves after they

have broken on the cliffs, but as cloud-waves run in no particular direction, unlike those of ocean, it is hard to draw a proper parallel.

At an elevation of 6000ft., still more at that of 7000ft., the world of animal matter will yield a striking, if not too savoury, comparison for the surface appearance of the banks. They resemble nothing so much as the brains of a newly-slaughtered animal. Here are the same suavely rounded ripples, the same evanescent appearance of a stability which is purely optical. Stir them never so little, and they will alter their contours but preserve always the same general "tone." Spurts of divergent vapour break now and again from the main masses, but for the most part the cloud is at rest, and the shadows of an outlying hill come into renewed prominence on the farther edges. So you can but stand and gaze with the feelings which such a sight induces in various temperaments. To one it is like a draught of strong wine, under the influence of which he becomes suddenly conscious of all the dormant possibilities of life and strength. To another the feeling is akin to fear. If it is not out of place, I may be pardoned quoting from some verses in an old *Spectator*, the name of whose author has gone from the writer's memory, so that he cannot acknowledge his debt:—

"Some men there be who glory in such place,
A mountain top immutable, a throne;
I am not such, and I am face to face
With this stern question, now immediate grown—
Am I afraid of God, who am so base,
I dare not meet Him in His place alone?"

NOVEMBER

By C. CHAMBERS

(Overheard at an East Coast port:—"Is the 'Bluebell' in yet, mister?" "No, missis; not yet she ain't.")

One by one the breakers roll,
With never a pause in their surging race;
One by one the boats come home,
And still she waits with a fear-drawn face.
One by one she sees them come,
And envious eyes scan the numbered sail;
One by one the watchers leave,
And she notes the winter daylight fall.
Hour by hour the tugs thrashed round
By the hungry "Scroby," until the night;
Hour by hour she watched afar,
Where the Corton float showed its winking light.

* * * *

There's a flag half-mast at the Sailors' Home;
There's a little black spot on the coastguard's chart;
There's a number blank at the Custom House;
There's a woman left with a broken heart.

(Market Note:—Owing to the rough weather, deliveries of autumn mackerel were very short, and good prices were realised by the crews who were able to save their catch in yesterday's gale.)

ON TOUR.

THE TOWERS OF ROTHENBURG

By H. THORNHILL TIMMINS, F.R.G.S.

(Illustrations by the Author.)

RETURNING last summer from a tour through Egypt, Greece and Constantinople, I was glad to get away from the August heat of the big German cities, and to come to anchor for awhile in the old Bavarian bürgerstadt of Rothenburg.

For Rothenburg is a city set on a hill, so that, as I approached it by rail, its old towers and steeples stood up like a row of ninepins upon the western horizon; where, as the train ran on, they appeared to be dancing a rythmic sort of measure above the ripening cornfields on the nearer uplands.

Perched upon an abrupt aclivity above an elbow of the little river Tauber, the city of Rothenburg still retains intact its ancient walls and towers, the latter rising from the battlements at short intervals, and presenting a great variety of appearance, so that they form to this day the most noticeable feature of the town. I shall not soon forget my first *coup d'œil* of Rothenburg, as, standing one evening on a neighbouring height, I saw its old walls and towers, its many-windowed gables and red-tiled roofs, aflame in the ruddy light of the westering sun, while the dusk of evening was already creeping over the vale of the Tauber below; then, indeed, the old town seemed to merit its title of Rothen-burg, the Red City.

The great charm of the place is the fact that we have here a mediæval city *in puris naturalibus*. Within the compass of its encircling walls, the quiet streets and byways of Rothenburg remain practically untouched by the hand of the spoiler, presenting such a variety of old-world nooks and corners as to prove a veritable *embarras de richesse* to the artist. Indeed, after some experience in such matters, I do not remember ever to have seen so many unaltered examples of the mediæval builder's art as confront one in the old Markt Platz of Rothenburg.

Here stands the Rathhaus, or Town-hall, a great stone pile whose picturesque façade is stamped with the hall-marks of successive ages, and crowned by a lofty slender campanile, which forms a conspicuous landmark from afar. Four stone figures bearing bannerets flank its canted corners, and an open metal cupola crowns the summit.

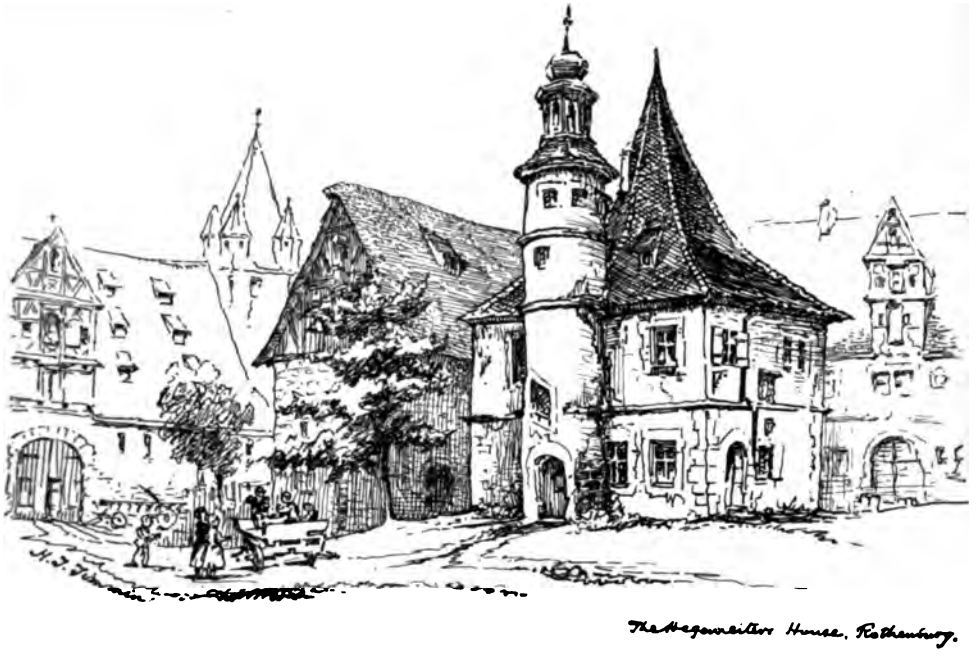
By a cherished local custom, one hears at stated intervals the strains of a quaint chorale floating from the upper gallery of this tower. The story runs that the storks which once frequented it set fire to the steeple with lighted straws, in revenge for the destruction of their nests, and for centuries thereafter were no more seen in the town.

The great Council Hall, with its memorials of bygone history, is worth a passing visit, if only to enter by the lovely renaissance portal of the inner court—a gem of timeworn architecture; while the dank, gloomy dungeons below hold many a grim secret of the days when the Black Rothenburgers were in a chronic state of feud with their neighbours, and no man's life could be said to be worth an hour's purchase.

Space will not permit me to do more than indicate some of the attractions of this fascinating spot. Yonder unpretentious façade is that of the old original Rathhaus, destroyed by fire in the thirteenth century, and afterwards used as a dancing hall, a butcher's shop, and now a small museum of antiquities. From an adjacent street corner an ascetic-looking Madonna gazes demurely down upon an ever-flowing fountain, over which presides a very original representation of St. George and the Dragon. Of two charming façades hard by, one was the abode of Toppler, the greatest of Rothenburg's great Burgomasters; its neighbour, a *chef d'œuvre* of some bygone architect, who is said to have portrayed certain of his fellow citizens in the caryatides that adorn its front.

The Rathhaus, Rothenburg.

George Nusch, the hero of the "Meister Trunk," or Monster Draught, and the bright particular star in the Rothenburg firmament, was the son of the inn-keeper of the "Rother Hahn," in this same neighbourhood. The story may be new to some of my readers. In the course of the Thirty



HOUSE OF THE BOUNDARY RIDERS, ROTHENBURG.

Years' War, Rothenburg was captured after a stubborn resistance by General Tilly, who imposed a tribute upon the town, and condemned the Burgomaster and Senate to death. A draught of Tauber wine, however, brought the victor into a more genial frame of mind and, struck by the vast size of the stirrup cup in which the wine was proffered, Tilly exclaimed in grim jest, "Let me see one of you drink this full cup at one draught, and I will spare the city!" For the honour of the town in general, and of the "Rother Hahn" in particular, the valiant Nusch now rose to the occasion, drained the mighty beaker to its dregs, and had just breath enough left to claim and receive the promise, which was duly honoured by the astonished Tilly. The historic "Pokal," a handsome glass vessel holding more than three English quarts, may still be seen at Rothenburg, of which it is one of the chiefest treasures.

This notable event is recorded in an historic drama, which is performed every Whitsuntide in the great hall of the Rathhaus, many of the actors of to-day being descendants of the men whose heroic action saved the city in 1631.

One of the most picturesque of Rothenburg's old gateways is the Koboldzeller Thor, which is not included in these sketches. Through its double portal lies the way to the pleasant Vale of Tauber, which is here spanned by a curious, two-storied bridge, dating from the fourteenth century, while an ancient church and several time-worn flour mills flank the course of the stream hard by.

It is worth while to stroll hence around the outer city walls, and to notice how charmingly the towers and crenellated battlements group themselves upon the sky line. The way leads beneath the so-called "Dog Tower," with its four quaint corner turrets, and legend of some unlucky wight walled up alive within it, as a penalty for high treason.

Connected by a flying arch with the city walls stands the "Essig Krug," the remains of a ruined outwork, which acquires its curious title of the "Vinegar Flask" from a tradition that the Frankish Duke Pharamond built it to give his

Suabian adversaries "such a dose of vinegar as would set their teeth on edge," when they attempted to capture it.

Thus we come to the great southern gate, and enter the outlying suburb called Spital. Originally a detached village devoted to pilgrims, the sick, and the needy, it was long regarded as *extra muros*, until at length the inhabitants obtained a grudging permit for its inclusion within the city enclave from Emperor Albert I., who sarcastically observed, "Well, your town looks uncommonly like a nightcap already, so you may put the tassel on!"

I will now ask my reader to come with me to the Spital Hof, where, amidst a group of seventeenth-century buildings planted around a grass-grown courtyard, rises the curious little structure illustrated on page 51. Known as the "Hegenreiters' Haus," or House of the Boundary Riders, it was in bygone times devoted to the use of the mounted watchmen, or Hegenreiters, whose duty it was to keep watch and ward over the boundaries of the enclosure dedicated to the services of the Hospital of the Holy Ghost.

With its tall steeple-hat of a red-tiled roof, its slender stair turret crowned by an open lantern, and low, mullioned windows, this diminutive dwelling has a very quaint and picturesque appearance. The lower story has a vaulted ceiling supported upon a massive pillar, and must be of considerable antiquity.

Not far away rises the "Faul Thurm," a lofty circular tower with conical roof, and, if rumour speaks true, dungeons deep below, set with sharp spikes whereon criminals were cast and left to their fate. Hence the tower's name, for, being interpreted, "faulen" signifies "to rot."

A covered gangway leads around the interior of the city walls, giving on the one hand interesting glimpses of the old gardens and tenements of the town, and on the other a peep into fruit-laden orchards and ripening cornfields, through the loopholes used in bygone times by the defenders on the ramparts. This gangway traverses the Röderthor, beneath which the road to the railway station makes its exit by a pointed archway, and runs thence in a devious course as far as the Klingen Thor, the northern gate of the city.

As my sketch will serve to show, this latter is assuredly the *chef d'œuvre* among the gate-towers of Rothenburg. Like its lowlier companions, the Klingen Thor is built of a warm grey stone, and soars high aloft above the open timbered gallery of the old town walls. The upper story breaks out into a quartette of pinacled oriels, and a tall pyramidal roof with open cupola and *flèche* crowns the summit. Flowering plants, peeping from the several windows, add a touch of brightness to this grim old warden of the past, and the timeworn gables of the neighbouring cottages are entirely in keeping.

The Klingen Thor is now used as a water-tower, the water being pumped up into it from the river Tauber, and distributed thence to the various wells throughout the town.

It is but a stone's-throw hence to St. Wolfgang's Church, which is reached through the archway under the beforementioned tower. To the Rothenburgers this is known as the Shepherds' Church, from the fact that, once a year, a service is held within its walls for the purpose of blessing the flocks and herds of the farmers, and thereby protecting them from predatory wolves.

Built in the fifteenth century, the little fabric has some pretentions to style, and displays upon its outer walls a statue of the patron saint, surmounted by a panel representing the crucifixion. The vaulted choir within contains an altar, with admirably carved woodwork enriched with saintly figures, highly coloured and gilded in the German manner. This church is incorporated in a curious way with the outworks of the adjacent city walls, and must have met with many a hard knock in the days when Tilly's troops were beleaguering the place upon this side.

As we return through the Klingen Thor, the twin towers of St. James's

Church confront us, rising above the blue smoke that enwreaths the roofs and gables of the ancient city. Like so many of these Franconian churches, the fabric is lofty, massive, and well proportioned. Its foundation dates from the latter half of the fourteenth century, and it is said that the townsfolk and peasantry subscribed a heller (something less than a farthing) per head for the construction of their church. The two tall towers are surmounted by graceful traceried spires, that upon the northern side being loftier and more elegantly proportioned than its fellow. This difference is accounted for in the local tradition by the following story: The architect having caused the southern tower to be erected, an aspiring pupil decided to "go one better," and planned the rival steeple, which, when completed, so excelled the master's design, that the latter fell into a desperate rage and cast his rival over the battlements! And so to this day one may see the unlucky genius, sliding in effigy off one of the pinacles of the flying buttresses.

THE KLINGEN THOR, ROTHENBURG.

The interior would be fine, were it not marred by the universal whitewash, whose chilly effect is only relieved by some good painted glass in the eastern windows. The high altar was carved by Wohlgemuth, Albrecht Dürer's master, and is decidedly quaint and curious. Equally so is the representation of the Last Supper, above the altar of the Sang Real, where the artist has ignored the canons of perspective with very comical results. Atop is a crystal ball, popularly supposed to contain a drop of the Holy Blood.

At its western extremity St. James's Church stands astride the roadway, which is here spanned by a bold archway, giving, with a picturesque angle-turret rich with effective wood-carving, one of the most delightful street perspectives in the city. Just within the archway stands the old chapel of the Holy Blood, where the altar-piece we have just noticed originally stood. At the time of its removal the Devil is said to have lurked in the archway outside, and, hearing a passer-by speak rather contemptuously of his Satanic Majesty, he

flung the unlucky man against the wall, where the stain left by his *soul* may be seen to this day.

Several handsome buildings are grouped around the little square outside St. James's Church, notably the "Gymnasium," a public school, with its noble renaissance portal supported by life-size stone figures, and a dainty Gothic chapel with a forecourt, now used as a dwelling house—a favourite subject with artists.

Such was the house of the Winterbachs, better known nowadays as the "Hotel Eisenhut," where hospitality is still dispensed in the simple old German fashion. Mine host points with pride to the Winterbachs' portraits which still adorn the walls of his Weinstube, in company with mottoes more or less appropriate, such as this one:

"Herrn Nusch im Meistertrinken nachzustreben
Ist hier die schönste Möglichkeit gegeben."

The broad Herren Gasse was in bygone times the "Quality Street" of Rothenburg. The handsome, gabled houses, that flank its quiet pavements, were the abodes of the *ancienne noblesse* of the city in its halcyon days. Not a few of these bear upon their faded fronts some record of the past; be it a rich armorial escutcheon of many quarterings, or brief inscription, telling how King or Kaiser has sojourned within these hospitable walls.

which may be freely translated:

"Here is an opportunity from which no man need shrink
To try and emulate Herr Nusch in his unrivalled Drink."

And here of an evening, when the day's work is done, the worthy Rothenburghers are wont to foregather and discuss, over a Rumsteak (sic) and a stein of Tauber wine, the affairs of their little world; while the fumes of tobacco pervade the air, and a Babel of voices

resounds on every hand. Much drinking, but little or no intoxication, is then the order of the day; for it is essentially a sober, phlegmatic, not to say stolid, people, little given to excess of any kind. Here the touring Briton finds little of that unfriendly disposition, which

S. James's Church, Rothenburg.

has been so much in evidence of late in the great German cities. Indeed I have myself had many a kindly "gruss Gott," or "guten Tag," from passing townsfolk, and display of friendly interest in the doings of the stranger, as I sat a-sketching in Rothenburg's old streets.

Pacing beneath the shady lindens of the Herren Gasse, one cannot fail to notice many historic tenements, such as the house of the erstwhile Walther family, the handsome Staudt'sche Haus, both of them admirable examples of the alt-Deutsch period, and the old Wallfisch Inn, with its slender crowstepped gable. What with their flowering oleanders, set in great green tubs at the doors, scarlet geraniums on every sill, and many-tinted roofs relieved by curious *œil-de-bœuf* dormers, these ancient abodes convey to the passer-by an impression of substantial

comfort and quiet homeliness, very pleasant to contemplate.

Lower down the street a church is passed, a church so rich in memorials of bygone times that it has been styled the Westminster Abbey of Rothenburg; and close by it stands one of those cool, babbling fountains, surmounted by its Triton, so characteristic of the Bürgerstadt.

Beyond the church another old watch-tower, the Burg Thor, stands grimly athwart the highway. On its outer side it is flanked by a pair of quaintly-fashioned tourelles, or lodges, with tall red-tiled roofs suggestive of the steeple-crowned hats of other days.

The great gate of the Burg Thor opens upon a pleasant stretch of greensward, with winding walks and flower-beds shaded by noble trees, and every here and there a view-point commanding some charming outlook over the venerable city and the deep, winding valley of the Tauber—a favourite resort of the Rothenburgers in summer time.

Here stood long ago the stout Burg, or fortress, which formed the nucleus of the city, and of which one relic, a massive stone building with round arched windows, styled "das hohe Haus des Herzog," still survives, half hidden amidst the luxuriant foliage of the trees.

That curious little white edifice with the steep, red-tiled roof, down in the vale by the river, is familiarly known as "Toppler's Schlösschen." Thither the famous Burgomaster of that ilk was wont to betake himself, when the affairs of his beloved town permitted of an interval for leisure; and within those walls was the worthy citizen lured on to that game of dice with the Emperor Wenzel which proved his undoing, and sent him to his death a prisoner in the dungeons of the Rathhaus.

Well, to return to the Markt Platz once more. On the north side, distinguished by a clock-tower and sundial, stands a building frequented in former times by the devotees of Bacchus, the official drinking hall of the town, an institution of no little importance and dignity in every self-respecting German city. But these are degenerate days, and the house is now the G.P.O. of Rothenburg. Outside, the big umbrellas over the fruit stalls dot, like mushrooms, the broad uneven cobble-stone pavement of the Platz.

By a narrow lane one soon comes to the Weisse Thurm, on the line of the older city walls—a goodly structure of substantial stonework, topped with a tall, peaked roof, and flanked by a large timbered house, once an appanage of the lordly Winterbachs.

Following the course of these walls, a by-lane is found which leads presently to a tiny square, where stands a water fountain surmounted by the figure of a woman holding a mirror. This is the Kapellen Platz, where stood formerly a chapel of the Virgin, long since destroyed, as are also the almshouses that adjoined it. But metal more attractive lies ahead.

Striking into the Hafen Gasse, one of the busiest of Rothenburg's old streets, we soon find ourselves vis-à-vis the Gateway called the Röderbogen, which, like its neighbour the Weisse Thurm, stands upon the line of the inner walls that formerly encircled the city. A bold archway here spans the thoroughfare, and above it rises a plain weather-beaten structure, whose rough-tiled roof is broken by a simple clock turret and bell-cote, while to the rear is seen a large, massive stone tower, capped by a very lofty saddle-backed roof, with a stork's nest upon the ridge.

This tower, called the Marcus Thurm, was long used as a gaol, and bears the statue of St. Leonard, the patron saint of prisoners. On either hand rise tall, timbered houses, whose slender gables bear mottoes and inscriptions appropriate to the owner's trade. A pork-butcher, for example, advertises himself in this wise:

"Durch die Kunst des Metzgers darf das Schwein,
An allefeinste Gesellschafte sein."

"By the Butcher's art the Pig may shine,
In company quite superfine."

A boldly fashioned fountain, with its guardian Triton, completes a scene as

picturesque as any this fair old city can show—which is saying much.

There is much pleasant scenery of a quiet, unexciting sort to be found within an easy stroll of Rothenburg. The vale of the Tauber, as it winds around the old city, affords many delightful vistas of its walls and towers; and, where Nature has been allowed fair play, the river banks are brightened in summer time with the bloom of willow-herb, meadowsweet, purple loosestrife, and many other familiar flowers. Bits of garden-ground and tufts of woodland clothe the steep slope below the ancient walls, and the uplands are chequered with a mantle of green and gold, where the cornfields alternate with pasture; while every waste place shows the blue of chicory and the rose-red stars of diminutive wild pinks.

Then farther afield there is Dettwang to visit, a rustic village with a bridge over the Tauber, and a curious old church and lych-gate, which was once protected, it is said, by a drawbridge. The church has the distinction of being the mother church of Rothenburg, and it is of an ancient style, a sort of Romanesque.

There is an excellent local guide-book to Rothenburg, published in English by E. Saumarez Brock, to which I am indebted for some interesting notes about the town and its environs. It contains a curious view of the city in 1650, which is notable as showing how little the place has altered during the last two-and-a-half centuries.

Towers at Rothenburg.

LADY COMPOSERS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

By PERCY CROSS STANDING

THE most memorable illustration of the progress of musical culture during the reign of Queen Victoria is to be found in the achievements of women composers of British birth. During the last half of the reign the rise and progress of the woman song-writer became gradually more and more marked, until at the present time it would be extremely difficult to decide off-hand which of the sexes is entitled to pride of place in the matter of song production.

MISS FRANCES ALLITSEN.

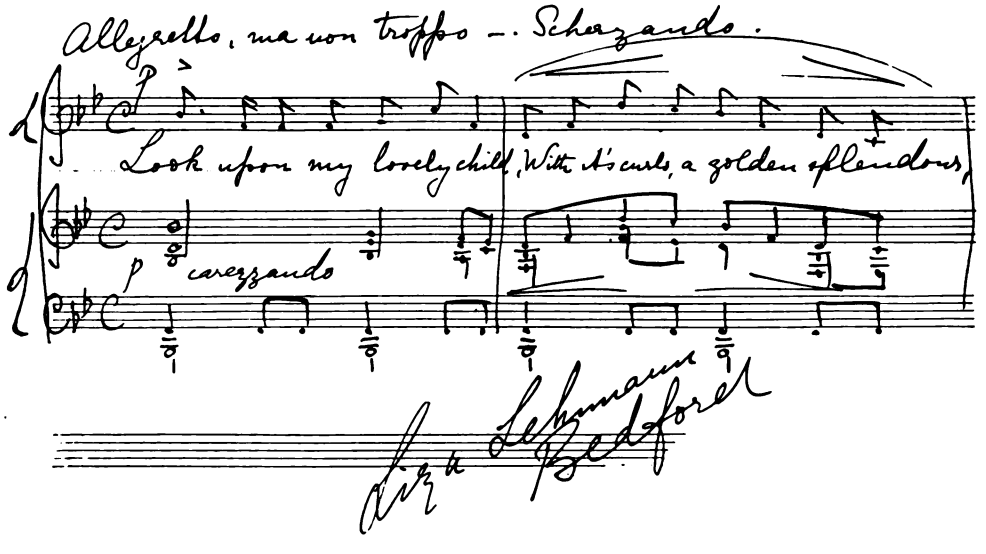
If the excellence marking many of the compositions of these lady composers had been confined to any particular school of musical thought, or if, with the passing of the years, one were able to detect any notable falling off either in the quality or the quantity of the work produced, one might have reasonable grounds for supposing that women were only partially prepared to exploit this hitherto unexplored —at all events, as far as the fair sex was concerned—field of the musical art. But it has been found that the growth is enduring rather than ephemeral.

Indeed, a few years ago not many people would have been found venturesome

enough to predict the existence of a school of women song-writers worthy to carry on the work so well begun by composers of the calibre of Miss Maude Valérie White and Madame Liza Lehmann. We are not sure, at the moment of writing, which of these two gifted ladies is entitled to the distinction of *doyenne* in the craft of the woman composer. But we are sure that they have found successors of a refined and varied genius in composers like Ellen Wright, Hope Temple, Frances Allitsen, Florence Aylward, and the clever lady who chooses to be known by the *nom de guerre* of "Guy d'Hardelot."

Since the auspicious day, some years ago, when the immediate success of that inspiring song "The Devout Lover" brought her to the front at a bound, Miss Maude Valérie White has published many songs. Of these the most generally popular are: "Absent yet Present," "Come to me in

MADAME LIZA LEHMANN.

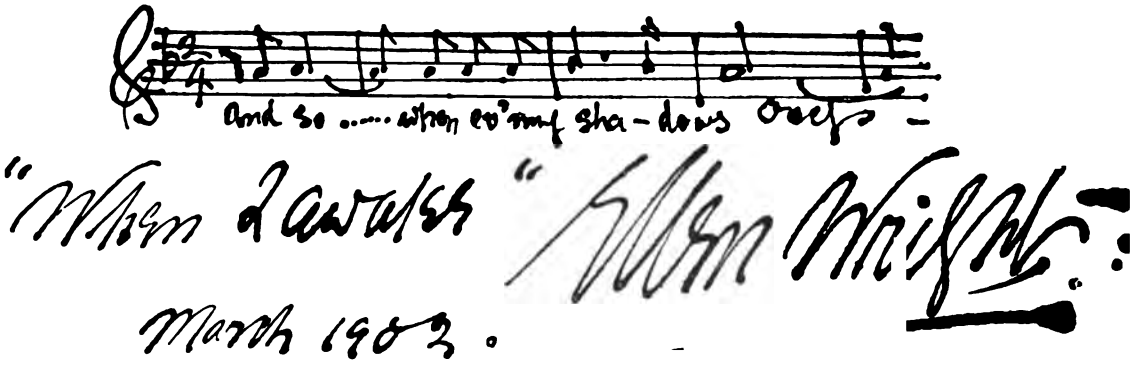


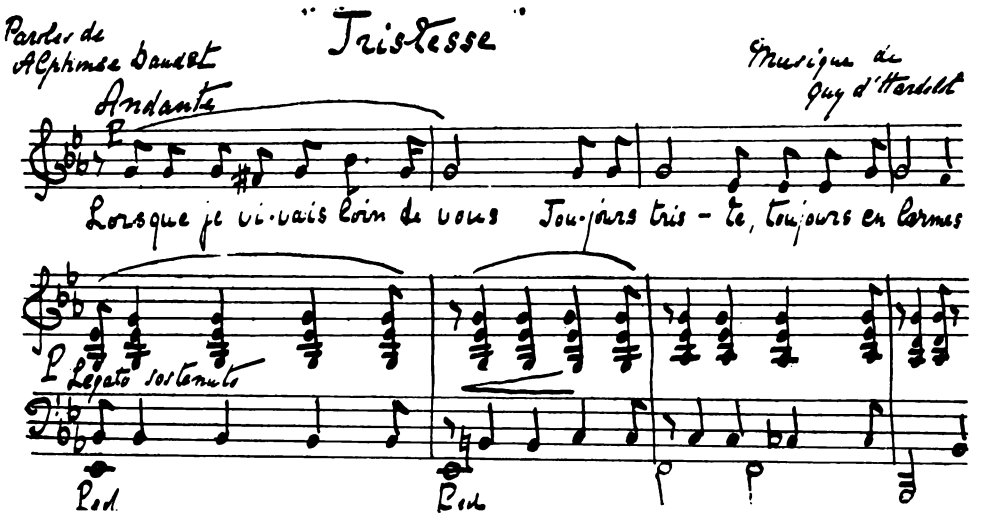
my Dreams," and the three delicate "Little Songs" which have already been a leading success of several concert seasons. If Miss Maude Valérie White's best work is done, as we must by this time assume that it is, we can only say that her best belongs to a very high order of ballad-music indeed.

Madame Liza Lehmann's reputation reached its height with the song-cycle for four solo vioces, "In a Persian Garden," for which she sought and found her inspiration in the Rubaiy'at of Omar Khayyám, and which has obtained a widespread popularity, both in this country and in the United States. For about ten years, beginning with 1885, Madame Lehmann followed the profession of a public singer, retiring from it when she finally decided to devote her powers exclusively to composition. Her published works include two "musical dualogues," the dainty words of which are from the clever pen of Mr. Austin Dobson, and a second and extremely tuneful song-cycle, entitled "The Daisy Chain."

MISS ELLEN WRIGHT.

But for freshness, spontaneity, and originality, Ellen Wright perhaps stands first amongst the lady composers produced by the Victorian era. She contrives to bring a "singing quality" into all her work possessed, in quite the same measure, by few contemporary song-writers. This is notably the case with at least two of the songs constituting the "cycle of love songs," that originally brought her into prominence — "When I Awake" and "Didst Thou but Know"—but also with her "Violets," published by Messrs. Ricordi, in 1900,





with instantaneous success. Ellen Wright has set many other of the lyrics of Heine besides "Violets." She has made an admirable setting of Miss Hayes' translation of the poet's simple "In my Garden," and, much more recently, of the Belgian poet, Anton Montenacken's "La Vie est Vaine," and she has also set several of the lyrics of Mr. Edward Teschemacher (very notably his "Song of Waiting"), a graceful writer, whose work is a relief from the conscientious but somewhat stilted productions of lyricists of the F. E. Weatherley and Clifton Bingham type. Indeed, the difficulty of obtaining suitable words for songs is an ever-pressing one, and as a composer once expressed it to the writer, "Beautiful words make the composer. Beautiful poetry and music are to me one—the words make the music! and the music seems to lend a new beauty to the words."

Miss Frances Allitsen is another of our foremost song-writers. In the course of a few years she has produced some sixty songs and solos. Of the ballads, perhaps, the most deservedly popular are her "Song of Thanksgiving" and "Song of Farewell."

Miss Hope Temple, who in private life is the wife of M. André Messager, the composer and conductor, and whose home

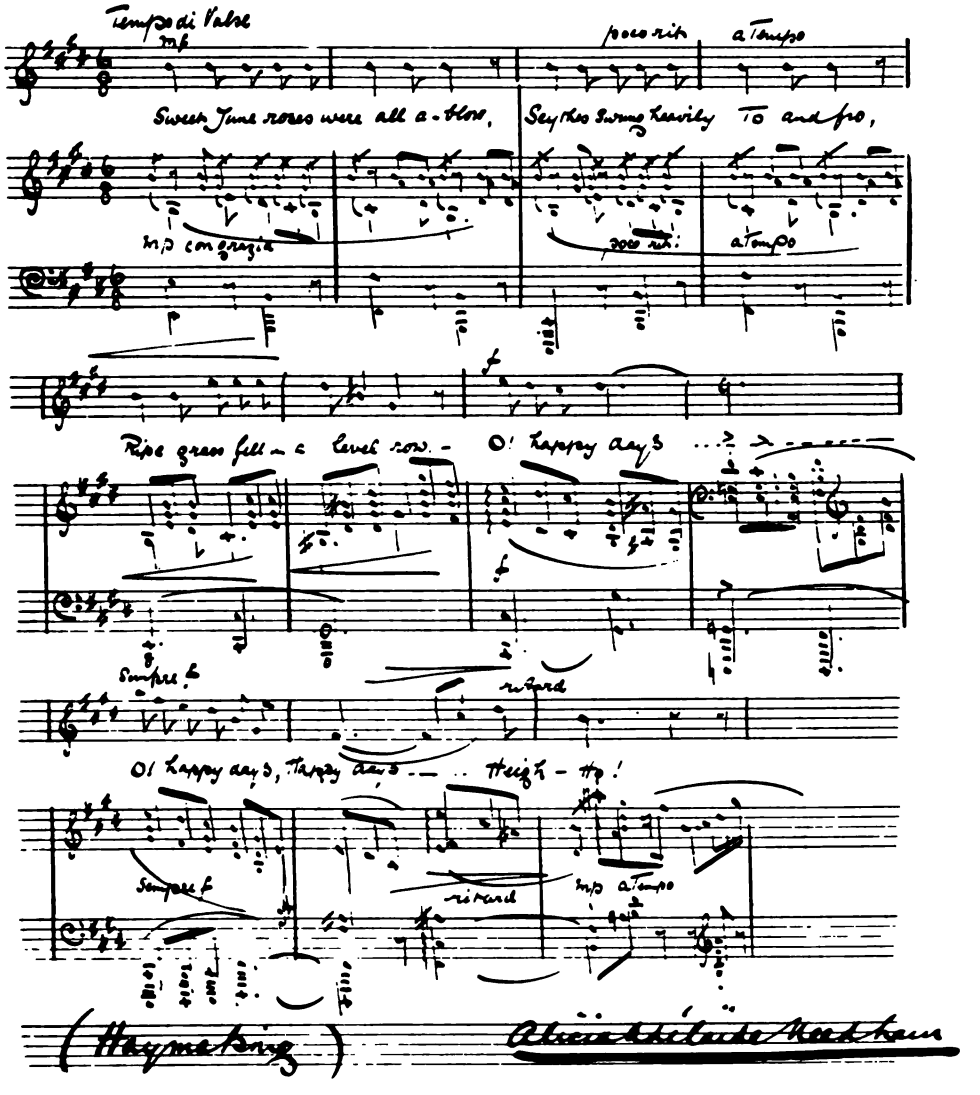
has of late been in Paris, does not appear to have done much song-writing since her marriage. Born in Ireland, but of English parentage, she "commenced composer" at the tender age of fourteen, finding her métier in song-writing three years later. Although the present generation knows her best, perhaps, on account of one particular song, "An Old Garden," Madame Messager has given several other unmistakable proofs of her engaging talent, in such strains as "My Lady's Bower," "Colin Deep," "Roses and Rue," and "Thoughts and Tears." It is certainly a public loss and an artistic pity that Madame Messager no longer devotes much of her time to song-writing.

In contradistinction to Hope Temple, Mrs. Helen Rhodes, more familiarly known as "Guy d'Hardelot," was born in France but no longer lives there. At the outset of her career, when studying with Renaud Maury at the Paris Conservatoire, she received distinct encouragement from musicians no less renowned than Charles Gounod and Victor Maurel. Her first song, "Sans-Toi," was immediately successful, and in 1896 she accompanied Madame Calvé on a six months' tour of the United States. Since then "Guy d'Hardelot" (who, incidentally, has her home at the beautiful old house in Regent's Park formerly occupied by Mrs. Siddons) has published numerous songs, including one entitled "A Lesson with the Fan," which Miss Marie Tempest has done much to popularise at the ballad concerts. In common with most of her contemporaries, "Guy d'Hardelot" finds the utmost difficulty in discovering lyrics of quality suitable for setting. Writing to me on this subject, she has said: "Many lyrics which begin charmingly fail to keep it up, and the end is very rarely strong. I think if we all wrote *less*, we should forcibly give the public better and fresher ideas, for one cannot be original if one writes too much, and I have noticed in

MRS. ALICIA ADÉLAIDE NEEDHAM.

the many hundreds of lyrics that are sent to me that the writers who only send two or three have generally better ideas than the man (or woman) who turns lyrics out by the yard!"

It remains only to speak of the excellent work done by Miss Florence Aylward. No composer can be well satisfied to have his or her work tested by one example—yet it is probable that

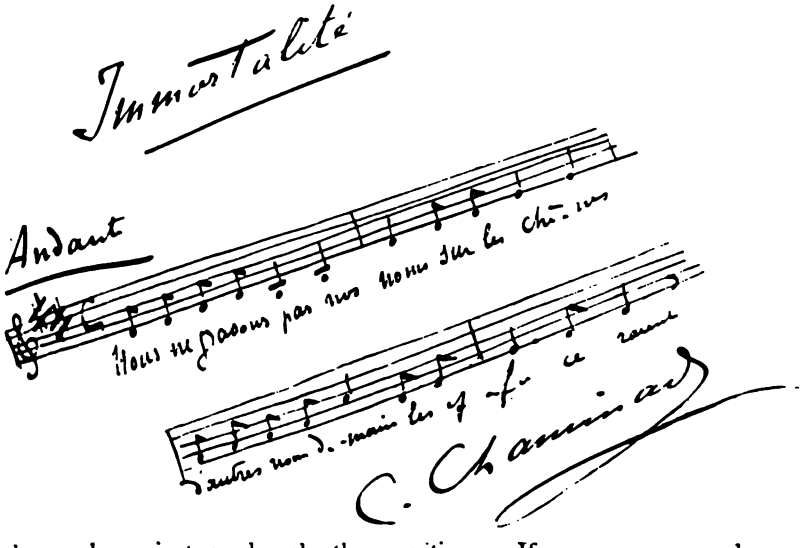


In the short space of three or four years, Mrs. Alicia Adélaide Needham must have made many friends by her songs. In my judgment she excels chiefly in the direction of child-songs, of which the album containing "The Round Brown Wheel" is one of the most pleasing examples. She has also made a fine setting of Sir Conan Doyle's "Who Carries the Gun?"

the popularity of Miss Aylward's "Beloved, it is Morn" will long live to outrival that of any subsequent composition of hers. Her work finds its best expression, however, in songs of a rather robust type, of which we would instance her settings of Sir Conan Doyle's "Song of the Bow," of Mr. Newbolt's "Sailing of the Longships," and the same poet's

MDME. CHAMINADE.

"The Torch of Life." Miss Alyward, who is a devotee of the wheel, lives in the country all the year round.



Although we have instanced only the work of British-born composers belonging to this epoch, it would be ungracious to close without at least a passing reference to Mdme. Chaminade, whose graceful and tuneful work is so well known to the music-loving public. Mdme. Chaminade's claim to distinction is a double one, as composer and as pianist, and in the last-named capacity she has long been a well-known and popular personality in London concert-rooms.

The foregoing brief and imperfect sketch of the principal figures among the lady composers belonging to the last years of Victoria's reign and the first years of King Edward's has been prompted by a realisation of the great good done to English song-music by Woman's active competition for the prizes which it offers. And all the indications point to a continuance of this participation by the sex in a sphere of artistic endeavour which they are so eminently qualified to adorn.

It would be somewhat difficult to assign a reason for the marked lead taken by women in the field of song-writing. If one may say do so, they well to keep for the most part to the composition of songs and solos, for as

Florence Aylward.

yet women do not appear fully able to master the art of orchestration. I have already touched upon the ever-increasing difficulty of obtaining suitable words. The truth is that the writer of lyrics is not made, but born; and most song-writers still have to go to the well-springs of poetry in the shape of the great masters—Byron, Shelley, Keats, and notably Heine. All things considered, I would place Mr. Teschemacher first amongst our few true song-lyricists to-day. He has originality, depth, and tenderness—a combination of qualities which has led to many of his prettiest fancies being set to great advantage by our most noted composers of songs.

GANG AFT A-GLEY

By ROBERT BARR*

"Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,
And Redcap was not by;
He called on a Page, who was witty and sage,
To go to the Barmkin high.

'And look thou East, and look thou West,
And quickly come tell to me,
What troopers haste along the waste,
And what may their livery be.'"

OLD Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, sat alone by a sturdy oak table in one of the largest rooms of his gloomy castle, called The Hermitage, just north of the English border. It was a room in which great affairs of State had been settled, and many a private scheme of his own concocted, as was the case on this summer night, when the crafty old man sat like a spider in his web, sensitive to the slightest trembling pulsation of any of the numerous gossamer threads of intrigue that stretched from this focus to the circumference which marked the limits of his great influence in Scotland. Indeed, some secret lines of communication were supposed to have their terminus even in the English Court, but that no one could prove, and few had the courage to investigate, for the Earl of Angus was supposed to be a treacherous friend, and known to be an implacable enemy. In youth he had been as brave as any of his name, and had hesitated not to stake life or fortune on a twist of the sword, but his mental ability increased as the sinews of his strong right arm diminished in vigour; and experience taught him that even in a turbulent world it is brain and not brawn that wins the ultimate victory. In his time he had been for the King and against the King; an enemy of the English and a friend of the English; a partisan of France and an intrigant against her; but there never was a moment when he failed to play for his own hand, and for that alone. If in his elder days he seemed to have preference rather for the action of the law than for the sweep of the sword, yet no one doubted that if violence became necessary, the strong blade of the Douglas would speedily part company with the scabbard.

There was a slight knock at the closed door and, receiving permission, the Captain of Hermitage Castle entered. Standing stiffly at salute, the warrior said with military curtness:

"The young man is here, my lord."

"Ah!" said the Earl of Angus, with a long drawn breath of satisfaction, as he partly turned in his chair, his emaciated, grey face lighting up for an instant. "How did he manage it?"

"He tied a thin cord round a huge stone, which he flung over bailey wall; then listening a moment, and thinking his feat unnoticed, he climbed and sprang down into the enclosure."

"Ah!" said the Earl again. "What a grand thing it is to be young and strong. A huge stone, you say, flung clear of our bailey wall? There's not many among you could do that, Donald. Was the young man alone?"

"Entirely alone, my lord."

"You think he has none concealed in the forest or among the hills?"

"No, my lord. My men followed him unseen all the way from Hawick."

"And where is he now?"

"He is prowling round the foot of the castle wall, my Lord, reconnoitering."

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"Very well. Get me my bonnet, Donald, and I will have some conversation with him."

"He has a drawn sword in his hand," cautioned the Captain.

"To be sure, to be sure," commented the Earl, nodding his head three or four times. "I said he was young, and 'tis ever the fault of youth to trust to cold iron."

"It is easy for us to lay him on his back, if such is your wish, my lord."

"No, no, Donald. There would be an outcry and a clashing of steel, for the young fellow would fight like a wild cat, I make no doubt. It would be a pity to disturb the peace of the castle. Are all your preparations complete, Donald?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Very well. Keep your men out of sight but not out of ear-shot. It's not likely I'll need you, but if I do you will hear my voice rising loud. Be on the watch, and when I cry 'Donald!' you will fall on the young man without any delay, your own first duty being to spring between me and him."

"I'll see to that, my lord," returned the Captain, with a ring of determination in his voice.

The old man went slowly down the stair and out into the courtyard. An open door in an inner cross-wall allowed him to come upon a terrace that flanked one side of the castle. A thin strip of moon hung in the sky and gave a wavering, uncertain light. The aged Earl, with hands clasped behind him, and head bowed, paced the sward as if he had but come out to enjoy the coolness of the summer night. As he passed along he saw close in against the castle wall, trusting to the obscurity of its shadow, the dim outline of a tensely held figure, motionless as the stone it leaned against. In spite of the darkness there was a dull gleam of naked steel. The veteran paid no attention to the intruder, but tramped meditatively on, and thus he placed his enemy between himself and the only exit. The figure in the shadow made no motion to avail himself of this advantage, and the Earl of Angus, reaching the limit of the terrace, turned and came slowly back. When once more nearly opposite the stranger, his lordship paused in his promenade. He peered intently into the darkness and said quietly: "Is that you, Jimmie?"

There was no reply, but the sheen of the sword wavered faintly as its point came towards the questioner.

The old man was well aware of his danger, yet there was no tremor in his tall, gaunt frame, for he knew that, although he had probably more enemies than any other man in Scotland, there was not one of them having him at advantage but would hesitate to strike. He was the chief of all the nobles in the realm, and to draw blade on him would be to bring down sure vengeance, not only upon the assassin himself, but upon all his kin, even more certainly than if the weapon had been turned against the king on the throne.

"Stand out in the light, man; that is, unless you are afraid."

Whether it was the taunt, or whether it was that the young man saw concealment was no longer possible, he strode out into the moonlight.

"No, my lord," he said, "I am not afraid; yet I admit that at this moment I had rather have encountered any one in the castle but yourself."

"Sir Colin Mangerton!" cried the Earl, in well-feigned surprise. "This meeting is as unexpected as the tryst is unusual. The entrance to Hermitage is on the other side."

A strategist might have noticed that his lordship in omitting to accost the intruder during his forward walk, had now got him placed so that what light there was, shone on his face, and furthermore his back was towards the door in the cross-wall, that the Earl's reinforcement, if it came, might steal upon him unawares.

"I admit that I am a trespasser, my lord," said the young man. "My unwelcome meeting with you has frustrated the object of my visit, which was to obtain a surreptitious interview with one of your prisoners."

"'Prisoner!' You amaze me," returned the nobleman. "I have no prisoners. Hermitage is a country gentleman's house, and not a place of custody."

"Then both its reputation and its appearance belie it."

"I have no prisoners. Hermitage is a country gentleman's house."

The Earl laughed quietly, and spoke in tones as smooth as the cooing of a dove, casting his eye aloft at the grim walls of his habitation.

"Truth to tell, the character of this fortress has been none of the best, and I fear me that we Douglases in the early days did little to enhance it, but these scenes of violence are long past; and other times, other actions."

"Other times, other crimes," amended the young man.

"Possibly, possibly," said the Earl, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Still, I think the country improves with age, and respect for the law is largely pushing to the background the former might of the strong hand."

"The strong hand usually gave some show of rough justice, and by the law we are not so sure of justice, rough or smooth."

"I am distressed to hear you say so, Sir Colin, and many men might be dismayed to find you standing on their ground with a drawn sword in your clenched fist. There is, I believe, some suiting of law between us. Is it possible, Sir Colin, that you have lost faith in the impartiality of our judges, and are come hither to make your blade your advocate?"

"No, my lord; the case you mention was not in my mind as I climbed your bailey wall. I came instead to seek a word with your niece, Lady Margaret Douglas, whom you have inveigled under this roof."

Again the Earl laughed almost silently.

"Oh, you young people, you young people!" he said, spreading out his hands and shaking his head. "Is my dear Maggie, then, the prisoner to whom you just now referred?"

"I have no doubt, sir, she came here willingly, obedient to your commands. I have less faith, however, that she will be allowed to depart when she wills to do so."

"You flatter me, Sir Colin, and make me quite the uncle of romance—stern and unbending—whereas I am merely a simple old man, a little lonely here in these towers of Hermitage, and perhaps most selfishly anxious for the cheering company of a sprightly young lady, my charming kinswoman. Indeed, I am beginning to suspect that my preference is not unshared when it brings Sir Colin Mangerton thus stealthily to these forbidding old walls. Am I right in surmising that there is some lingering liking between you two?"

"My lord, I have every reason to believe that you are well aware the Lady Margaret has done me the honour to accept me as her betrothed husband."

"Dear, dear; has the acquaintance then gone so far? That is what it is to be buried in affairs of State, forgetting in our old days that we ever were young, and thus in your eyes, and probably in hers also, I am the uncle inexorable. Well, well, I never should have suspected it. If the matter had been brought to my attention it is quite possible that I might have demurred.

"Lady Margaret Douglas may look high when she casts her eye about for a husband; still, if her affections really are entangled, there seems to me little more to be said. My acquaintance with you, Sir Colin, is unfortunately slight, but I have seen enough of you to be convinced that you know your own mind, and Maggie herself is not one to be swayed in her predilection by what a doddering old relative might say. In other words, she is a Douglas; and so, if you two determined folk imagine that I have the courage to thrust my frail body between you, you are both very much mistaken.

"I have had a long and interesting experience of human affairs, my young friend, and I can tell you where the great mistakes are usually made. They arise generally through mistrust of our fellow creatures. The man who continually doubts the integrity of his opponent, who is eternally making calculation against something underneath the surface, almost invariably goes wrong, for as often as not there is nothing underneath the surface, so his action being based on the non-existent is therefore futile.

"If you two foolish young people had come to me openly and said in a straightforward manner, 'We desire to be married,' then, as in duty bound, I should have given the subject my consideration, and each of you my best advice, which in all probability you would not have followed; but there my responsibility would have ended. So Maggie is a prisoner!" The old man chuckled. "She will be surprised to hear that. Well, the best thing I can suggest is that you come into the castle with me, have some refreshment, and then let us three talk the matter over."

"What three, my lord?"

"Myself, Margaret, and yourself, and the doddering old priest, if you care to make him a fourth."

The young man gazed at the ground for some moments before replying. As he raised his head a frown lined his brow.

"My lord," he said, "I shall emulate the frankness you so strongly recommended. I say then that I distrust you deeply, while acknowledging to myself that I am possibly mistaken. Within the walls which you invite me to enter, your ancestor starved to death Sir Alexander Ramsey, sheriff of this county, having treacherously inveigled him to Hermitage Castle."

"Treachery!" said the old man, speaking for the first time with some heat. "There was no treachery about it. Sir Alexander Ramsey was captured in broad daylight at the parish church of Hawick, conveyed here, and unfortunately forgotten. But I told you I did not defend all that had been done in Hermitage."

"I am merely showing you, my lord, that I know the reputation of your house. The castle is supposed to have sunk some feet in the ground because of the infamies committed within it."

"Not so, Sir Colin; be fair, be fair. Those infamies, if indeed they ever occurred, were committed by the de Soulis family and not by any of my kinsmen. If you fear to enter, then there's no more to be said. I'll bring the lass out here if you like, telling her that her bethrothed declines to face the dangers of her residence because of its bad reputation."

"You entirely mistake me, my lord. I am not declining your invitation; in fact I am accepting that invitation, and also the other, which you gave me, to speak frankly. I say then, that you shall precede me as your rank entitles you to do, and I warn you that my sword's point will be within short distance of your backbone, and that, on the very first symptom of underhand work I shall plunge this good steel into your heart. So whatever happens to me within your sinister domain you shall not live to rejoice over it. Thus I follow your advice, and acquaint you honestly with my intention."

Once more the earl shrugged his shoulders and sighed deeply.

"Sir Colin, you require more courage from an old man than should be exacted of him. Look you the situation in which you place me. We go through these ancient halls, when suddenly I stumble, or a door bangs, or someone cries 'Whoop!' and at once I am spitted like a plucked pigeon, merely because a timorous young man is behind me with a knife in his hand. Well, well, times have indeed changed, for I remember when I was your age, all the dangers of all the castles in Scotland would not have kept me chattering here, making conditions, if there was a handsome girl at the other end of the route. Follow me then, Sir Colin, while I inwardly pray that we meet nothing in the hall to agitate you."

There was light enough for the eagle glance of the old man to see that Sir Colin felt somewhat ashamed of his suspicion; nevertheless he relaxed none of his vigilance, but followed the old earl into the castle and up the stairway. Once his lordship looked over his shoulder, and cautioned the other against a broken step, adding that the castle was somewhat out of repair; that he hoped, in truth, to sell it shortly, being, indeed, on the verge of doing so. They met nothing in the passage-way and saw no sign of human life within the castle. Coming to the door of his own room, the Earl opened it and walked inside. The lamp still burned on the table, as he had left it shortly before. Waving his hand to the young man, he asked him to be seated while he called his niece. Sir Colin did not avail himself of this privilege, and was left alone, standing in the middle of the room.

There were three doors to the apartment—one at the side by which they had entered, one at the end to the left, and one at the end by which the Earl had disappeared. Perplexity wrinkled the brow of the waiting man, for now that his host had departed, the scarcely-allayed distrust of him reasserted itself. Momentarily he expected the three doors of the apartment to open simultaneously and armed men stream in, but he stood his ground resolutely, ready to give a good account of himself, even against overwhelming numbers. Presently, however, the Earl re-entered by the door that had closed upon him. A lingering smile moved his thin lips. He shook his head with something of sadness in the motion.

"Ah, you young people, you young people!" he murmured, "you are inexplicable to a doddering old man like me. I find that you are right in your surmise about Margaret. She indeed appears to have little faith in her father's brother, and utterly refuses to believe that you are in this room. She declines to accompany me hither, although what could happen to her here more than in her own apartment, she is not logical enough to say. So, my young friend, two courses are open to you. You may betake yourself once more outside to the spot where I found you, and there pursue your own

devices, although I doubt if they will lead you to Margaret, for she seems to have no suspicion that you are in the neighbourhood. She tells me plainly that it is the young Earl of Bothwell I have here, whereas I do not even expect him until to-morrow at the earliest."

"And what is the second course open to me, my lord?"

"The second course is to come with me to the door of Margaret's drawing room, and convince her of your presence."

"That alternative I shall gladly accept, my lord."

"Very well. I don't like to suggest that you should sheathe your sword, although in my day a young man could hardly have been brought to enter a lady's presence as if about to begin a tourney. I merely give you a hint; you may act on it or not as you please."

"I shall act on it, my lord, at least in part. I shall keep my hand on the hilt until we are at the door of the Lady Margaret's boudoir; I shall sheathe my sword before we are come into her presence."

"Excellent, excellent," commented the old man heartily, nodding his head again and again. "I do admire caution in youth, which is so apt to be hot-headed at that time of life."

The Earl again led the way down an empty and ill-lighted hall. He paused at a door and rapped gently upon the panel. The door formed a most forbidding-looking entrance to a lady's apartment, being of heavy oak thickly studded with iron bolts, and having at the height of a man's head, a grated aperture by which a person within could hold converse with one outside without opening the door; but all Hermitage was grim and more of a fortress than a palace. As the door opened with some caution the young man slipped his sword into its scabbard, and during the brief moment when his head was bent to give attention to this act, a quick sign from the Earl brought two men from the obscurity, who flung their victim headlong into the room, the third man inside stepping quickly out, and drawing the door shut after him. The huge iron bolts on the outside were thrust into place, and Sir Colin Mangerton was as tight a prisoner that night as existed in all Scotland.

A gentle smile softened the grey countenance of the Earl as he stood somewhat aside from the aperture of the door and listened. The Captain of the Guard, his two men behind him at attention, awaiting any further commands of his master. They heard Sir Colin getting on his feet again, and at a sign from the Earl, the Captain, keeping well back from the aperture, lifted the shutter which obscured it. Instantly a sword blade darted out like the quick tongue of a snake, but it pierced the empty air.

"You old scoundrel!" came the voice from within, trembling with rage. "You treacherous villain! What do you expect to make of this? Even you, highly placed as you are, dare not imprison thus, without warrant, a free man of the realm."

"The answer to that, Sir Colin," said the Earl, with a genial laugh, "is that I have done so, and I think if you knew as much about law as apparently you do of swordsmanship, you would find that I have every right to imprison you here or elsewhere. However, I leave to-morrow for Edinburgh, where our case is to be tried, and where I fear the defendant will not put in a personal appearance, and so the cause is like to go by default against him, whereupon Sir Colin Mangerton will find himself legally landless, without the wherewithal to pay the cost of the action. When I am in Edinburgh, Sir Colin, I shall take pains to inquire into the powers I have of imprisoning free men of this realm. If I find I have exceeded them in your case I shall be most happy to release you, with my humble apologies."

"You treacherous dog!" exclaimed the angry victim.

"No, no, Sir Colin; there your indignation, possibly quite justified, obscures your logic. I offered to conduct you within the castle, and if you had sheathed your sword, accepted my word, and followed me, the outcome might have been different, but you refused my safe conduct, trusting to

your own blade, which proved but an unstable reed to lean upon. A man cannot have at the same time both the protection of his own sword and the girdle of his host's word. He must choose one or the other. A guest does not enter a house with an unsheathed knife, an enemy does; you came in as an enemy, and are treated as an enemy. And so, good-night. I shall not starve you, as my ancestor did Sir Alexander Ramsey, and if his ghost does not disturb you, you will find yourself fairly comfortable in that room."

And so to the possible companionship of poor Ramsey's ghost the young man was left.

Success brought forth the more genial attributes of the Earl's nature, as sunshine develops the tender flower, and at dinner that night the courtly old man was at his best. He was gracious, witty, considerate, and chivalrous, so there was little wonder that his niece was delighted with him. The aged priest who formed the third at the board, did not count for much in the conversation, as he was rather deaf, not too brilliant at best, and a thorough believer in attending to the things of the table while one was at the table.

Lady Margaret was in high spirits throughout the meal, and at its close, when her uncle leaned back in his chair, genially beaming benevolence upon the world, he was hardly prepared for the question she asked him.

"Uncle Archibald," she said, arching her brows, "am I prisoner in Hermitage Castle?"

"A prisoner, my dear!" he said, with such a look of amazement in his eyes, that the simple girl thought the expression too genuine to suggest counterfeit.

"Well," she continued, "the idea has suggested itself to my mind several times. Whenever I ride abroad I am very closely followed."

"That is but natural," returned the earl. "A lady of the Douglas family cannot wander about unattended like a Lowland milkmaid."

"But when I wish to prolong my journey in any direction, I am told that this road or that is dangerous, and that I must proceed no further. It has never yet come to a contest of will between my following and myself, but I surmise from the tone of the expostulation, that if it did, my wishes would be overborne, and that, of course, by your commands."

"Is it unnatural, Margaret, that I should have keen anxiety regarding your safety? What your attendants tell you of peril in the environs is strictly true. You must not forget that Hermitage is the vanguard of Scottish fortresses, situated in the midst of the turbulent Borderland."

"Then why was I brought from the security of my own home to a place that has all the restrictions of a prison?"

The earl's eyes twinkled with an appreciation of the shrewdness of her questioning.

"My dear, you underestimate the yearning of an old man for the charms of your company. It gives me great pleasure to hear your sweet voice lifted in song throughout the gloomy halls of Hermitage. It is selfishness I admit, Margaret, but a loving selfishness."

"Still, uncle, it is your intention to forego the delights of my society and betake yourself to Edinburgh to-morrow. Is it your purpose to leave me here alone?"

The crafty old fox chuckled humorously, and seemed to take pleasure in the searching nature of his cross-examination; he was being driven from covert to covert.

"You will not be alone," he said at last. "To-morrow there should arrive at the castle young Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, with his mother. To tell you the truth, my dear girl, I am in negotiation with the Earl regarding an exchange of castles. I am growing too old and too unwarlike to care for the rigours of life on the frontier, so I have cast my eyes on Castle Bothwell, near Glasgow, as a suitable refuge for my declining days, and Hermitage is just the place for a young ambitious man like Hepburn, who will be made Lord of the Marches, and thus acquire glory as the premier of Scotland's defenders."

"She and her husband and their train are to win free of the castle as they like."

"Then in your absence, uncle, am I to complete the bargain; if so, I shall speedily change this sinister fortress for the palace near Glasgow."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure, Margaret, than for you to come to terms with young Bothwell; his father was one of my staunchest friends, and if during your conference the Earl should show a desire to possess the fair inmate as well as the castle which contains her, I hope, dear Margaret, you will lend an indulgent attention to his desire."

"Oh, I am thrown in with the castle, am I? How good of you to let me know that. I believe the family of Bothwell is as young as the man himself; the earldom is of recent creation, is it not?"

"True, true. Still our family is old enough to bestow antiquity on several others. You may easily shuffle off my authority by substituting for it that of a much younger man, and if you juvenile people lack the patience to wait for my return, the reverend father here will unite you with my absent blessing. You hear that, father," continued the Earl, raising his voice. "Our Margaret thinks of getting married, and it is my command that when she does so, she is to be free to leave the castle whenever she likes, for then my authority over her shall be ended."

"It's all very well to say that, my lord," replied the priest, with his hand to his ear, "but your captain will pay no attention to what I tell him; therefore, you should lay your commands upon him before you depart."

Margaret sat in silence looking at the two, a heavy frown upon her fair brow, hesitating whether or not to tell her uncle the real state of affairs. The Earl had resumed a jocular air, as if the whole matter were rather an entertaining jest than otherwise; but the girl knew enough of him to be aware that serious intention underlaid his light words, and that this intention was not to be thwarted by any protest of hers, so she remained silent.

"A capital idea!" cried the Earl, still keeping up his attitude of hilarity. "Let us have in the good captain."

When an attendant had brought in the captain, the Earl of Angus said to him meaningly:

"Donald, it is quite possible that our Mistress Margaret here may be a wife before many days are past; therefore, it is my command that should she marry during my absence, she and her husband and their train are to win free of the Castle as they like, and you are to give them every assistance in your power. The reverend father appears to think that if he gave you my commands at second hand you might not obey them, although Heaven knows my rule exceeds on the side of mildness; therefore, I present you with my orders direct."

The captain saluted, said the injunctions laid upon him would be strictly obeyed, and departed. Lady Margaret took her leave also, anxious to ponder over the new complication that threatened to imperil her future.

Next day the Earl of Bothwell with his mother and their following arrived at Hermitage, with all the pomp of a very new family not yet assured of its position in the realm. Bothwell expressed his entire willingness to exchange castles. He was eager to take on the duty of Lord of the Marches, and expressed in adequate, if somewhat hesitating, terms the honour done his family by the proposed union between it and the great House of Douglas.

Everything thus falling well with the old man's plans, the earl departed for Edinburgh without pomp or circumstance, leaving the young people to become better acquainted under the chaperonage of Bothwell's mother.

The Lady Margaret had little joy in her guests, but she took pains to conceal her disinclination for their society, except that the young man found he had no opportunity of seeing her alone. He seemed a bashful, inoffensive, hesitating youth, who wished to have some converse with her, but knew not how to manage an interview, while Margaret clung persistently to the company of his mother, and when that refuge was unavailable, flew forthwith to her own apartment. Now that her uncle was gone,

she found herself a prisoner indeed, for the gruff captain refused to let her go outside the gates unless the Earl of Bothwell accompanied her; so she confined her walks to the grand terraces of the castle.

The day after the departure of her uncle she paced back and forth along the grand promenade singing to herself the ballad of Lord Soulis, former owner of Hermitage Castle:—

"Far from relief, they seized the chief;
His men were far away;
Through Hermitage slack they sent him back,
To Soulis's castle gray;
Syne onward fure for Branxholm tower,
Where all his merry men lay."

The tune was one of her own composing, and she sang it well. Her thoughts were far away upon one who had loved to hear her sing this ballad, and now she was startled by the voice of another.

"That is a sweet song you sing, Lady Margaret," said the Earl of Bothwell coming up behind her.

The girl was startled by his sudden appearance, but she answered smilingly:

"It is merely a ballad of the bad former times in this castle, when Lord Soulis made prisoner of a lover who sought his lass."

"I hope his lordship was discomfited," said Hepburn.

"Discomfited!" laughed Margaret again, "he was boiled in melted lead."

"It served him right," commented the earl; "may such be the fate of all interlopers where true love is concerned. I beg you to sing some more of the verses, that I may have the double pleasure of hearing your voice and learning the legend of the castle which has so lately become my own."

Margaret, anxious to ward off a conversation that might take a more intimate turn than she cared for, sang the interesting ballad through from beginning to end, his lordship, with a fine tenor voice, mastering the tune, then, expressing a fear that his mother might

An instant later the hand appeared.

think herself neglected, the girl escaped from the unsought conference and entered the castle.

When next she sang in the open-air she took care that there should be no interruption, and so passed through the

door in the cross-wall, bolting it securely behind her, and thus on the grimmer side of the castle she walked and sang:

> "'Now, welcome, noble Branxholm's heir!
> Thrice welcome' quoth Soulis, 'to me!
> Say, dost thou repair to my castle fair,
> My wedding guest to be?'"

She had got thus far when her heart stood still to hear a well-known bass voice sing the two final lines of the verse:

> "And lovely May deserves, per fay,
> A brideman such as thee!"

She remained stock still, too much amazed to give utterance to the hope and fear that agitated her; then the voice, abandoning the tune, and speaking low but distinctly, said:

"Margaret, is that you? Are you alone?"

"Colin!" she cried, "where are you?"

"A close prisoner in the castle Soulis built, through the impetuosity of my own folly and the treachery of the Earl of Angus."

"Can you put out your hand, Colin, so that I may see where you are?"

An instant later, the hand appeared in the upper story near the centre of the building, through a cutting in the stones evidently intended for the shooting of arrows, and not for the exit of human beings.

"Colin," she said, "no one is like to hear us. Is there a chimney in your cell—and is it barred?"

"There is a chimney," answered the young man, "but whether barred or no I shall quicklydiscover."

The hand was withdrawn, and presently Margaret, listening intently, heard the breaking of iron.

"The chimney was barred, but the iron, through the action of age and fire, is useless; I can thus escape to the roof. What then? Is there a way down to the entrance of the castle?"

"There is a way down," answered Margaret, "but closely guarded. Wait to-night, Colin, until your gaoler comes to you, and when he has left, get out on the roof. On the further side of the castle is a chimney leading to my drawing-room. I shall bar my door, and there await you."

"How shall I know which chimney it is?"

"I shall stand on the hearth and sing the ballad of Soulis Castle. If you, making your way round the roof, listen at each chimney, you may thus tell which will bring you to me. How you may escape afterwards I know not, but I shall give the matter my deepest thought from now until I see you. Farewell; I must not further risk detection."

Sir Colin waited impatiently until his goaler brought him the last meal of the day; then when all was quiet he clambered up through the wide chimney and so to the roof. Once there he made his way stealthily to the other side of the castle. There were chimneys numerous enough to give him ample range of choice, and he paused beside one after another listening. At last he heard the Lord Soulis tune hummed in a room below, but climbing to the chimney's top he was taken aback to find himself in suffocating smoke. He choked and laughed to think the girl had forgotten the important matter of raking out the fire. There was nothing for it but a dash, and so dropping like a plummet he alighted fairly in the centre of a log fire, from which he sprang instantly into the room.

There was not at that moment in all Scotland a more amazed young man than the Earl of Bothwell when this frightsome figure leaped up apparently out of the flames, without a word of warning, into the centre of his apartment. Hepburn hastily grasped his rapier, which lay unsheathed on the table, and struck an attitude of defence, but a moment's contemplation of the blackened, smoke-wreathed figure thus precipitated upon him, told him that he had to deal with the powers of the nethern world; therefore he hastily crossed himself, when the demon, rubbing smoke from his temporarily blinded eyes and brushing the sparks from his clothing, said with a laugh:

"Margaret, my dear, you forgot all about the fire, didn't you?"

"Who, in the fiend's name, are you, sir?" cried the bewildered earl; "and are there no doors in this house that you must drop thus from the sky?"

Sir Colin, astounded in his turn, whipped forth his blade and rapidly blinked eyes to which the sight was slowly returning, eyes

which showed him a young man, dressed in the pink of fashion, standing with his back to the wall and a rapier in his hand.

"Are you a friend of the Earl of Angus?"

"Naturally," returned Hepburn, "otherwise I should not be a guest in his house."

"Oh, as far as that is concerned, I too have been a guest in his house, yet am I his enemy. I escaped from a cell, where he treacherously imprisoned me, to the roof, and so came down the wrong chimney."

"You mentioned the name of Margaret a moment since. Did you refer to the Lady Margaret Douglas of this house?"

"Before I answer that question, I must know your right to ask."

"My right, sir, is not far to seek. If a man comes down through fire and smoke into my apartment, surely I may have the privilege of making some enquiry."

"You are certainly entitled to some explanation. Well then, here is how the case stands. My land lies in jeopardy through a suit brought against me in the Courts of Edinburgh by Archibald, Earl of Angus, and his lordship succeeded in trapping me within this stronghold, doubtless hoping to win his suit through my enforced absence. My name is Sir Colin Mangerton; and now, sir, may I enquire your title?"

"I am the Earl of Bothwell, and may tell you that I am here to exchange castles with the Earl of Angus, giving him my house on the Clyde for his among the mountains. When I say this I have probably spoken as truthfully as you."

"Truthfully as I, sir? Do you question my veracity?"

"As far as it goes, no, but I think there is something perhaps untold in both our stories. You mentioned the Lady Margaret before you were aware that you had come down the wrong chimney; there is nothing of her in your tale of wrong by her uncle."

Sir Colin drew himself up proudly.

"If, sir, you wish to question about the lady, then your sword, and not your tongue, must make the inquiry."

The Earl of Bothwell however made no motion to attack, but disarmed himself, flung his sword on the table and laughed heartily.

"You find some cause for merriment in my language?" said Sir Colin haughtily.

"Not in your langauge, friend, if you will permit me to call you so, but in your appearance. Glance, I pray you, in this mirror; you will then be thankful you descended not into a lady's presence."

Sir Colin, somewhat abashed at this request, stepped forward and looked at himself in the mirror. He saw before him a figure black as jet, with rims of white round the eyes where he had rubbed them. His appearance was most unearthly yet most comical, and he was unable to refrain from joining in the hilarity of his host.

"Sir," said Bothwell, when the laughter had subsided, "I find in you an unexpected ally. To tell the whole truth as far as my story is concerned, the Earl of Angus expects me to become suitor for his charming niece, but my affections are already engaged. Now we both know that the earl, smooth as he appears, is not a man to be lightly offended, especially by one like myself, who has his career before him. You may then well imagine my predicament. A gentleman scarcely cares to go to a beautiful young lady, and say to her, 'Madame, your uncle wishes me to marry you. I am afraid to incur his resentment by refusing, so I beg of you, take the onus of rejection upon yourself, and set me free.' That is my position at the present moment. Now tell me exactly what is yours."

"Mine, sir, is this. The Lady Margaret has promised to be my wife; her uncle has lured her to this castle, and I, endeavouring to have speech with her, fell into his clutches, and so into his dungeon."

"Does the lady know that you are here?"

"Yes. She it was who suggested my chimney-sweeping adventure. She was to sing the song you were humming, and so was to gain access to her boudoir, and I afterwards plan our escape. Your musical accomplishment, sir, is a blessing."

"And I am not sorry," said the earl, "for I submit to you that you are in no condition to appear to advantage in a lady's boudoir. The way out of the castle is clear enough if the lady and yourself agree to the method. The Earl of Angus told me I was

to be speedy with my wooing, so that I might bring my wife with me to Edinburgh, for it seems the Lady Margaret is almost as much a prisoner in this castle as you have been. His lordship gave command before he left that she and her husband were to be permitted to take their departure whenever they pleased. A priest is ready to marry you in the private chapel, and I can lend you the best horse you ever bestrode. Lady Margaret has a steed of her own, so nothing but a marriage ceremony stands between you two and Edinburgh. I counsel you to wash your face, and my wardrobe is quite at your disposal. Meanwhile, I shall leave you to take some of the soot off, while I warn the lady that you are making preparation for your wedding."

Sir Colin was about to grasp the hand of the young earl, but Bothwell, laughing, stepped back at his approach.

"Anything but that," he said, "until you have washed."

Sir Colin looked at his grimy hands.

"My Lord of Bothwell," he said, "if you stand my friend at this pinch, my sword, and those of all my followers, are yours to command whenever you need a blow struck for you."

The Earl of Bothwell had some difficulty in communicating with Margaret, but when he whispered through the door that a package intended for her had tumbled down his chimney, she opened speedily, blushing like a red rose.

Arrayed in borrowed apparel the bridegroom looked vastly different from the man who had entered so hastily by way of the hearth. The earl kept to his room, for it was understood that he had no hand in the marriage, and the old priest mumbled through the ceremony to the visible impatience of bride and groom. Then the gates were opened, the silent old captain saluted, and the newly-married pair set off on their journey with twelve good hours the start of pursuit.

It was the angered captain himself, with half-a-dozen mounted and armed men at his back who started after the fugitives, but they beat him in the race to Edinburgh, and then there confronted him the ordeal of telling the Earl of Angus that his prisoner had escaped.

The old Earl took the news better than the captain had expected, drawing merely one of his long 'Ahs,' and half closing his eyes. He was the first caller on the bridal couple, arrayed in his very best—quite the ancient beau. Sir Colin, when he heard who his visitor was, stood silently in the middle of the room, right hand ready to the hilt of his sword, Margaret a little way behind him, with something as near an approach to fear in her fine eyes as could appear in the eyes of a Douglas. But the old man was all suavity and politeness.

"My dear Sir Colin," he said, "allow me to be the first to congratulate you, for really this charming mansion is so much better and more luxurious than the poor quarters you honoured by your presence at Hermitage. Alas! it will be the last time I shall be able to offer you hospitality there, for I have disposed of the castle to Bothwell. You should not frown at me, Sir Colin, for you must remember that I am now a member of your family; I am your uncle-in-law, and indeed there is no trouble between us, for as you have been so successful in the court of Cupid, I feared you would be equally fortunate in the Scottish Law Courts, therefore I have withdrawn the suit."

"I am ready and willing to fight the case, my lord."

"Oh, no, no, no, no. Let us have no lawing between relatives, Sir Colin. There is nothing which tends so much to make this contentious earth a paradise as to see peace and amity between friends. You will appreciate that the more, Sir Colin, as you get nearer my own age. Ah, Maggie, Maggie—and you couldn't wait for your old uncle to be present at your wedding? Oh, the impatience of youth—and quite right too, for it is a period of life which, once fled, never returns. Well, my blessing on you both, and you will never lack shelter while an old man has a room to share with you."

"I hope it will be better furnished than the last one I had of you," answered the bridegroom.

THE PASSING HOUR BY Edward Bennett

THERE is perhaps no more intolerable individual in social life than the man who is perpetually stopping short a discussion or a statement of fact by putting the simple question "Why?" And the reason for this is because so many "whys" are quite insoluble and imply a knowledge of First Causes which is not common in ordinary suburban circles. There is, for instance, the story of the little boy who, during a walk with his mother, asked her what a certain animal was that they had passed on the road, and when he was informed that it was a deer, he was not satisfied, but persisted in a train of thought peculiar to childhood, by asking the further question: "Why is it a deer?" The mother dexterously evaded the terrible question by some religious commonplace, but she made a secret resolve to look up the matter in the Encyclopædia Britannica so soon as she should arrive home. But we all know that child: he is the father of the man we are all acquainted with, from whom we flee as we profess to do from the Evil One. Appeals to First Causes are more often than not merely the refuge of the distressed debater. This method of argument was a favourite weapon in the hands of Socrates, and in my opinion his reliance upon it detracts from his reputation as a dialectician. Anybody can say "Why?" Hazlett complained that when arguing with Godwin, the latter would not let him get on at all, but required a definition of even the commonest words, exclaiming: "What do you mean by a sensation, sir?" "What do you mean by an idea?" We sympathise with Coleridge, who said that this was barricading the road to truth; it was setting up a turnpike gate at every step we took. As a child I was brought up on Mrs. Mangnall's questions, and she was perpetually asking "Why?" but then she always, wise woman that she was, provided her own answer. I formed an early impression that all knowledge was simply a matter of question and answer, and that the question without an answer partook almost of the improper, that if not blasphemous in itself, it was often the cause of blasphemy in others. How readily, for example, Mrs. Mangnall would have answered the question, "What do you mean by 'The Passing Hour?'" In her own quiet domestic manner she would have replied, "It is the present moment; the hour that is passing," and she would have avoided in this way all the dangerous metaphysical problems that lie hidden in the question. And two thirds of the human race would consider her answer quite complete and satisfactory. If on the other hand you had asked the question of Carlyle, who represents the remaining one-third of humanity, to whom the infinite, which underlies all phenomena, is an ever present problem, what a volley of metaphysical bullets he would have fired at you! "It is," he would say, "that great mystery of Time, the illimitable, silent, never resting thing they call Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean

tide, on which we and the Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which *are* and *are not*; this is forever a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb—for we have no word to speak about it." But regarded as an explanation of a particular phenomenon, it will be observed that Carlyle's answer is no better than Mrs. Mangnall's, the difference between the two being the consciousness of inadequacy in the one, and the entire unconsciousness of it which is implied in the other. Let us eschew First Causes; let us avoid going to the roots of things as an unprofitable form of agriculture. Let us, too, choose our titles, and decline all explanation. Browning expressed, in a beautiful poem, the influence which might be exercised on a variety of human lives by one happy being, unconscious of any moral purport in her actions, living her own life fully and joyfully. He called his poem "Pippa Passes;" but even he was misunderstood; and there have been enthusiastic Americans who have searched Italy to find "the passes" which they suppose Browning to have made famous. Let us add that "Pippa Passes" is the poetical rendering of the purpose we have in view in these talks, and we, at any rate, have no set moral purpose to convey to our readers.

"The Passing Hour" is Eastertide, and it marks a time of year when there is a certain reaction in most people's minds against the efficacy of good resolutions. We began the New Year with magnificent resolves, with steady determination to work through the year on definite lines of conduct, and Easter is upon us, and—well—circumstances have been against us. The copy-book maxims make no allowance for the claims of the unexpected. Spring is here, and life seems so much fuller and more varied than were the bills of fare which we drew up in the winter. Spring is the season of extravagance: Nature brings forth a thousand buds, of which, perhaps, nine hundred never attain full growth. So it is with our hopes and ambitions, and it is well that it should be so. A little carelessness or a graceful abandon introduced into our lives seems seasonable after the long discipline of Lent. Easter, too, is the first short holiday of the year, and we eagerly seize the opportunity to escape from our work. But we often spoil the short respite we have from toil by our anxiety to be methodical even in our pleasures. There is such a thing as the art of reading, and it is closely akin to the art of travel. A man who simply reads in order to know facts, and to ascertain the truth about things, is treating the art in a scientific spirit. The man who travels in order to see the spot where Paul preached at Athens, or to verify the statement made in many guide books that Rome was built on seven hills, or because he has heard that there is a tremendous output of water at a place called Niagara, is similarly treating in a scientific manner what is really an art. The methods of science are out of place in artistic travel, the charm of which is, of its very nature, elusive, incidental and indefinite. A time-table carefully planned out and arranged for thirty days in advance is science, not art. The born traveller habitually loses his trains, gets into the wrong ones, and finds in the breakdown of his smallest plans fresh material for enjoyment.

The artist in travel never telegraphs for a bed or selects several weeks beforehand the hotels he is to patronise. He takes his chance, relying on the golden rule of the artistic life that it is the unexpected joys which bring the most pleasure, while the unexpected discomforts bring the minimum of inconvenience. He pays his bills uncomplainingly, whether he is over or undercharged; he takes the rough with the smooth; he puts so much money in his pocket, and when this is exhausted he returns home and lives on his relations until the close of his holiday. The scientific traveller, on the other hand, keeps accounts, scrutinises every charge, arranges even his tips with scrupulous fairness and method, and so manages matters as to have a small balance at Charing Cross with which to pay the cab-fare home. His tour has been so systematically organised that the unexpected has been charmed out of his life for a whole month, and it

only comes to him again when, on his arrival home, he finds the burglars have been at his suburban residence during his absence. But alas! for my argument, even this is covered by a burglary insurance policy.

On the sea front at Penzance I once got into conversation with a cyclist who had ridden all the way from London on his machine. I don't know what possessed me to do it, but when he told me this I simply said, "Why?" He gave me a most delightful reason. He said: "There is nothing I hate more than riding against the wind, so when I started on my holiday I said to myself, "I will ride with the wind wherever it will take me, and," he added, "the infernal thing has brought me down here and shows no signs of changing, though they tell me that the prevailing wind in Cornwall is south-west. I am due back in London in four days and I have to ride back." To start with such a programme seems at first sight to fully correspond with my ideal of the holiday temperament, but a closer investigation will make it clear that it was the set purpose which ruined the enjoyment of the trip. The man might almost be used by me as my awful example.

Now, just as in poetry and painting the rules of the art must be observed, so it is in travel. Our only contention is that the artistic impulse must be the controlling influence. More especially is this the case when the question of ways and means is a serious one to the would-be traveller. I once started with a friend on a continental tour. Both of us had extremely limited means; both of us were fond of good living when we could get it. On making up our estimates before starting, we came to the conclusion that if we lived well all the time, and went to good hotels, we could be away about ten days. If, on the other hand, we stayed in one or two places only, and in rooms, we could be absent a whole month. But this did not satisfy our epicurean tastes; so we compromised, and we were away exactly twenty days. This is how we managed it. One day we slept in a big hotel, went in for a table d'hôte, had our boots blacked, and our national pride ministered to; the following day we fed on biscuits, bought at the grocer's, and water; we sat about in open spaces or parks, waiting for the next day, or we wrote letters to our relatives; and we either took the night train to another place to save the expense of a bed, or we found a lodging in some cottage or casual ward. This trip could not have been arranged without science; but still I submit the artistic impulse controlled it right through. And the force of contrast which presented itself every day was in strict conformity with that law of action and reaction, the observance of which is as necessary to the enjoyment of travel as it is to the success of constitutional government.

The organisation of pleasure is, I think, more often than not a disappointing experience. We make extensive preparations to visit a country or a town; we read up the subject beforehand; we arrange in advance all the details of our trip; everything seems complete for us to enter in and enjoy. But the fickle and wayward spirit of enjoyment often refuses to be charmed in this way, and a beautiful sunset which we perhaps gazed at on our way to Dover in the train remains as the most delightful recollection of our expensive holiday; or one day on this same journey we abandon for a while the programme and visit some place not mentioned in the guide books, and we experience for the first time a joy not tinged with disappointment.

Vernon Lee says somewhere that everybody carries about in his imagination a picture of what every place is like that he has heard about, and if he already loves the place because of its associations, he has a very vivid picture indeed of it in his mind. Nothing that happens to one is so painful in reality as it is imagined to be, and nothing that one has loved in imagination is quite as beautiful when realised. The beautiful realities of life to us are more often the things which we have not exercised our imagination upon, and I think it is a common experience with most travellers to feel disappointment at the show places of the world. It is,

indeed, sometimes better for the man of imagination never to visit the country of his dreams. "Yarrow Visited" is never quite so satisfying to him as "Yarrow Unvisited." You cannot educate yourself to like places any more than you can compel yourself to like individuals. For years I hated London with a deadly hatred; I was country bred, and had imagined London to be an El Dorado all my childhood. How I tried to like her! How I tried to believe all that I had read about her! But one day, on a holiday in some far-off continental town, long after I had accepted the fact that London and I were enemies, I found myself literally looking forward to seeing her again. I thought it must be my liver; I treated myself medicinally; but the feeling came on more strongly on my next holiday, and I longed for London with all the ardour of a lover. And now London and I are inseparables. The love of places takes possession of us just in the same unsought way as the love of individuals.

Paradoxical journalists have indeed laid it down as a general truth that the pleasantest part of a holiday is returning to London. Certainly the Easter holiday-maker experiences something of this feeling, for the London to which he returns is beginning her season. And everybody, down even to the unemployed and unemployable, is infected by the spirit of gaiety which prevails. It extends even to the provinces, and the trains to London will be full of our country cousins. But while the interest which London arouses at this season is as great as it ever was, there are certain aspects of her life which seem duller than they used to be. It is becoming a common-place to say that this is the age of mediocrities, and it is certainly a fact that in the possession of great and interesting personalites London is poorer than she was thirty, twenty, or even ten years ago. Take the Houses of Parliament, and who is there in either assembly who can, as interesting personalities, be mentioned in the same breath with Lord Beaconsfield, John Bright, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill, or Mr. Parnell? We have excellent debaters, good business men, and capable party pleaders, but with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Chamberlain, they excite no particular enthusiasm or antagonism. Personality repels as well as attracts—we often forget this—and few of our statesmen are sufficiently annoying to make us take an interest in them. I have even heard it said that the Primrose League has suffered morally and financially since the death of Mr. Gladstone, by the removal of the statesman who was to them an excellent "bogey man." And Liberal leagues and associations are not carried on with the ease and enthusiasm which characterised them in the days when Mr. Disraeli expressed his thankfulness in the House of Commons that a substantial piece of furniture separated him from his antagonist, Mr. Gladstone. There is now to the average man no duller place in London than the Stranger's Gallery of the House of Commons, and I can remember the time when it provided almost daily the most excellent entertainment. There is almost necessarily so much humbug and unreality in Parliamentary warfare, that if the actors have not the gift of personal magnetism or psychological influence, the business becomes infinitely wearisome to the spectator. Moreover, the artificiality of the proceedings is too transparent. Politics to the man in the street would appear a more serious business if he could feel assured that Mr. Balfour passed Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in the street without noticing him. At present the man in the street has an uncomfortable suspicion that after the one has called the other a pro-Boer in the House, he is to be found dining with his antagonist and listening to his good stories. It is no doubt pleasant to realise that political opponents can be friends in private, but the man in the street is human, and *he* says: "It is magnificent, but it is not war." And the mere spectator of the fray votes it as a bit dull, and sighs for an hour of Churchill or Gladstone.

It is much the same in other departments

of intellectual energy. Not only is there the want of a subtle something which we call personality in the modern representatives of Religion, Literature, and Science, but there is so little fight in them. I do not say that there is any real decadence in the intellectual life of the country, but that the men and women who are in the front rank, in spite of an infinity of gossip about their lives, have not succeeded in imposing their personalities upon the average citizen as their predecessors did in an earlier generation. Take the Church. Not so many years ago the country visitor to London could choose between Dr. Martineau, Canon Liddon, Cardinal Manning, Charles Spurgeon, Dean Church, or Canon Kingsley. Or if he visited the provinces he could see Cardinal Newman at Birmingham, or Professor Jowett at Oxford. Where are the successors of these men in personality, in wide-reaching popularity? I remember attending a lecture of Professor Max Müller's in the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, and among the audience were Charles Darwin, Professor Tyndall, James Martineau, Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, and James Anthony Froude. Every one of these names was a household word to all intellectual men and women, and the fact that I was in the same room with them produced in me a glow of intellectual satisfaction which it would be difficult for me to feel in any present-day gathering of savants. Then what magnificent fighters these men were, and how we younger folk enrolled ourselves under their respective banners! Professor Huxley *versus* Bishop Wilberforce, James Anthony Froude *versus* Edward A. Freeman; Cardinal Newman *versus* Canon Kingsley; Mr. Gladstone *versus* Cardinal Newman; Mr. Gladstone *versus* Professor Huxley; Matthew Arnold *versus* the Nonconformists; Professor Tyndall *versus* James Martineau: all these were hotly contested actions, and the controversies they aroused filled pages of the newspapers and magazines. One has only to take up a few recent numbers of the "Nineteenth Century," or of the "Contemporary Review," to realise that fighting of this kind, in which personal interest in the combatants far outweighed the importance of the problems discussed, has gone out of fashion.

In a preceding paragraph I spoke of "The Passing Hour" being poor in the possession of great personalities. But the new feature which the Editor of THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED has introduced into this number, in the shape of portraits and critical estimates of celebrated living writers whose birthdays occur during the month, reminds me that my estimate may require considerable modification. For two, at least, of the authors who are dealt with in this number have reputations which will endure, and have exercised, and are still exercising, a profound influence on the literature and thought of the time. As long as Swinburne is with us we need not speak with bated breath of the decline of English poetry. As long as Spencer lives our age need not fear comparison with the periods which produced Bacon, Newton, Locke, and Darwin. In succeeding numbers of this magazine other authors will be noticed in their birthday months, and possibly at the end of the year I may have to make a complete recantation of the heresies I have given expression to in these paragraphs. Charles Lamb said that "in the gradual desuetude of old observances this custom of solemnising our proper birthdays hath nearly passed away, or is left to children who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand anything in it beyond cake and orange." The renaissance of THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, which we are celebrating with this number, is fittingly accompanied by a revival of an old observance, and as the value of all anniversaries lies in the fact that we are by their aid enabled to mark progress, the "Many Happy Returns" which we shall wish to the authors of the moment each month, may help us to realise that English literature is not dead, nor is it even asleep. In the May number the Editor hopes to publish portraits and critical sketches of Professor Edward Dowden, J. M. Barrie, and the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

By F. YORK POWELL

IT was certainly a moment of the keenest mental, almost bodily, pleasure when, nearly forty years ago, in the sixties, one first heard and felt the fresh harmonies of the *Atalanta* and the *Poems and Ballads*. Mr. Swinburne had created a new paradise of English poetry, full of marvellous melody, melody hitherto undiscovered and unsung. It was enchanted ground, and the glamour that it cast about us then clings to it still. It will always be hard for any of us who hailed the triumphant advent of the new poet, when both he and we were young, to judge his achievements calmly. We are, and must be, content to admire.

Certainly the new poems were not less pleasing to us in that their exquisite workmanship carried ideas that were, to our young minds, full of high and holy truths —ideas that have not all the same charm to-day, though the verse that enshrines them is as beautiful, as admirable as ever. We felt warmly toward Hugo both as poet and politician, and we loathed the French Emperor and his *coup d'état* and all the false and cowardly truckling to the clericals that brought about the *Halt Before Rome*; we venerated the great conspirator *Mazzini*, and the greater liberator *Garibaldi*, and to have these men and their causes sung by a poet whose mastery in technique already raised our high enthusiasm was doubly delightful. His joy and deep knowledge in, and his exquisite interpretation of, the Greek singers and Mediæval makers, also gave us intense and sympathetic pleasure. He loved the *Elizabethans* and cherished the *Border Ballads* as we had learned to do. With his attitude toward the manifestations of official christianity at Rome and Moscow we were in whole-hearted sympathy. How were we not to rejoice in such a poet?

Of course, after a while, we began, some of us at least, to differ with the poet in degree; we did not prize all Victor Hugo's writings as he did, we could not always feel such strong disgust or admiration as he expressed towards the objects of his praise or blame, we did not care for some of his later subjects as much as he did, we loyally but keenly regretted certain violent utterances, we began to make distinctions, especially when the poet wrote in prose—but the spell of his finest verse was still upon us, and so it remains.

For myself, if I may speak of my own feelings in this critical matter, what of his I read and re-read, what I know by heart, is to be found neither in his longer narrative nor in his later dramatic verse, but in the work of his lyrical or pensive moods —in the just and magnificent sonnets on the *Elizabethans*, in poems filled, as is *Hesperia*, with the august music of the sea, or instinct with the Hellenic beauty and poignancy of *Anactoria* and the *Sapphics*, above all in the exquisite haunting melodies of the *Ballad of Dreamland*, and of that inimitable piece *The Forsaken Garden*. There are exquisite songs for singing, noble elegies and dedications, superb passages in the narratives, golden lines in the dramas, that do not fail to delight as they did at first, but the purely lyrical and pensive poems are those that seem to grow even more lovely as the years pass.

A sincere passion for the Sea in all her moods, and as true a love for England, give peculiar nobility to much of Mr. Swinburne's most impressive work, deepening the thought and strengthening the music, and imposing on the elaborate craftsmanship a sovran and serene simplicity of purpose.

But English as he is, it is not only in his own country that he has been a living voice to his generation. He has found honour and admiration in the land of Villon and Baudelaire, of Hugo and Gautier, in that realm of France of which he and George Meredith of all our English poets have written most generously. And he is known as a master-poet in the land all English poets from Chaucer to Landor have loved, the land of Carducci, of Leopardi, of Bruno, and of Dante—a land he has honoured only less than his own.

He has written much, and much he has written well; and surely, when his time comes, this man, having woven for himself an immortal robe of honour, shall be summoned to the high fellowship of the great poets he has worthily praised, and like them "pass not crownless to Persephone."

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OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—I.

(Photo by Elliott & Fry.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Born April 5th, 1837.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

By G. K. CHESTERTON

THERE is this characteristic of the vitality of all real attitudes, that they can be expressed in any number of ways, and are always taking on new disguises. Everything that is really true is true for all the reasons of its opponents, as well as for all the reasons of its supporters. Blasphemy itself is only the underside of holiness; when Swift said, as a bitter joke, that if Christianity were abolished it would be a pity, since nobody could swear, he was expressing what is, in actual truth, one of the strongest arguments for the sanctity and necessity of the supernatural. It is the argument that without it we have no superlatives: that without it no one could say "God bless you" or "God forbid": that the language of lovers would suddenly be bankrupt with the bankruptcy of theology. And when we find this about a view, that it is able to express itself, either religiously or sceptically, either gravely or flippantly, we are certain that it lives. Miss Fowler is chiefly interesting in literature because she has done this. She has shown that the view which we commonly call Puritan has its underside of flippancy and clever entertainment; that it can be sharpened into an idle epigram, or thrown out as an irreverence. She has expressed Puritanism in terms of decadence.

The only scene to which her advent could be compared would be some sudden and sensational conduct in an Independent or other Roundhead at the Court of Charles II., who, after walking with a regular step and a sour demureness through five years of the Restoration, should suddenly stand on his head and wave his legs in the air. Perhaps it would be the best possible comment on the pleasures of the Court. Miss Fowler says, in effect, as such a man would say, "If this is the sort of thing you like, this is the sort of thing it is." For it is impossible, of course, for anyone who wishes to admire Miss Fowler to take her descriptions of the crude and snappy Society of the idle rich as anything but a satire of it. If the satire is breathless and flashy, and without a natural dignity, so is the Society. "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" is only the *reductio ad absurdum* of "Dodo." And it has this great superiority to "Dodo," that whereas the latter has a lingering, weak respect for titles and French *creations*, for duchesses talking paradox, and young men existing beautifully in the Park, Miss Fowler's book has at the head of it, and under all its glare and flippancy, a certain amount of decent fanatical Roundhead bitterness. Sometimes, often indeed, Miss Fowler pushes this raw caricature too far: the most imbecile dandy who walks about with epigrams on his cuff does not fire them off with quite so much indifference to his surroundings as Miss Fowler's dandies do. But the method is better, and the picture of these people should be a caricature; it is only the caricature of a caricature. There is immeasurably more health, it may be conceived, in the old snobbery which described aristocrats in its penny novelettes as dowered with the virtues that they do attain—pride, beauty, the leaping of five-barred gates—than in the new snobbery which depicts them with the virtues they do not attain—wit and culture. "A Double Thread" is a more wholesome book than "Tristram of Blent."

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(Continued to page 90.)

OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—II.

Our cordial Congratulations to

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

on the occurrence of her Birthday, April 9th—and also on the anticipated occasion of her Marriage, on April 16th, to Mr. Alfred Laurence Felkin, of the Royal Naval School, Eltham.

HERBERT SPENCER

By H. G. D. TURNBULL

THE last of the great Victorian thinkers is still with us, a venerable figure amid a smaller generation.

In the face of early poverty, of continual ill-health, of the world's neglect, Mr. Spencer has toiled for more than half a century, with no thought of material reward. The Synthetic Philosophy is now complete. To even hint at the meaning of the giant work in a paragraph is possible only by a simile. It is as though one man, with his own hands, had laid the Atlantic cable. Between whole realms of thought once sundered Mr. Spencer has established a connection and a continuity.

A Darwinian before Darwin—the very phrase "survival of the fittest" is his—Mr. Spencer has taken almost all knowledge for his province. Though helped by von Baer's law that organic development is a change from a state of homogeneity to a state of heterogeneity, Mr. Spencer has amplified it and extended it from biology to psychology and sociology. More truly than any other he has been the "spectator of all time and existence"; he plays the same air, the rhythm of evolution, through innumerable variations. A master both of the inductive and of the deductive methods, he deduces the various traits of evolution from the persistence of force through its derivative causes, and he has verified his deductions by an encyclopædic array of facts. He has seen "facts in laws and laws in facts." The union of the analytic and the synthetic genius is his, and his, too, the still rarer combination of wide scientific knowledge with the quick flash of philosophic insight. Thus he has been misunderstood by opposite schools, being too speculative for the one, too empirical for the other. But Mr. Spencer is not a mere empiricist, and is far from being a materialist. For him mind and matter are both forms of the same unknowable reality, and his 'transfigured realism' is closely akin to the position of Kant. Even if his metaphysical conclusion be shaken, his great results in the working out of evolution remain firm.

Rather an Aristotelian than a Platonist, Mr. Spencer has the defects of his qualities. Though admirably clear and massive in style, he lacks—perhaps designedly—the literary graces. Always returning to facts and eschewing the methods of Plato and Hegel, he gives us almost too much "dry light." It always illuminates, but it is somewhat chill.

To the foreign critics, as for instance, to Professor Ribot and Professor Höffding, Mr. Spencer appears even greater than to our own; the loftiest mountain must be viewed from a distance.

To what extent the Synthetic Philosophy will have to be re-built by later thinkers no man yet can say. It must needs be that in such a huge edifice some details are wrong, some stones misplaced, but it is safe to affirm that the general design will remain. For one man to have conceived, planned, and built it is the task of a giant. Perhaps it is the greatest constructive achievement in all modern thought.

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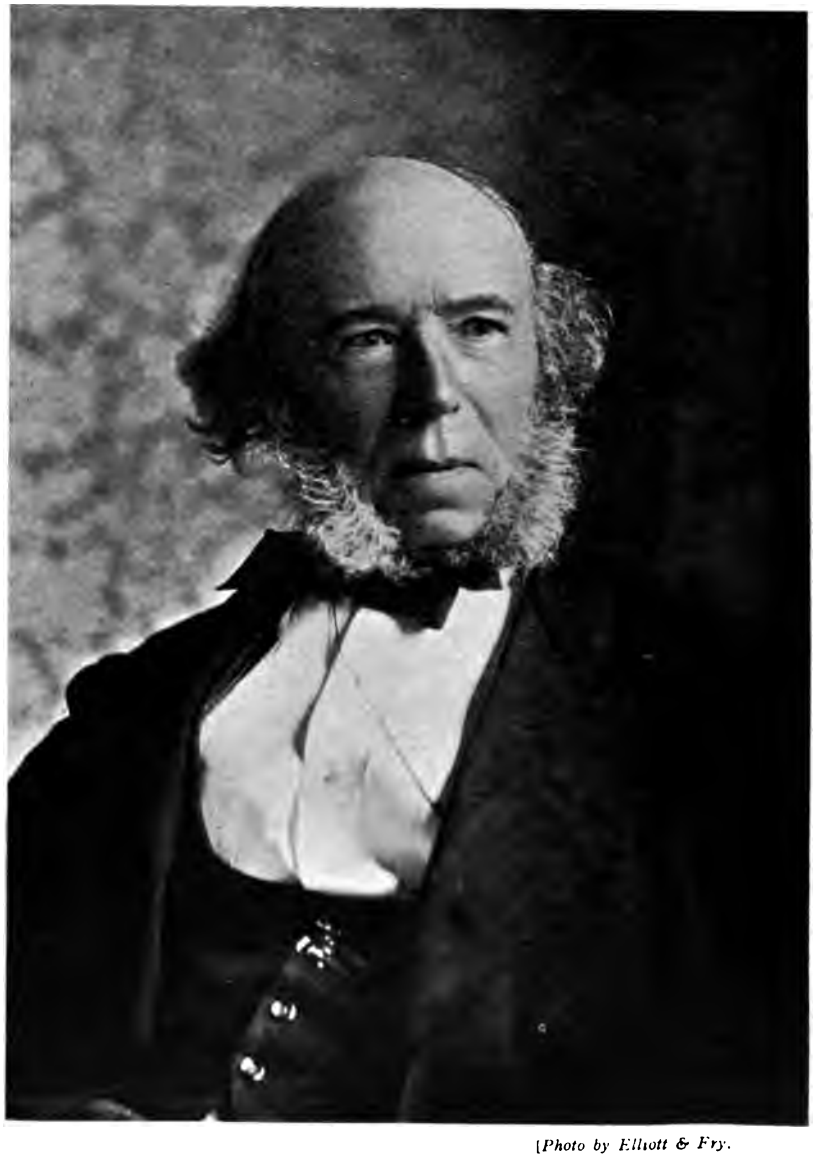
(*Continued to page* 90.)

OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—III



[*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*

HERBERT SPENCER

Born April 27th, 1820.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

(*Continued from page* 86.)

1896.

What the Children Say. Leisure Hour, vol. 46, Dec.

1897.

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Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, vol. 43, Mar.
Wulfruna's Hampton (Wolverhampton).
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On an Old Portrait. Lady's Realm, vol. 1, Mar.
On a Suit of Armour. Lady's Realm, vol. 2, Sept.
Goodly Pears. Quiver, Aug.
The Legend of Sir Leonard. Sunday at Home, Mar.
A Hymn of Praise; the 20th June, 1897.
Sunday at Home, June.

1898.

A Harvest Hymn. Quiver, Sept.
Loss and Gain. Young Woman, vol. 7, Dec.

1899.

Miss Fowler at Home Young Woman, vol. 7, Dec.
Concerning Miss Fowler, by H. A. Vachell.
Woman at Home, vol 8, Oct.
A Letter to Miss F., by Deas Cromarty.
Young Woman, vol 7, July.
An Unprofitable Servant. Puritan, vol. 1, Feb.
Spring Time. Young Woman, vol. 7, May.

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Miss E. T. Fowler, by J. E. Hodder Williams.
Bookman, vol. 18, April.
Some Recent Novels of Manners.
Edinburgh Review, vol. 192, July.
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Interview by R. Blathwayt.
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HERBERT SPENCER

(*Continued from page* 88.)

1894.

Weismann once more.

1895.

Aphorisms from the writings of Herbert Spencer.

1896.

Against the Metric System. (Reprinted from "The Times.")

1897.

Various Fragments. Enlarged edition, 1900.

1902.

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Descriptive Sociology.

A. C. SWINBURNE

(*Continued from page* 84.)

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Before Parting. May 17.
After Death (Breton). May 24.
Faustine. May 31.
Mr. George Meredith's Modern Love. (Letter to the Editor, June 7.)
A Song in Time of Revolution, 1860. June 28.
The Sundew. July 26.
August. Sept. 6.
Charles Baudelaire: Les Fleurs du Mal. Sept. 6.

1864.

The Children of the Chapel. London.
The interludes in verse were contributed by A. C. S.

1865.

Atalanta in Calydon, a Tragedy. London.
Chastelard, a Tragedy. London.
A Selection from the Works of Lord Byron, edited and prefaced [1865] by A. C. S. London, 1869

1866.

Speech in answer to the toast of the "Imaginative Literature of England," at the 77th Annual Dinner of the Royal Literary Fund.
Poems and Ballads. London.
Notes on Poems and Reviews. London.
Cleopatra. London.
Cleopatra, also printed in the Cornhill Magazine. Sept.

1867.

A Song of Italy. London.

"THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW"

Child's Song in Winter. Jan.
Ode on the Insurrection in Candia. Mar.
Morris's "Life and Death of Jason." July.
Regret. Sept.
Mr. Arnold's New Poems. Oct.
The Hall before Rome, Sept., 1867. Nov.
A Lost Vigil. Dec.
An Appeal to England. Morning Star, Friday, Nov. 22.

1868.

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Siena. London.

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Notes on the Text of Shelley. May.
Victor Hugo. "L'Homme qui Rit." July.
Super Flumina Babylonis. Oct.
Intercession (Four Sonnets). Nov.
Victor Hugo and English Anonyms. To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph" (nearly a column). Oct. 22.

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The Complaint of Monna Lisa. Feb.
The Poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. May.
The Children of the Poor. (From the French of Victor Hugo.) Cassell's Magazine, May.
Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic. London.

1871.

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Simeon Solomon. July.
Tristram and Iseult: Prelude of an Unfinished Poem.

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John Ford. July.

1872.

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"ONCE A WEEK." Jan. 6th.

Sestina.

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1873.

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North and South. May.

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Diræ. Twenty Sonnets. Mar. to June.
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1875.

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A Vision of Spring in Winter. April.
The Three Stages of Shakespeare. May, 1875; Jan., 1876.

(*Continued next month.*)

MR. JOSEPH TOTTERDILL*

By CHARLES MARRIOTT

A Study

PART I

THE MAN OF IDEAS

THE two Totterdills, father and son, sat in what might be called an active silence. They had spent a happy afternoon together, if such bloodless contentment could bear out the word, and, though there had been long intervals in which neither had spoken, this was the first time they were aware of it, and, waiting for the other to speak, each felt as awkward as he ordinarily looked. Both were bad actors, and the longer they waited the more obvious grew their discomfort, the more pregnant the silence. The room, or rather the apartment—for a room suggests human atmosphere—in which they sat looked out on the main street of a provincial town, and was secluded from it only by a wire gauze blind, which barely served the purpose of discretion. The room was filled with books, but missed the dignity of a library, the exclusiveness of a study, because there were too many series, and the bindings were neither old enough to be suggestive, nor so new as to please the eye. One felt that the volumes fulfilled merely the rational purpose of books, to record information, as the men performed only the logical functions of their kind.

Each despised the other more than a little.

Sensitive persons on being told that Mr. Joseph Totterdill was the son of his father experienced a slight shock, as if they had inferred that he was the product of some calculation, rather than the fruit of any man's body. Joseph Totterdill's appearance was delicate, but as little refined as

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a galvanometer is refined. His large, smooth, round forehead was made for reasoning, his pale eyes for observation, his small and admirably shaped mouth for logical speaking and the reception of appropriate nourishment. His fine brown beard gave him neither virility nor expression, but simply advertised his age as about forty-three. He sat before a microscope at a table fitted into the window recess, whilst his father reclined in a chair so scientifically comfortable, so obviously designed for relaxation, that a stranger would have avoided it with the rebellious instinct of a child bidden to run about and play under unsympathetic observation. The chair's history was written upon it; one knew that it had been procured at the precise moment when to recline becomes the privilege of age. Though of excellent quality and construction, it wore the look of those pieces of furniture included in parlour suites, and advertised with dismal propriety, "lady's arm-chair" and "gentleman's arm-chair."

The visible man of the elder Totterdill was arranged in a convention peculiarly offensive to most people. He was ostentatiously venerable, wearing his white hair long to his shoulders in unwholesome-looking curls. Lying on the arm of his chair were a shepherd's plaid and a soft felt hat, and these, together with the heavy stick which Mr. Totterdill still held by its curved handle, proclaimed the fact that he had recently come in from walking. Now and then Mr. Joseph Totterdill involuntarily frowned as his eyes fell on the plaid and wideawake so manifestly in the wrong place. The silence becoming unbearable he presently rose and, picking up the offending articles, carried them out of the room.

When he had returned to his place before the microscope, his father, the most human of the three, cleared his throat as one preparing for discussion.

"I wish to speak to you about Ida," he said.

The younger man got up, turned his chair round, sat down, crossed his legs, folded his arms, and gazed coldly at his father.

Ida was Joseph's half sister, twelve years younger than himself. Both Mr. Totterdill's wives had expired—died were too active a word—within a few years of fulfilling their natural obligations to him. The first had borne him a son to continue his name, the second a daughter to solace his declining years. Both children had neglected their obvious duties: the son had never married, the daughter had, thus accepting responsibilities which made her less available for those offices which it is no exaggeration to say Mr. Totterdill thrust upon her in the hour of her birth. Ida's husband was an unforeseen accident of the pursuits to which her brother and father applied rather than devoted their lives. Both were notorious, though scarcely distinguished botanists and entomologists. Mr. Henry Pixell was a celebrated traveller, and a collector of orchids; lean, brown, hot-eyed and eccentric; a follower of strange 'isms; hail fellow with Oriental and South American savages. During a temporary aberration into flesh and blood, due, he alleged, to an unaccustomed diet of animal food, he had desired and married Ida Totterdill. Two years later, when Mr. Pixell had regained his normal insanity, he heard himself called in the night; and when he rose up in the morning told his wife that he started that day for Brazil. She wished to go with him, but he frowned at the suggestion.

"No, no," he said, gesticulating wildly, "you will be in the way; you will want food, clothes, and things. I can live on caterpillars; baggage is a nuisance," and immediately set about packing a small portmanteau.

During his absence Ida's brother came to live with her for propriety.

"I have heard unpleasant things about Ida," continued Mr. Totterdill.

"That is a great nuisance, but no more than I expected," said Joseph.

"I trust you will not convey to others than myself the opinion so glibly expressed in the latter half of your sentence," said Mr. Totterdill, in a tone of dry displeasure.

"Why?" asked Joseph argumentatively. "Indiscreet behaviour cannot fail to be

noticed and commented upon, and it is surely undignified to attempt contradiction of that which is obvious to every intelligent observer."

His father looked at him with almost indignation. Each despised the other more than a little: Mr. Totterdill because Joseph was the logical extremity of himself, Joseph because his father had twice lent himself to that absurd relation of which he was a visible consequence.

"I did not imply actual or even attempted contradiction," persisted Mr. Totterdill. "However, it is true, then, that Ida permits more frequent interviews to Mr. James Pearson than is compatible with discretion?"

"Perfectly true. I have already pointed out to my sister that such conduct is likely to prejudice her social reputation."

"That was foolish of you," snapped Mr. Totterdill.

"I am not aware," said Joseph, with austere politeness, "that I have ever in my life given expression to views which were not the product of sound reasoning."

"I believe you," admitted Mr. Totterdill. He was not quite capable of the ironic conclusion "hence you are a fool," but continued: "What I intended to convey was this. My experience of women" (the old man nearly blushed under his son's impassive stare), "or rather my memory of what observant people have remarked of average woman, and both Ida and her mother were average woman—yours on the contrary was exceptional"—(Joseph bowed) "is that one cannot consider them as entirely rational beings. In face of a logical exposition of facts they frequently remain unconvinced; and instead of profiting by advice, tend rather to pursue an opposite line of conduct."

"That is extremely foolish and unreasonable," said Joseph, coldly.

"Exactly," said Mr. Totterdill, shifting his feet irritably; "but it is nevertheless true of the sex."

"I should have supposed that my sister was not wanting in intelligence," said Joseph almost airily.

"Nor is she; but she is a woman."

"That surely," said Joseph, in a tone of philosophical inquiry, "is only a statement of degrees? I fail to see why women should not reason correctly within the limit of their faculties, even if they have not the sustained power necessary to arrive at perfectly just conclusions. However," he added, with filial deference, "since you are of the opinion that I was mistaken in speaking to Ida as I did, what course of action do you suggest that I should have pursued?"

"You should have spoken to Mr. James Pearson."

Joseph coloured slightly under his parchment skin.

"And exposed myself to the risk of physical violence at his hands?" he asked in a tone of shaken dignity.

"Not if you used tact in making your communication," replied his father. "Mr. Pearson is a gentleman and, but for his unfortunate attachment to your sister, a man of honour."

"Tact!" said Joseph with a triumphant sneer. "The word is unworthy of you, father; an idle word constantly in the mouth of loose-thinking people who are incapable of expressing themselves clearly. If you will refer to your 'Skeat,' I believe you will find that it is derived from a root which means 'touch' or 'feeling,' one of those verbal evasions, the last resort of feeble minds."

There were times when Mr. Totterdill regretted the exemplary education of his son.

"However," continued the latter with a complacent feeling of victory, "who has spoken to you of Ida's behaviour?"

"Mrs. Campion," said his father shortly. If it were possible there was a gleam of malicious amusement in Joseph's pale blue eyes. People had said that Mr. Totterdill might marry yet a third time, and that Mrs. Campion was more than willing.

"You cannot fail to admit," continued Mr. Totterdill in a slightly hurried voice, "that my informant is a person of sound judgment and praiseworthy motives."

"Undoubted judgment, exemplary motives," said Joseph drily, "I am glad to

learn, by the way, that the unscientific expression you lately used, was contagious rather than deliberate. What remedy did Mrs. Campion propose?"

"Mrs. Campion did not presume to propose anything," replied his father tartly: "she however agreed with me as to the wisdom of two alternatives: either that you should take Ida abroad for a few months, or that you, or I, should speak to Mr. Pearson's relatives, and beg them to persuade him of the folly and inconvenience of his conduct."

"The latter course would be preferable, or, to be exact, the last half of the latter alternative," said Joseph anxiously. He had an uneasy suspicion that Mrs. Campion wished him out of the way for her own ends.

"No, I do not think so," retorted his father, with a touch of warmth. It is a mistake to increase the field of discussion. In such a case as this, least said soonest mended. In time the gossip will die a natural death."

"That seems to me inconclusive," said Joseph, "and your use of popular phrases encourages me to believe that you do not speak from conviction. A thing is a fact or not a fact. In this case it is unfortunately true that Ida has shown a want of judgment in her constant society with Mr. James Pearson. How many or how few persons know of it is a matter of little consequence. And as for it dying a natural death, that is absurd; a fact lives for ever whether people remember it or not," he added reverently, like an only mourner. "The reasonable thing to do," continued Mr. Joseph Totterdill, with a brisk air of worldliness, "when a fact is objectionable—as in the present instance I am bound to confess it is—is to neutralize it with other and contradictory facts, such as breaking off the connection. As for Mrs. Campion's suggestion that I should take Ida abroad, that is preposterous. Ida would not be a congenial travelling companion, nor do I feel called upon to endure the noise and discomfort of Continental hotels on account of her perversity."

"What are you going to do, then, to break off the connection," asked Mr. Totterdill impatiently.

"I shall repeat my admonition to Ida when I reach her house," answered Joseph, with stubborn mildness, "and I shall also communicate with the relatives of Mr. James Pearson to the effect that his conduct is unbecoming and prejudicial to Ida's position as the wife of Henry Pixell. . . And now I shall be glad if you will not interrupt me for fifteen minutes. I wish to verify certain important observations I have made on the disposition of the essential organs of *Arum maculatum*.

So saying, Mr. Joseph Totterdill rose and, returning his chair with punctilious accuracy to its original position, resumed his botanical investigations. His father said no more, but seating himself at his roll-top desk applied himself to the MS. which he had been engaged upon that morning.

Presently tea was brought into the study by an almost improperly sexless housemaid, dressed with horrid suitability to her calling. Father and son ate largely of well-buttered muffins, and drank many cups of tea with serious avidity. The elder made noises, the younger did not. Neither smoked, and the two men sat hiccoughing gently until Mr. Joseph Totterdill drew out his watch and stated his intention of leaving.

"But I thought you were going to stay the night?" observed his father with some surprise.

"Such was my original intention, I admit, though I did not say so," said Joseph severely.

"I have already ordered Jane to prepare a room for you, and also to make extra provision for dinner," grumbled the elder.

"That was injudicious," ventured Joseph, "but the loss need not be irreparable. The edibles will surely keep until to-morrow, when you can invite Mrs. Campion to dine with you. Apparently," he added, as he gathered up his specimens, "you owe her a return of hospitality."

Mr. Totterdill glared at his offspring, but restrained himself. "May I ask the reason for your change of plan?" he asked, with sinister affability.

"Certainly," responded Joseph. "I find that by an unpardonable oversight I omitted to bring my statistics of the relative preponderance of *proterogynous* and *proterandrous* plants in a selected number of *dichogamous* species."

Mr. Totterdill rose to accompany him to the door. "You are in good time for your train," he said with formal politeness as they shook hands; "you will excuse me if I do not come with you to the station?"

"I should prefer that you did not," said Mr. Joseph Totterdill.

He found Pearson lying motionless on a shelving heap of rubbish.

PART II

THE MAN OF ACTION

IT was close upon eleven o'clock when Mr. Joseph Totterdill approached the residence of Mr. Henry Pixell. Prospect

House was three miles from the railway station, and hung upon the brink of an abandoned quarry; the garden wall, which zig-zagged along the edge of the precipice like the bastioned rampart of a goblin city, was indeed continuous on its outer aspect with the working face of the stone. Below was a sheer descent of nearly a hundred feet. The quarry had been cut back into the cliff of a turbulent river crossed by a stone bridge of three arches bearing the highway; which, after a long ascending curve, passed the drive gate of Prospect House, and, as with a last effort, lifting itself over the hill, declined in a gentle slope on its way to the sea.

Joseph Totterdill rested on the bridge to adjust his mind from its habitually minute cogitations to the larger scale of visible objects, and to husband his breath for the tedious ascent before him. A violent wind had dropped, though the clouds were still moving rapidly from the south-west, with a fine drizzle of rain at intervals. The river was full and swift, pale with foam, and slid under the arches without any sound, except a deep gurgling against the buttressed piers. On the other side of the stream a white mist ascended, and, filling the bottom of the quarry, made the upper part of the cliff darker by contrast. Seen thus, the harsh line of the wall cutting the sky, recalled the confines of some Castle Dangerous rising out of a fairy sea. From the bridge only the roof of Mr. Pixell's house was visible—a long roof, indescribably saurian, as if some gigantic reptile were crouching ready to spring over the wall, and descend into the quarry. Under the flying moon the wet slates gleamed like scales.

The sight affected Joseph Totterdill unpleasantly with a sudden realization of his sister's loneliness—as nearly pity perhaps as his sapless nature was capable of feeling. His narrow, but shrewd, intelligence made him aware that on her part Ida's marriage had been a step into the dark, guided only by the will-o'-the-wisp attractions of a fanatic, whose character would not bear the continuous regard of intimacy; and that James Pearson was in the truest sense her natural affinity. For himself he could not understand how people could suffer discomfort and censure for the sake of a companionship frowned upon by convention. He supposed that Ida and James Pearson were in love with each other—an unhealthy condition he associated vaguely with pictures of corsets on the advertisement pages of ladies' journals. Joseph himself experienced a tepid pleasure in contemplating these works of art, and believed that lovers derived a similar gratification from each other's presence. That being so, he wondered why they did not, as himself, indulge their fancy by stealth, instead of affronting their neighbours by meeting openly.

Though, indeed, Mrs. Pixell and James Pearson were the subjects of one of those tragic loves, hopeless as inevitable, and purged by very hopelessness of any thought of dishonesty—belonging to each other at sight, irrevocably and without a word on either side, it was enough for them to see each other's face, hear each other's voice, whether alone or in a crowd made but little difference.

Unused to speculation about his fellow creatures, Joseph went on to think of the practical and unpleasant task of his approaching interview with Ida. The idea of personal inconvenience obscured the diviner feeling, and gave place to righteous anger; so that he bent himself to the long ascent rehearsing the bitterest speeches.

About fifty yards beyond the bridge the highway swung round to the right after giving off a cart road into the quarry. The rain had ceased, and the moon shone bright and hard out of a momentarily cloudless sky. Joseph lowered his umbrella, shook it and using it for a walking stick, slowly picked his way up the hill. For some distance the mist tried his breathing, so that he muffled his mouth in his woollen comforter with his left hand; but by the time he had rounded the curve, and was in sight of the drive gate, he was in a clearer air and walked upright, his footsteps quickened with ill-humour. The drive to Prospect House ran through shrubberies in a double curve to the left, where a second gate gave on to a rectangular lawn, reaching

from the drawing-room window to the boundary wall. As Joseph unlatched the gate with the point of his umbrella and pushed it open, he was surprised to see that the drawing-room was lit up. His eyes were fixed on the long, yellow blind of the French window, and, as he watched, two shadows appeared, lengthened, melted together, and separated. Then the window opened, and James Pearson stepped out on to the moonlit lawn.

Joseph let go the gate, which swung to with a crash. Pearson started, ran confusedly this way and that, and finally darted across the lawn. Joseph stood open-mouthed, too taken aback to shout a warning; he had a momentary glimpse of Pearson's figure, humped against the sky; there was a muffled cry, a rasping fall, then silence.

When James Pearson paid his first and only clandestine visit to Ida Pixell, to hold her in his arms for the first and last time before leaving England, he did not reckon the length of the journey.

Joseph Totterdill fetched his breath in a feeble "Good gracious!" and moved irresolutely. His essential cowardice kept his mind upon his own horror.

"Good gracious!" he repeated, "how he frightened me."

He stood with one hand over his heart, mechanically counting its pulsations. Then, trembling all over and with belated presence of mind, he crept to the wall, and murmured foolishly:

"Pearson, I say, Pearson, it's me; it's Joseph Totterdill." And again "Don't be foolish, Pearson; I'll not tell anybody."

There was no answer. Joseph sat down under the wall to steady his shaking limbs.

"Why," he muttered, "the man must be killed—killed, and I saw it happen." That was the essential fact, "I saw it happen."

Aroused by the definite idea, his narrow mind worked logically round to the consequences to himself. If Pearson were dead there would be an inquest, and he, Joseph Totterdill, would be called as a witness. His first thought was for self-preservation. Oh, he must not be dragged into that! To be bullied perhaps by the coroner, catechised by the village grocer. And the scandal of it. People talked about Ida and James Pearson, and how strange it would appear that he should have returned unexpectedly to find them together. It would all come out at the inquest.

"I saw it happen," he muttered. "No I didn't, I didn't!" he protested, as if to a visible accuser. "That's just it," he sniggered hysterically; "I don't know anything about it."

He became calmer. Fear gave spurs to cunning, and his brain worked with the smoothness and celerity of a machine. It was very clear from Pearson's confusion that his visit to Ida was intended to be a secret. In all probability Joseph Totterdill was the only living person aware of the meeting, and that only by accident. He spread out his hands in an awkward gesture of irresponsibility. It was no business of his.

Presently the French widow opened, and Ida looked out. Joseph crouched under the shadow of the wall. Ida shaded her eyes and called softly:

"Jim, Jim."

It struck Joseph as exquisitely humorous that Ida should be calling Jim whilst he was lying dead at the bottom of the quarry. He wagged his beard in the shadow and whispered: "It's no use your calling, he won't come again."

Ida stepped outside and looked up and down, listening. "Is anybody there?" she called sharply. Her deep sigh of relief was perfectly audible, and served for Joseph. She went back into the drawing-room and fastened the window.

Joseph Totterdill got up and, stepping gingerly into the moonlight, surveyed himself all round. It was fortunate that it had been raining, otherwise there might have been a stain on his overcoat where he had sat down. He went to immense pains to rearrange his clothing and resume his expression of meaningless dignity; though like most criminals—and at that moment Joseph Totterdill was to all intents and purposes a criminal—he overlooked the most obvious considerations. In spite of

all his efforts to be calm, his weak chin trembled, and at intervals his teeth ground together in a spasmodic clenching. Hugging the shadow he at last reached the gate, and shutting it with a decisive crash, walked briskly up the drive and round to the front door. He coughed noisily and made an unneccessary rattling with his latch-key as he let himself in.

Ida rose as he entered the drawing-room, and one hand went up to her breast.

She was a strikingly beautiful woman, with Joseph's delicate features quickened by emotion, her expression dominated by her wide brow and large, mournful eyes. She was pale, but apparently composed. Joseph, a ridiculous feature, still wearing his hat, stood leaning on his umbrella, staring at her with a silly smile. He tried to speak, but his quivering lips refused to form a word. Ida's face grew paler, and her eyes opened very wide.

"It has been very wet, but it is not raining at all now," said Joseph at last, in a hoarse cackle. Ida's colour came back, and she sat down again.

"Won't you take off your overcoat, Joseph?" she said quietly.

"Certainly, certainly, in a minute," said Joseph testily, because reminded of his oversight. "I wished to explain why I came home to night." He spoke in a loud monotone, his goggling eyes fixed on hers, as if he held only by them, and would fall to pieces if he looked away. He was conscious of lurching knees and extreme thirst.

Ida smiled haughtily: she, though mistaken, had her own opinion as to the reason for Joseph's return.

"I found that I had left some important papers behind me, the absence of which made it impossible to continue the observations I was engaged upon," said Joseph, speaking the plain truth with all the outward symptoms of an elaborate liar. Ida did not speak, but unconsciously glanced up at the grandfather's clock in the corner.

"I came by the 8.30 train," he explained, "but my asthma was troublesome, so that I took longer than usual to walk from the station."

"I thought I heard you twenty minutes ago," said Ida, speaking calmly, but looking him straight in the face. Joseph's eyeballs cracked.

"Oh, I'm sure you must have been mistaken, Ida," he said, abjectly.

"Well, hadn't you better take your wet things off—if your breath is bad?" observed Ida coldly, as she turned away her head and picked up a book. Joseph left the room with stiff, jerky, footsteps; he felt that he needed immense concentration of energy to perform reflex movements, and the pattern of the carpet nearly made him stumble. When he came back into the drawing room, Ida asked him if he would have anything to eat or drink.

"Well, do you know," said Joseph, with almost archness, "I believe I would like a little whiskey or brandy—if there is any in the house."

Ida looked at him keenly, but after a a moment's hesitation answered:

"Yes, there is some whiskey in the dining-room."

When she returned with the decanter and glass, Joseph continued to apologise for his unusual indulgence.

"I am not a believer in alcohol, as you know," he said, "and I have heard that it is contra-indicated in asthmatical conditions; but I fancy, to-night, that a little whiskey will do me good."

In his ignorance of its effects, he poured out a quantity of spirit which would have alarmed a moderate drinker. After swallowing a mouthful, with a self-conscious smile as if he were the subject of an interesting experiment, Joseph felt better. He leaned back in his chair and stretched out his legs. He had the criminal's perverse desire to talk round the subject he feared.

"Has anybody called?" he asked, in a tone of polite curiosity.

"Nobody," answered his sister, without flinching.

"I didn't suppose that anybody would," said Joseph foolishly, and drank some more whiskey. Ida's deliberate untruth seemed somehow a vindication of himself. Further emboldened, he pursued the hidden context of his words.

"I think we ought to have some protection put up on the garden wall," he said, with an awkward attempt to be casual, "an unclimbable fence, or even broken glass."

Ida turned quickly in her chair and gazed at him in exquisite agony. Joseph felt her eyes, and avoided them. He smiled in a ghastly way, he intended to be reassuring.

"Of course it is not dangerous to ourselves," he said, "but there is a risk that—tradesmen's boys, or somebody—might be tempted to climb up to see what is on the other side."

Ida's breath came back in a long gasping sigh, and her figure relaxed. With the spirit warming his veins Joseph felt more self-controlled; he grew pot valiant, and even began to find a perverted pleasure in playing on his sister's tortured nerves.

"To see what is on the other side," he repeated, with a stupid smile. He wished to test his mind against the horror as one would lead a jibbing horse up to a traction engine. He was not gifted with a vivid pictorial imagination; but, as he sat sipping his whiskey, his mental vision travelled across the lawn and up the wall and plunged into the depths of the quarry. The sweat broke out on his forehead, and the glass crashed suddenly in his hand.

The body! he had forgotten the body!

They started to their feet at the same moment with their eyes glued to each other's faces. Joseph was the first to recover. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed, stooping to wipe the whiskey from his trousers. "How clumsy of me. I must have had a slight *rigor*; but these tumblers are ridiculously thin."

He began to pick up the pieces of broken glass one by one, and to place them on the tray.

"Why, how nervous you are to-night, Ida," he said in a loud angry voice, though his own hands were trembling. "Hadn't better go to bed?"

She mastered her agitation with a violent effort.

"Will you turn out the lamp?" she asked.

"I am not quite ready to retire, Ida," said Joseph with elaborate dignity, "I have matters to attend to—important matters."

"Very well, I'll go and lock up."

Joseph sat down before the fire, and listened to Ida as she went out into the kitchen and locked the back door. She was a long time at the front, and Joseph had a sudden suspicion. He got up and tip-toed out of the drawing-room. The front door stood ajar, and Ida was not to be seen. Joseph's heart began to beat rapidly, thumping in his ears to the measure of "The body, the body, the body."

"Ida!" he called in a strangled voice. His sister appeared at the end of the shrubbery.

"Why don't you come in and go to bed," said Joseph irritably, "instead of prowling about in this ridiculous manner? It's not respectable."

Mrs. Pixell came in, and wishing him an abrupt "good night," began to ascend the staircase. Joseph closed the door and laid his hand on the bolt. Then, with an afterthought, he called, "Ida, do not be alarmed if you hear me moving about, I am going out treacling."

Mrs. Pixell paused at the turn of the stair, with her hand on the rail.

"Don't you think you ought to go to bed?" she asked; "I thought you said your chest was bad."

"It is absolutely necessary that I should secure certain nocturnal moths before to-morrow," said Joseph. "Go to bed. I really believe, Ida," he added, "that you think I'm the worse for liquor."

Mrs. Pixell continued her ascent without speaking.

Joseph returned to the drawing-room, and sat down to consider his plans. The first effect of the whiskey was passing off, and he felt horribly shaky. It was imperative that Pearson's body should be removed from the quarry. Joseph saw very clearly that he was an accessory after the fact, and since his manner had already attracted Ida's attention, very awkward questions might be asked: such

as why had he not given immediate information of the accident; why had he not gone to Pearson's assistance, since it was possible that he was yet alive?

He got a fresh tumbler and poured himself out some more whiskey, artfully adding water to the decanter to preserve a decent level. Thrice he got up with the intention of setting about his task; thrice he sat down again, cramped with fear. At last the hands of the clock pointing to half-past twelve warned him that further delay was dangerous. He procured the dark lantern he used for night work, and, after a final gulp of whiskey, stole out of the house and made for the quarry.

He found Pearson lying motionless on a shelving heap of rubbish beside one of the rusty cranes. Joseph was almost glad to find that he was dead. Pearson was a tall finely-built man of thirty-five, and Joseph thought of his heavy limbs as a personal grievance. For a long time he shrank from touching the body, but crept round it at a little distance, shooting the rays of his lantern on the white face. Apparently Pearson had died from internal injuries, since, with the exception of a slight abrasion on the right temple, there were no visible wounds or bruises. Though sick with fear Joseph had his wits about him. He took the precaution to remove a tuft of grass from Pearson's clenched fingers, and, stumbling over the rubbish heaps, searched for his hat which had fallen some distance away. It was now very dark and raining steadily. Joseph left the body, and crossing the floor of the quarry to the bank of the river, a distance of about twenty yards, peered up and down until he found a place between the blackberry bushes where there was a clear drop of six feet into deep water.

He returned to the body, set down his lantern, and taking off his coat, summoned up all his strength and courage. After nearly a quarter of an hour's pulling and rolling he succeeded in getting Pearson's body to the brink of the river. Then he rested himself for the final effort. Pearson lay on his face, his head towards the water, one arm doubled under his forehead, the other stretched limply by his side, palm uppermost. Joseph stood over the body with one foot planted firmly on either side, and stooping, passed his hands under the armpits, and locked his fingers against the dead man's breast. Exerting all his muscles he lifted the awful burden, pushing out the loose, dangling legs with his foot until they hung over the stream. At the last moment he felt a throb under his interlaced fingers. His hands relaxed their clutch in a spasm of horror, and Pearson's body plunged heavily into the water.

Joseph fell on his hands and knees, and remained staring down into the river. Then he rose and rubbed his hands feverishly against his thighs as if he would wipe off the memory of that terrible movement. He thought of the bridge, and hurrying back for his lantern, picked up Pearson's hat, ran out of the quarry and down the road. He clung to the parapet of the bridge like a drowned fly. It seemed an age, but at last a dark something shot out from under the arch, rolled over in the flood, and, as Joseph turned the glare of his lantern on the surface, it seemed as if the dead features of James Pearson smiled up at him ironically. He dashed Pearson's hat into the water and turned shudderingly away.

For a few days Joseph Totterdill lived in a state of abject fear. Pearson's disappearance was not made public for a whole week, when a notice came from Waterloo Station, where his luggage had been sent in advance, *en route* for the Continent. His mother became alarmed, and enquiries were made, which led to Mrs. Pixell's frank statement that Pearson had paid her a farewell visit on his way up to London. Thus Joseph Totterdill learned that his crime had been gratuitous, and suffered the purgatory of his sister's haggard face as she watched daily for the letter which never came. Whatever her suspicions, she did not stoop to question him.

It was three weeks before Pearson's body was found two miles down the river. People were impressed by the mournful candour of Mrs. Pixell's evidence as the last person who had seen Pearson alive.

An acute observer remarked that his physical death appeared to make but little difference to her. They had parted. Mr. Joseph Totterdill's appearance at the inquest was not considered necessary, since he had not reached home until twenty minutes after James Pearson left Prospect House. The medical evidence was interesting. Deceased, from certain symptoms, had apparently been drowned while in a state of insensibility. This was curious but not impossible, since there were many places on the banks of the river where a man falling might sustain severe injuries before reaching the water. Public but unspoken knowledge of Pearson's unfortunate attachment to Mrs. Pixell prevented a sentimental jury from even hinting at suicide, and they returned a verdict of accidental death.

About four months after Pearson's death Mrs. Pixell received a long and extraordinary communication from her husband. For many years, he said, he had been convinced of the fallacy of European social customs, and after severe meditation in the primeval forest had decided to identify himself with a tribe of Tapuyas or native Indians, who, he asserted, had reached the highest state of true civilization. Since polygamy was one of their obligatory customs he had married, according to native rites, the two daughters of their chief. As he did not suppose that Mrs. Pixell shared his enlightenment he advised her to take the customary steps to secure her freedom.

Mrs. Pixell ignored her advantage, while refusing to accept an allowance from her husband. Mr. Joseph Totterdill interpreted her inaction as a personal grievance. He had supposed that Ida would divorce her husband and return to the paternal roof. Her determination to live alone with memory removed a sound reason why the elder Totterdill should not marry Mrs. Campion.

A LOVE-SONG

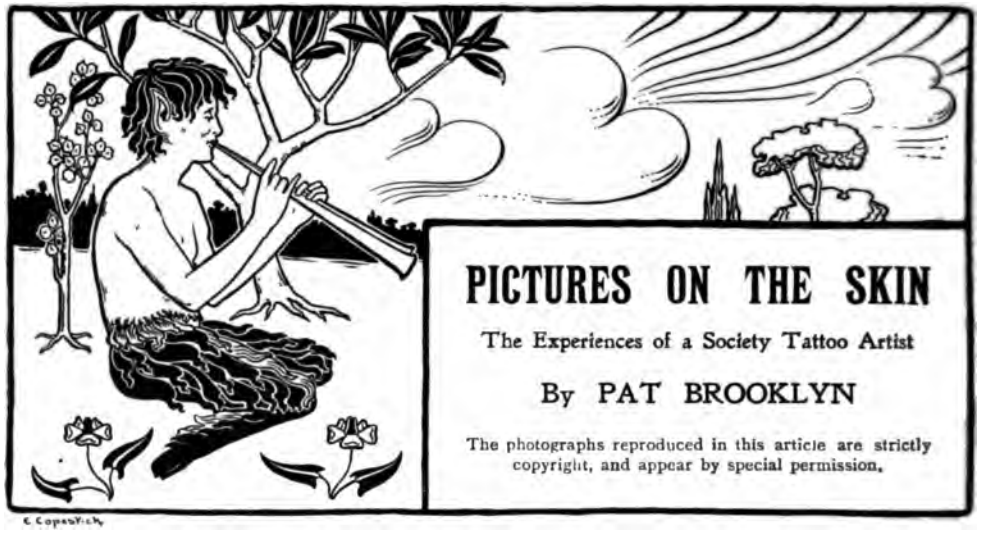
By FLORENCE HAYLLAR

I, THE cup, most rude and homely,
Thou, the rich, deep-glowing wine;—
I, the strings, stretched ever dumbly;
Thou, the melody divine.

I, the blank leaves; who would con them,
All unmeaning and the same?
Thou, the story printed on them;—
I, the lamp, and thou, the flame.

Thou, the life, the breath and passion,
Joy and fire and radiance rare,
Victory and consolation
Heaven sent into earthly air;

I, the outward cast about thee,
That men may love, but harm thee not;
Scorned, a common thing, without thee,
Shrining thee, in thee forgot.



PICTURES ON THE SKIN

The Experiences of a Society Tattoo Artist

By PAT BROOKLYN

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THAT tattooing is one of the earliest, if not actually the earliest, form of recording events is clearly shown by the recent discovery of an ancient Egyptian mummy near Thebes, which eminent Egyptologists affirm dates from 3000 B.C., and which bore several tattooed designs upon the arms and chest. On being translated these turned out to be a record of several of the more notable happenings during the mummy's lifetime. In spite of the centuries which had passed since the work was executed the designs were still plainly discernible, and to all appearances might have been punctured in the skin only a few days before the discovery of the mummy. The record they revealed was most interesting, for one picture recorded that on a certain date the marriage of the deceased to the daughter of a neighbouring prince took place, whilst another recorded an important trading transaction, and the third chronicled the birth of a son and heir. One peculiar feature which is calculated to show that tattooing was in general use amongst the more noble classes of that period as a means of keeping records is the fact that the tattooing-needles with which the work had evidently been executed were found in the coffin along with the mummy; and this seems to foster the idea that each man was during his life-time his own "record-keeper," and that at his death his "pens and ink" were buried with him. Another circumstance which leads us to believe that tattooing is an ancient custom is the fact that it is mentioned in the Bible—namely in Leviticus, chapter xix.—and from this we may conclude that it was a common practice in those times also.

There is no telling, however, as to when or by whom the process was first invented; but, be its origin what it may, the fact nevertheless remains that at the present day tattooing is steadily growing in favour with all classes of the community, and that, whereas a few years ago it was only practised amongst sea-faring men who decorated their arms and chests—and in some instances their legs also—with crude designs pricked laboriously by hand, and coloured by means of gunpowder rubbed in whilst the punctures were bleeding, many royalties and prominent members of Society of both sexes now carry on their bodies pictures and designs which are real works of art, and which have taken hours, and in some cases days, to "paint."

Tattooing is now also being utilised as a means by which a natural looking, and absolutely permanent complexion can be obtained by those to whom Nature has been unkind in this respect, and it would cause some considerable commotion in smart society were the names of some of the ladies who have resorted to the art of

the tattoo artist to enhance their charms to be made public; but naturally the tattooer is, like the lawyer and doctor, bound to secrecy by professional etiquette, and the names of his clients are never disclosed except by their special permission.

There are in England to-day a number of tattoo artists, some good, some bad,

THE DESIGN TATTOOED ON THE ARM OF THE PRINCESS CHIMAY.

and some merely indifferent, but the number of those who really excel at their profession may be counted on the fingers of one hand, for the tattoo *artist* is like the poet, born and not made, and no amount of practice will make a real artist of a tattooer, should he lack the natural aptitude and talent for his work. It is generally conceded amongst those who know anything about tattooing that probably the finest tattoo artist of the day is Mr. Tom Riley, who frequents the Earl's Court Exhibitions, where he has quarters in the Western Arcade; and an eminent Royal Academician, who has been tattooed by him, says that his is the finest work in the world, both from an artistic point of view and for minuteness of detail. It can naturally be inferred that the experiences of an artist of Mr. Riley's standing should furnish an almost inexhaustible fund of stories and anecdotes concerning his royal and aristocratic clients, and the reproduction of some of the designs he has, at one time and another, worked upon them would cause little short of a sensation were they to be published. I must therefore be considered especially fortunate in being able to place before the readers of the ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE the photographs which illustrate this article, nearly all of which now appear for the first time, and every one of which is published by the express permission of Mr. Riley's clients.

It is strange how the tattooing craze develops in a man or woman when once they have submitted to the operation; it grows on them gradually, yet imperceptibly, and though they may have had the first design done more from a feeling of curiosity than anything else—and with the fixed determination only to have the one—yet when once that one design is placed indelibly on the body, they have a strange desire to have another, and yet another after that, and so they go on, constantly adding to the picture gallery on their skin.

Last year a letter from a correspondent appeared in one of the popular weekly papers, which is worth quoting *in extenso*, as it shows clearly to what ends a tattoo enthusiast will go to add to his collection of pictures. Here it is:—

"Diaries have such a trick of getting lost, or, like certain useful members of society, not being there when wanted,

AFRICAN SAND LIZARD AND FLY TATTOOED ON THE LATE PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR A FEW WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

that many years ago I decided on a novel form which simply could not go astray. Whenever anything of interest happened to me I had a record of it tattooed on my body in the form of a picture with the date beneath it. The first 'entry' in the diary is a picture of my bride and myself standing at the altar; the next a presentment of a carriage accident which almost saved me the necessity of any further biographical notes; the third a cricket scene in which I scored my first century, and so on, until now my diary consists of over a hundred pictures and space is getting limited." Thus it will be seen that the same idea which was in use amongst the ancient Egyptians 3000 years before Christ, and which no doubt was the primary cause of the origin of tattooing, occurred to a man living nearly 5000 years afterwards, although doubtless this gentleman who turned his body into a living diary imagined at the time that he was the originator of quite a new method of keeping records, as is evinced by his letter. The circumstance certainly goes to prove one thing, however, and that is that "there is nothing new under the sun."

ONE OF THE LARGEST PIECES OF TATTOOING DONE BY MR. RILEY. THE SNAKE IS 15FT. LONG, WINDING SEVERAL TIMES AROUND THE BODY. THE WORK TOOK THREE MONTHS.

Tattooing is more or less practised, or has been common at some time or other, amongst nearly every savage nation in the world, and it is still to be seen amongst the inhabitants of countries situated so widely apart as Lapland and New Zealand, Mexico and Japan: and doubtless the custom of the North American Indians of painting their faces and bodies had its origin in the far-off past in tattooing. There are few nations, at the present day, amongst whom tattooing is more general than it is amongst the Japanese and *as a nation* they take first place as tattoo artists; but there is not a Japanese, tattoo artist whose work can compare with that of Mr. Riley either as regards detail,

delicacy, or the fineness of the lines in the pictures, and the illustrations which are reproduced show not only the distinction of styles, but also the difference in the methods and appliances used by Mr. Riley and a Japanese tattoo artist.

"shading" and "filling-in" comparatively large areas of any one colour; and it would be absolutely impossible for a Japanese artist to tattoo a photograph on a man's arm, though this has often been done by Mr. Riley, and I can personally vouch for

A GERMAN LADY, WELL KNOWN IN SOCIETY, WHOSE ARMS ARE COVERED WITH TATTOOED DESIGNS, EXECUTED BY MR. RILEY.

The Japanese work is all hand-work, as contrasted with the electric machine-work done by Mr. Riley, although, of course, the latter uses hand needles for some portions of his pictures, such as the fact that the likenesses he obtains are little short of marvellous.

As regards the appliances used by Mr. Riley, and of which the electric needle is perhaps the most important, it is

interesting to note that the whole outfit, colours and mixing slabs included, can be packed into a cigar-box. The electric-needle was invented by Mr. Riley and his cousin, Mr. S. F. O'Riley (who is a well-known tattoo artist of America), and was patented by them on December 8th, 1891, although it has since had several alterations and improvements made to it. In one of our illustrations the small battery and five different electric needles are shown; and in one case the box covering the coils and spring has been removed in order to show the mechanism. The principle upon which the needle works is a combination of that of the electric bell and stylographic pen, for it is moved by a vibrating strip of metal in a similar way to the hammer of an electric bell, the needle itself working up and down in a hollow spindle, from the end of which it protrudes every time the vibrating-bar in the head of the machine moves up and down. The speed at which the vibrating-bar moves is as nearly as possible 1800 times a minute so that the needle makes about thirty distinct punctures in the skin every second. The hand needles used for "filling in" are made up of from two to eight or ten needles fastened together at the end of a small wood or bone handle somewhat resembling a pen-holder in size and shape; but Mr. Riley has also machines capable of carrying eight needles which he often uses.

MR. RILEY AT WORK ON THE BATTLEFIELD AT REITFONTEIN TATTOOING THE CREST OF THE 3RD IMPERIAL YEOMANRY ON COLONEL BIRKEN'S ARM (*see photo on p.* 107).

THE INDIAN GOD BRAHMA TATTOOED ON THE AUTHOR'S ARM. THE DESIGN CAN BE COVERED BY A FIVE SHILLING PIECE. THERE ARE SIX COLOURS IN THE PICTURE, WHICH TOOK OVER TEN HOURS TO EXECUTE.

The process of working an indelible picture on the skin, or, to be absolutely exact, under it, may be divided into five

CREST OF THE 3RD IMPERIAL YEOMANRY (*see photo on p.* 106).

or six distinct operations, the first of which may be termed the preparation of the "canvas," and consists in the washing and shaving of the arm. After this has been done, the design selected is next either sketched on it with Indian ink and a very fine camel-hair brush, or transferred on to it by means of a drawing made with an aniline dye on tissue paper. The paper is placed on the arm and damped all over with a sponge; a towel is then tightly wound round the arm for a few seconds, and when it and the paper are removed the design is left marked on the skin. When once the design is "fixed," whichever process be used, the work proceeds rapidly. Selecting one of his machine needles and dipping the point in the slab of freshly-mixed Chinese ink, Mr. Riley commences the tattooing of the outline of the picture, and as soon as this is done the principal dividing lines are worked in. Next the small details, such as flowers on a dress, features of a face, &c., are done, and this is where Mr. Riley's work excels, for there is no detail, however minute, which appears coarse or roughly drawn in one of his tattoo pictures. I myself bear on my arm what may be almost called Mr. Riley's masterpiece in this direction in the shape of a reproduction of the Indian Diety, Brahma, of which a photo slightly larger than actual size of the tattoo is reproduced. The design can be *covered* by a five-shilling piece, and took over three hours continuous work to execute, being complete down to the minutest detail — even the beads of the necklace and the caste marks on the forehead being

TATTOO MARKS ON THE ARMS OF MR. R. S. HARRINGTON, OF THE MUSIC HALL PROFESSION.

TATTOOING EXECUTED BY MR. RILEY, IN LONDON, TO COVER UP CRUDE WORK DONE PREVIOUSLY BY KING THEEBAW'S TATTOOERS.

Many people have an idea that tattooing is a most painful process, and I have several times had friends, to whom I have shown my arms, say: "Oh, how could you stand the pain of it?" "Didn't it hurt most terribly?" &c. Far from being painful it is rather soothing than otherwise, and the needle works so rapidly, and the skin is stretched so tight whilst being worked on, that the only sensation is a sort of tickling one. A little thought will show that tattooing cannot be so bad as is imagined, for if it were it would be clearly discernible and absolutely correct. Some of the colours, however, do not lend themselves to photography, and therefore much of the real beauty of the picture is lost in a reproduction from a photograph.

After the small details are worked in, the "filling in" of the "shading" and colours is the next process, and in some instances this is a lengthy and tedious one both for artist and sitter, for the colours have to be blended under the skin, and sometimes one portion of the picture has to be gone over as many as three or four times ere the desired shade is obtained, but when this is done the picture is complete, and after being well rubbed with vaseline or lanoline is left to "heal" of its own accord.

DRAGON TATTOO DESIGNED AND EXECUTED IN BLACK, BLUE, RED, GREEN, YELLOW, PURPLE, AND BROWN.

impossible for ladies to submit to the tattooing of their cheeks and lips, as they now very often do; and the only part of the process which can be called unpleasant is for a day or so after the design has been worked—and then only if it is a very close one with a lot of detail and colouring in it—for during the first twenty-four hours or so the arm feels tender and sore, in fact, just like a bruise, but this soon passes away. It should be said that blood-poisoning or the transference of disease by means of the needles is impossible; at least, it is in the case of work done by Mr. Riley, for he never uses the same needles on two customers, unless they have been most carefully sterilized; and as in the working of a large design the needles

A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF JAPANESE TATTOOING. THIS GENTLEMAN IS COVERED FROM NECK TO FEET WITH JAPANESE DESIGNS.

soon blunt and have to be replaced by new ones, it is almost impossible to use them twice.

Amongst the many Royalties on whom Mr. Riley has tattooed pictures are to be numbered the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the late Prince Christian Victor (on whom he worked the African sand lizard and fly shown on page 104 a few weeks before the death of the Prince), Prince George of Greece, Princess de Chimay, and many others whose names I am not at liberty to mention. In connection with Princess de Chimay I am greatly privileged in being permitted to reproduce two photographs of the pictures worked on her arms, and it is interesting to note that Mr. Riley was specially engaged by her to go to Egypt to tattoo her cheeks and lips as well as

TATTOOING A CORPORAL OF PAGET'S HORSE ON SS. "DELPHIC" EN ROUTE FOR SOUTH AFRICA IN FEBRUARY, 1900.

the designs shown in the two photographs reproduced, besides several others which were executed after the photographs were taken. For this work Mr. Riley received a fee of several hundred pounds, besides his passage to Egypt and back, and all expenses; and the commission occupied some three months.

During the South African war Mr. Riley went out to the front as sergeant in charge of the Maxim Gun Contingent of the 3rd Imperial Yeomanry—Col. Younghusband's regiment—and during the campaign, as well as on the passages out and home, he tattoed some hundreds of officers—among them being many well-known members of the Peerage with their regimental crests or some souvenir of their regiments, and the various actions they had been in; and in connection with the tattooing of soldiers, it is worth recording that no less a person than Lord Roberts strongly advocates the tattooing of every man in the army with his name and regimental number as a means of identification in case of his death or the loss of his identity card. Much of Mr. Riley's work was done on the battlefield after

PRINCESS CHIMAY, TATTOOED IN CAIRO, IN 1899, ON THE ARMS, CHEEKS AND LIPS.

THE ELECTRIC AND HAND NEEDLES USED BY MR. RILEY IN TATTOOING.

an engagement, and the photograph of him tattooing the crest of the 3rd Imperial Yeomanry on Col. Birken's arm on the battlefield at Reitfontein is especially interesting. On the voyage home on the *Tagus*, Mr. Riley devoted much of his time to covering up the scars of bullet and shell wounds with appropriate designs, and he covered an ugly pom-pom wound on Col. Moore with a tattered Union Jack so effectively that one would now have to look closely to discover the scar beneath it, the edges of the tattered flag following the outline of the wound. He also tattooed a 4.7 gun on Lord Graham, who was in command of the Naval Brigade of H.M.S. *Doris*, and many other officers whose names cannot be disclosed.

One of the greatest proofs of the excellence of Mr. Riley's work is that he is often engaged to cover up designs done by other so-called tattoo artists, but I question very much if any more interesting commission in this line ever fell to his lot than in 1896, when a gentleman walked into his studio, and baring his arms, asked Mr. Riley if anything could be done to obliterate or cover the marks they bore. "The work was crude, the designs terrible, the drawing vile, and the pain that the victim endured must have been awful," says Mr. Riley, "for the designs might have been stabbed in with a blunt skewer so large were the punctures, and so thick and heavy the lines. I could not imagine how a gentleman—for my customer was such in every sense of the word—came to have such terrible work on him, and I questioned him concerning how it was done. He told me that he was an official of the Bombay Burma Trading Corporation, and that the horrible designs on his arms had been executed by order of King Theebaw by whom he had been taken prisoner. I did the best I could, and after several lengthy sittings succeeded in effectually covering up the designs; and the two photographs my customer caused to be taken show no trace of the crude pictures with which he was marked."

Perhaps the largest single design ever executed on the human body is that which appears on a well-known pupil of Sandow's. It is an African python, fifteen feet in length, which winds three times round the body from the knee to the neck. The illustration of this piece of work unfortunately lacks the vivid colouring.

THE DRAGON FLY.

By permission of Mr. Thomas McLean. Albert T. Cowper.

The English Illustrated Magazine

MEZZOTINTS

From the Engraver's and Collector's Point of View

By FRED MILLER

OF all engraving processes mezzotint holds not only an unique but, all things considered, the first place as an artistic method of expression, for in skilled hands the very touch of the painter can be given, as is evident to anyone who studies the fine examples scraped by those engravers who were contemporaries of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. The extraordinary prices given for fine impressions of these eighteenth-century mezzotints—witness the £1,100 for Mrs. Carnac by J. R. Smith—attest not only to their excellence, but to the interest that is now being taken in this beautiful method of reproductive engraving, while the recent munificent bequest of the late Lord Cheylesmore of his collection, some 10,000 in number, to the print room of the British Museum, will give the student an opportunity of studying all the finest plates that have been scraped. Many readers may have already made the acquaintance of some of the gems of this collection when they were in the English Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, two years since, and during last June and July at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, where a very fine and well-arranged collection of prints, chiefly after Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, were shown.

The first mezzotint engraving known only dates from the year 1642, when Siegen produced his portrait of Amelia Elizabeth, wife of the Landgrave of Hesse, in whose service the inventor of mezzotint was. The fact that we can so precisely fix the date of the first mezzotint, contrasted with the uncertainty as to that of the first line engraving, leads us to infer that while the latter was an instance of development—an art brought into existence by handiwork employed for quite other purposes—mezzotint must be regarded as a discovery; something brought into being by accident, and developed by design. Walpole's account in his "Anecdotes" is as follows: "We must take up the prince in his laboratory, begrimed, uncombed, perhaps in a dirty shirt;" [Walpole is here referring to Count Hamilton's description of the prince] "on the day I am going to mention he certainly had not shaved and powdered to charm Miss Hughes; for it happened in his retirement at Brussels, after the catastrophe of his uncle. Going out early one morning, he observed the sentinel at some distance from his post, very busy doing something to his piece. The prince asked what he was about? He replied, 'The dew that had fallen in the night had made his fusil rusty, and that he was scraping and cleaning it.' The prince, looking at it, was struck with something like a figure eaten into the barrel, with innumerable little holes close together, like friezed work on gold or silver, part of which the fellow had scraped away. The prince concluded that some contrivance might be found to cover a brass plate with such a grained ground of fine pressed holes which would undoubtedly give an impression all black, and by scraping away proper parts the smooth superfices would leave the paper white. Communicating his idea to Wallerant Vaillant, a painter whom he maintained, they made several experiments, and at last invented a steel roller, cut with tools to make teeth like a file or rasp, with projecting points, which effectually produced the black grounds; those being scraped

Print from Plate after First Scraping. *By permission of Miss Thompson.*

THE OLD MILL.

By Vivian Rolt.

away and diminished at pleasure felt the gradations of light."

This story is also given in the first edition of Bryan's dictionary, but in the last edition the invention is ascribed to Lieutenant-Colonel de Siegen, an officer in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. He was born in Holland in 1609, went to Germany in 1620, and died in military service in 1680. I believe the story has been credited to the wrong man, that is all; for such a discovery as mezzotint might well have been suggested by the rusty fusil. Siegen communicated his discovery to Prince Rupert who, according to Count Hamilton (see his "Memoirs"), "avoit le geine fecond en experiences de mathematiques et quelques talens pour la chimie"; and this prince must be credited with having introduced the new art into England, where it at once took root and flourished, since when the finest plates ever scraped have been wrought; indeed, mezzotint has been termed "La manière Anglaise."

Vaillant certainly was the first to carry mezzotint to any perfection. He was born in 1623, and died at Amsterdam in 1667; but to Abraham Blooteling, born at Amsterdam in 1634, and who came to England in 1672, is ascribed the invention of the toothed chisel, or "rocking" tool, which, since his time, has always been used for laying the ground.

The new invention was kept a mystery, for Evelyn, who wrote an account of engraving ("Sculptura") gives this description: "It would appear a paradox to discourse to you of a graving without a graver, burin, point, or acquafortis; and yet this is performed without the assistance of either; that which gives our most perite and dextrous artists the greatest trouble, and is longest finishing (for such are the hatches and deepest shadows in plates), should be here the least considerable and the most expeditious; that, on the contrary, the lights in this should be the most laborious, and yet performed with the greatest facility; that what appears to be affected with so little curiosity should yet so acutely resemble what is generally esteemed the very greatest, viz., that a print should emulate even the best of drawings, chiaroscuro,

Middle Scraping. *By permission of Miss Thompson.*

THE OLD MILL.

By Vivian Rolt.

or (as the Italians term it), pieces of the mezzotint, so as nothing, either of Hugo da Carpi or any of those other masters who pursued his attempts, and whose works we have already celebrated, have exceeded or indeed approached; especially for that of portraits, figures, tender landscapes, and history, etc., to which it seems most appropriate and applicable."

For this very work, "Sculptura," Prince Rupert engraved a plate in the new style, known as the "Little Executioner," to distinguish it from a larger plate of a similar subject. A pupil of Rubens, Ian Thomas, born at Ypres in 1610, was the first to succeed in rocking good, solid grounds. His plate of a portrait of Titian, dated 1661, appears to have only been rocked in the shadows on the face, but in his Ignatius Loyola and Cardinal Borromeo we find a great advance in certainty of workmanship. In one of these etching is employed. The new art was carried on in England by Peter Vanderbank, born at Paris, who came to England in 1674, and Paul Vansomer, born at Amsterdam in 1649.

Robert White (born 1645, died 1704) was the first Englishman of note who practised the art, and Walpole gives an account of how Henry Luttrel persuaded Lloyd, who kept a print shop in Salisbury Street, to bribe one Blois, who used to lay grounds for Blooteling, to discover the mystery of laying grounds with the chisel. Lloyd having learned the secret for 40s., would not impart it to Luttrel, whose friend Isaac Becket (born in Kent in 1653) had in the meanwhile caught the passion of learning mezzotint. From Vansomer Becket learned the whole process, and imparted it to Luttrel. From this time forward the finest mezzotints are the work of Englishmen.

Sir Christopher Wren practised mezzotinto for amusement, but very little of his work has come down to us.

In this brief sketch we have the history of the discovery of mezzotinto. We will now describe the process itself, which will make clear some of the foregoing remarks.

A perfectly level polished plate of copper or soft steel has the surface roughened all over by means of a tool from 2in. to 3in. wide, which is grooved with V-shaped

Final Proof. *By permission of Miss Thompson*

THE OLD MILL.

By Vivian Rolt.

grooves on one side, from 60 to 120 to an inch, and is faced back at an oblique angle on the other side so as to give the end of the tool a toothed edge. The tool is fixed in a handle, the end being kept rounded like a cheese knife instead of square like a chisel, and holding it perpendicularly and firmly in the hand, the rocker is swung regularly from side to side, and at the same time is made to travel over the plate. This gives a series of zigzag lines composed of the marks of the teeth, and somewhat less in width than the rocking tool itself. The tool is shifted to the side of the row just done, and again carried over the plate, and so on, each row of rocking just touching the one previously laid, until the whole surface is gone over.

Suppose we start by making the rocker follow the edge of the plate one way; when the surface has been gone over in this direction, we take another "way" in a slightly different direction, and go over the whole surface, and so on until some seventy or eighty "ways" have been laid. This fills the ground, as it is termed, and if we examine it under a glass we find the plate covered with a sort of frill, which, if printed from, will yield a deep, velvety black. We now understand what Evelyn means as we start with our deepest tone and proceed to lower this burr to obtain higher tones, for the more of the ground we take down, the less ink will rest in it, and the ground has to be entirely taken down and the part burnished which is to print pure white.

The quality of mezzotint is its depth and softness, the darks being rich and velvety, while the gradations from black to white are infinite. This is due to the fact that the engraver starts with his deepest dark and proceeds to scrape away his lighter tones; hence the term mezzo-tinto, or middle tint, for it is in the half-tones that this process is unrivalled. Other engraving methods have to put in darks by etching into or cutting out lines in the metal plate. In mezzotint, on the contrary, the first proceeding is to rock over the surface of the metal, usually copper, with a special tool to raise a burr. This is not the burr of a dry point line in etching, but a sort of pile over the surface of the metal.

BACCHANTE.

Engraved by Fred Miller. After Greuze.

The rocking of a plate takes considerable time, as to lay a full ground some seventy to eighty ways have to be laid. This rocking is an important preliminary, as upon it all after results depend, and each engraver has some little trick which he believes in and practises. Tools of various degrees of coarseness are employed, varying from 60 to 120 lines to the inch; the finer the tool, the finer will be the ground.

I have examined a good many eighteenth-century prints with the idea of seeing what sort of grounds men like J. R. Smith, Valentine Green, Ward, and Dickinson laid, and in their most successful plates an open ground produced by a fairly coarse tool was employed, though this was not always the case. A ground laid with a very fine tool is apt to look sooty, as the point of the tool will not show in the ground as it does in one laid with a sixty tool, but it is possible and even desirable to have different grounds laid for different parts of the plate. Thus, in a landscape the sky could with advantage be laid with a far finer tool than the foreground. What one feels before the work of these eighteenth-century mezzotinters is that they so entirely caught the spirit of the men whose pictures they engraved. In translating colour into tone and brush-work by scraping they showed taste, judgment, and that rarer quality, intuition, so that the painting gained rather than lost by such interpretation, and one can well understand Reynolds saying that he should live by the plates engraved from his works. One has only to compare the engravings with the painting to see that in the hands of such giants as John Raphael Smith and Valentine Green the personality of the engraver, rather than interfering with the painter's reputation, distinctly added to it.

A good engraving is the perfection of hard cunning, and it is a rare artistic treat to see how these mezzotinters translate a picture by the comparatively simple device of scraping down the burr raised by the rocking, for not only does the chiaroscuro of the original gain by the concentration (for the older engravers always worked on a small scale), but the very sweep of the painter's brush is artfully suggested in the way the ground is scraped.

In the scraping up of the plate care must be exercised not only to get the drawing, but also to take down the burr without scratching or roughening the surface, for if this happens the work will print dirty instead of luminous. As the taking down of the ground gives the drawing, it must be right from the beginning, and should a mistake be made, or a portion be taken down too much so that it print too light, that part must be re-rocked, which requires doing with much circumspection. It is possible to get a great amount of detail by pure scraping, as can be seen in the celebrated flower piece after Van Huysum by Richard Earlom, where the dewdrops, as well as every petal, are wonderfully rendered, and the great masters of mezzotint of the eighteenth century obtained their effects almost entirely by scraping up the ground. If any line work is put in, it is done with a point, and is confined to the eyes, and here and there an accent; but as time went on engravers took to etching in the drawing and the darks before laying the ground, and this style, known as the "Mixed," drove out pure mezzotint.

S. W. Reynolds (1773-1835), who issued a large number of small plates after Sir Joshua, brought the mixed style into vogue, and this was carried still further by his pupil, Samuel Cousins, an extraordinarily skilful workman, who made etching play an important part in the finished result. Thomas Lupton, early in the nineteenth century, used steel for the first time, and the impossibility of rocking a deep ground on steel made etching the child of necessity in the darks.

It was found, too, by Cousins that, by elaborately etching a plate and having a very thin shallow ground laid, a plate could be scraped up far quicker than was possible with a deep laid ground. Some of Cousins' earliest plates after Lawrence are almost pure mezzotints on steel (he rarely worked on copper), and are very fine and command high prices.

These mixed plates are, many of them, exceedingly clever pieces of craftsmanship,

but the mechanical side of the work—the ruled skies, in which the lines are taken out with a machine, and patterned textures over dresses and even over the flesh—dominates the whole, and is the reverse of painter-like.

David Lucas, who engraved Constable's work and was trained by the painter to produce the effects that this great artist loved, gave us some of the finest plates ever scraped. He employed a certain amount of etching, but so skilfully that it takes its place in the scheme, and at the right distance is part of the whole—that is if the impressions are not nearly worn out, for a great many on the market are poor to a degree, owing to the large editions printed.

Turner's "Liber Studiorum" was mezzotinted by various hands under the painter's personal direction, Turner being responsible in the main for the etched outlines. Proofs of these plates are among the treasured possessions of the collector.

A WIDOW

(In the West Country)

By ARTHUR L. SALMON

MY poar old man—
  He've been gone a year or tü;
  But dawntee unnerstan'
That tha trouble is ever nü?
An' I misses en still, I du—
  My poar old man!
An' tha nights be lonezome now,
  An' tha Spring be comin' night;
  And dawntee reckon 'ow
I misses en, sittin' by?
An' düee wunner why
  Tha nights be longer now?
Aw yes, I unnerstan'
  That the Lard 'ath takken away.
Na doubt tha words be gran'
An' tha texxes that yu say;
But I misses en every day—
  My poar old man.
A fine upstandin' man
  When 'e courted me long ago—
As stout o' heart an' han'
  As any that ye could know;
But 'e grew a wisp o' snow—
  My poar old man.
An' the chillern's gone, yu zee—
  They'm here an' there an' away;
An' I'm lonezome as can be,
  Just wearyin' day by day;
An' I dawn't want to stay,
  An' none wants me.

Photo by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.

THE TOPMOST PINNACLE ON THE AIGUILLE DE L'M.

CLIMBING THE CHAMONIX AIGUILLES

Some Difficult Ascents in the Shadow of Mont Blanc

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM

(Member of the English Climbers' Club and the Swiss and Italian Alpine Clubs)

IN one of the early editions of Murray's "Guide to Switzerland" it was said that few people had ascended the mountains, and those who had were chiefly of unsound mind. Ideas have changed since then, for nowadays mountain-climbing is rapidly becoming one of the most popular sports, and no longer involves an imputation of insanity. Some of the accompanying illustrations may raise doubts in the minds of many readers, but a visit in the season to one of the great climbing centres, such as Chamonix, will prove that the mountaineer is an ordinary healthy-minded mortal and scarcely lacking in intelligence.

The village of Chamonix is beautifully situated in the narrow pine-clad valley of that name, with rocky aiguilles towering on either side, and Mont Blanc, wearing its crown of everlasting snow, rising far above its many neighbours of more striking aspect.

Were one standing in Chamonix at the door of the famous Hotel Couttet from midnight to 10 a.m., one would see all grades of parties starting on their various expeditions. From 12 to 3 a.m. would be seen groups of two or three climbers with guides stealing quietly into the night, bound for Mont Blanc, or more likely for one of the Aiguilles. These men have coils of Alpine Club rope round their shoulders,

and carry ice-axes in their hands. These are the real mountaineers, who have a genuine love of the hills and take mountain-climbing seriously, thinking and talking of it to the exclusion of all other sports. Then from 3 to 5 a.m. would be seen a somewhat different set of men, who come downstairs with an expression of mixed boredom and sleepiness on their countenances. These are also accompanied by guides, and it is their ambition to achieve such feats as the traverse of the Mer de Glace to the "Jardin," or to ascend Mont Blanc as far as the Grand Mulets Cabane. They are clad in ill-fitting clothes and heavy boots, and have long alpenstocks in their hands. Their faces are all smeared with vaseline and powder, a general air of discomfort pervading their whole being. These are mountaineers *à la* Baedeker, and only their pride, or maybe some rash bet made with a friend, hinders them from slipping back to bed. Then from 5 till 9 come various tourists, in some cases without a guide, bound for the Brévent, Montanvert, and the Mauvais Pas, Flégère, or other of the shorter excursions. To such mountaineering is only indulged in for the pleasurable views it affords. Several are mounted on mules, intending to go to the height of their ambition on mule back, and walk down by another route. Doubtless theirs is a very pleasurable lot. They have no midnight starts or hard grinding uphill by lantern light, nor scarcely do they risk falling into crevasses or having to sleep out on a narrow ledge of rock, or even on their mules, through bad weather.

But it is the real mountaineers who essay the conquest of the more difficult Aiguilles. These high pinnacles push their rocky crests through the everlasting snows to heights varying from 11,000ft. to 13,000ft., and their ascents are generally considered the hardest climbs in Europe.

It is an excellent training to walk up Mont Blanc before tackling such peaks, specially if the snow and the weather are in good condition. Under the opposite circumstances, when at every step one sinks almost to one's waist in the soft snow, and the storm sweeps over its tremendous snowfields, blotting out all landmarks, the "Great White Mountain" is best left alone, for then it adds to its long list of victims.

Photo by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.

GIVING A SHOULDER.

We made the ascent early one June, the day after such a storm, and passed a large party of guides carrying down two travellers and a guide who had lost their way and slipped down a long ice-slope until a wide crevasse, which stretched across their course, kindly stopped further progress to destruction. Had the crevasse proved to be as deep as several we encountered next day on the Grand Plâteau near the summit, they must have perished. Luckily it was only about twenty feet deep, and a great bank of newly-fallen snow seemed to have been providentially placed for their reception at the bottom. As it was, the guide had his right leg broken, and of his two companions one had a broken collar-bone and the other suffered from general shock. Our party all felt the effects of fatigue and slight mountain-sickness, due to the rarity of the air on the higher part of the mountain, but after a day's rest we were ready for more serious climbing.

The Aiguille de l'M was our introductory rock peak, and the illustration opposite shows two figures ascending the difficult crack in the last tower which forms the actual summit. This crack grows very narrow higher up, and there was very little support for one's weight, except by jamming the left knee into the innermost recesses of the crack, which was coated with ice. It was a very sensational place, for with this slight support the climber had to wriggle up the crack, and if he had had time to contemplate the view, he would have seen a straight drop of a thousand feet to the rocks below. The summit was so uncomfortably sharp that only one person at a time could have the pleasure of sitting on it. At any rate, none of our party seemed anxious to stand up in the slight breeze that was blowing, so we hurried down the ridge by an easier route. All went well until we had passed all serious difficulty. The day was far spent, so to save time we had unroped and were descending the big snow couloir to the glacier. Our porter, carrying our photographic apparatus in a rücksack on his back, was coming down a short distance behind us. We had gained a small ledge of rock at the side of the couloir, when a startled exclamation from my brother and a burst of *patois* from the porter caused us to look round. First we saw an ice-axe come whizzing past, followed immediately by the porter lying on his back with arms and legs all asprawl, shooting down the steep, hard snow at a terrible speed We were powerless to help him, and could only stand and gaze until he crashed with a most sickening thud into the rocks on the wall of the couloir, then ricochetted across to the other side and straight on down again. He was abruptly brought up by some small rocks jutting through the snow near the edge of a vertical drop over a buttress of about forty feet. He lay as he had fallen, with one leg doubled up under him, and made no answer to our shouts. It took us several minutes to make our way down to him. He lay quite still until we turned him over, and we felt relieved to find him still breathing, and, though covered with cuts and bruises, we failed to find any broken bones. After dosing him with brandy he recovered consciousness, and soon got on his feet again. He was badly shaken, but we found, when we took our camera from his rücksack, that it was stove right in, and this probably saved his life when he crashed into the side of the couloir. We had engaged this rash and thoughtless young porter for a fortnight, so next morning, when he limped to our hotel and told us that his mother wanted him at home for a few days, we were delighted, and extolled the wisdom of his fond parent.

Our next expedition was an attempt on the Aiguille de Grépon, which is probably the most difficult peak in the Alps. The illustration "An Awkward Crack" conveys a capital idea of much of the climbing to be encountered there. Above where the leading figure is seen there is a narrow ledge, upon which it is possible to stand for a short rest before tackling the dangerous and almost vertical ridge which stretches up to the lower peak. We found the ascent of the crack a stiff problem, on account of its steepness and icy condition.

Photo by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.

CLIMBING THE LAST TOWER ON THE AIGUILLE DE L'M.

The Grépon abounds in situations of that kind, but in no part of the climb is there quite such a sensational position as the one illustrated. The precipice continues almost perpendicularly downwards from here for three thousand feet or more to a small glacier above the Mer de Glace. When we reached this point, only about five hundred feet below the summit, the wind suddenly arose and a dense snow-cloud rolled up from the glacier as from a tremendous cauldron. Our leading guide then remembered that he had a wife and family in Chamonix, eight thousand feet below, and expressed a disinclination to depart this life in pieces. We quite appreciated his arguments, and, as the storm increased, the descent of the rocks to the Glacier Nantillon gave us many anxious moments. After some exciting adventures due to avalanches, which at frequent intervals came thundering down the crags on each side of us, we reached the hotel at Montanvert, rather more than five thousand feet above Chamonix. Here we stayed for several days, using it as a centre for other excursions.

Photo by Messrs Abraham, Keswick.

AN AWKWARD CRACK ON THE GRÉPON.

The Grépon was first ascended by the late Mr. A. F. Mummery, who was lost in 1895 amongst the Himalayas. There is a remarkably difficult crack on the ordinary route which the guides now call the Cheminée Mummery, and of which an amusing story was told to me in Chamonix last autumn.

An extremely stout German climber of untold wealth had engaged six Chamonix guides to take him over the Grépon. As each guide expects for this course the sum

of £12, it will be readily understood that wealth is an important part of the climber's equipment, though it is very possible that in this case there was a reduction for quantity. By dint of tremendous exertion, aided by cognac, the guides got their charge as far as the Cheminée, and four of them mounted to its summit. Then the stout amateur essayed the ascent, and assisted by two guides, who shoved from below, and the four others hauling with the rope from above, they got him nearly half-way up, and into the narrow part of the crack. Here the brave German of untold wealth became hopelessly jammed, for the harder they hauled from above the tighter he stuck, and though those below made gallant efforts to rouse him to independent action by prods with an ice-axe, he relapsed into a state of semi-unconsciousness. It took the guides over three hours to get him and themselves out of their predicament by descending, so for that day the route up the Grépon was effectually blocked, and one party at least had to give up the attempt on that account.

Photo by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.

THE AIGUILLE DE GRÉPON FROM THE CHARMOZ.

(The two white crosses at the left mark the Cheminée Mummery.)

The Aiguille de Charmoz is the next peak to the Grépon, and affords magnificent sport. We started for it from Montanvert one fine morning at 1 a.m., with the stars glittering from a cloudless sky in that sharp clear way which in the Alps usually promises perfect weather. It was very dark, but by the light given by our two small lanterns, and the flickering flashes of fine-weather lightning, which ever and anon lit up the mountain side, we made good progress to the glacier. Light clouds came up with the sunrise, and as we trudged steadily upwards, we had glimpses through the mist of snow-tipped summits, flushed with the dawn, and towering far above us. Ere long the glacier steepened, and great towers of ice loomed threateningly in front, as if ready to fall on us as soon as we came within range. A low cry of "Attention!" from our guide warned us of the danger, and carefully but speedily we crossed below their shadows to gain some rocks, which rise in the middle of the glacier. Up these we scrambled, and reached the glacier again above the dangerous portion.

Photo by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.

THE UPPER ROCKS OF THE AIGUILLE CHARMOZ.

On we went through intricate systems of crevasses, up icy couloirs and snow-covered rocks, where ice-axes were indispensable, until the final ridge was reached. At one point our guide was almost defeated by the overhanging rocks, but by mounting on the shoulders of the second climber, he was able to grasp a large hand-hold and draw himself up into a secure corner. The last climber had to be hauled up this part. He did not enjoy the sensation of dangling in mid-air, with nothing but a thin Alpine rope to prevent a sudden and uninterrupted descent to the glacier a thousand feet below. Some enjoyable climbing over dry and easy rock slabs up the ridge landed us on the top, just as the last wisps of morning mist disappeared, and we basked in glorious sunshine.

Few alpine summits can equal the Charmoz as a view point, for it stands in the centre of an imposing array of rocky aiguilles, with Mont Blanc rising proudly above them all. But we dared not stay long amid such scenes, for the snow was melting in the sun, and avalanches and other dangers await the lingering climber. The summit rocks were soon left far above us, and in the great couloir between the Charmoz and the Grépon we had to use great care on the steep loose snow. Eventually we reached the glacier, and racing as hard as possible below the overhanging ice pinnacles, we were soon jödelling to friends who had watched part of the climb through the large telescope at the Montanvert.

Photo by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.

THE LOWER SLABS ON THE AIGUILLE CHARMOZ.

Photo by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick

THE LAST SLAB AND SUMMIT OF THE AIGUILLE CHARMOZ.

Succeeding days saw us engaged on the Aiguille de Blaitière, the Dent du Requin, the Aiguille du Tacul, and the Aiguille du Moine (twice). Nothing unusual happened on any of these, excepting during our second ascent of the latter peak.

Whilst taking a photograph near the top, one of us had the narrowest escape from a terrible accident that I have ever seen. The culprit, whose name it would be kindest not to mention, had unroped and traversed out with me on the steep, but comparatively easy ledges on the left side of the ridge, to secure a photograph of the others whilst negotiating the difficult arête. My companion helped me with the camera, and after testing a large mass of rock, he stood on it, and steadied my foot with one hand, whilst with the other he held a leg of the camera-stand. I was just about to make the exposure, when an ominous grating sound came directly from below, and I felt a sharp tug at my boot. A quick glance downwards showed my companion, starting to slide down the steeply-inclined face of the precipice, on the mass of rock which had given way beneath him. Trained by long experience of peril and sudden danger, he seemed instantly to realise his position, and just before the rock darted down a thousand feet into space, he grabbed a firm handhold which was luckily within reach. He was left dangling over this tremendous cliff suspended by one hand, and we had some anxious moments, until we saw him, with admirable presence of mind, gain a secure hold for his feet. He soon scrambled up to my level again, none the worse for his impromptu ride; but looking considerably scared and very pale. He was much annoyed with himself for an accident on such an easy place, and, being an experienced mountaineer, the injury to his pride seemed to weigh more with him than the danger through which he had gone.

A MAY DAY SONG

By
REBE MILLS

May Day! May Day!
The lark, he singeth a blithesome lay,
And soareth higher than yesterday
The dainty green hath a brighter hue,
The sunny sky a more perfect blue;
The buds are bursting with promise true.
But my heart is aching for love of you.

Ah! the sweet, tear-lit eyes
With their joyous surprise,
And their lashes that veil
The most eloquent tale
Of a love that is born
On this May Day Morn!

Come away! Come away!
We'll brush the dew from meadow grass,
We'll pull the blossoms where'er we pass,
And shed their fragrance upon our track
For all who faith or love may lack,
And as together we rove along,
We'll tune our life to a May Day song.

AMONG THE GODS*

By W. L. ALDEN

I WAS on my way to Egypt on board one of the big North German Lloyd liners, and after leaving Naples I made the acquaintance of an American, who came on board at that point. He informed me that he was on his way to Australia, and gave me the full details of the business that called him to the Antipodes. He was a genial, honest soul, and during the run to Port Said I saw a good deal of him.

I had been speaking one day of the mummies in the Ghizeh Museum, when he suddenly said with great earnestness: "You just take my advice, and never have no sort of dealing with mummies. I'm speaking from experience, for I tried meddling with mummies once, and it got me into a peck of trouble. I'll tell you about it right here, and maybe it'll help you to keep clear of trouble.

"I live out in Minnesota, where I've got a big farm, and about as handsome a house as you can find in that section of the country. I've lived with my wife's mother, even since my wife died, which is going on for ten years, and a mighty fine woman she is. Now and then I go down to Chicago for a few days, and it was there that I came across my mummy.

"You see I had gone to the North Western Railroad depot to see about getting my wheat brought down from the farm, and there I found three Arabs, who had managed to rile the railroad officials considerable—I don't exactly remember what about. I didn't know that they were Arabs until I had talked with the one of them who could speak a little English, and he had told me that they had come from Egypt, and were genuine Arabs, who had associated with camels from their early youth, and believed in Mohammed and all his works. When I found out that they hadn't intended to do anything to put the trainmen in a passion, and that all they wanted was to find the train for New York, I straightened things out for them, and put them in the train, and perhaps I lent them a little money, though I disremember about that. Anyhow, they were everlastingly grateful, and they insisted on making me a present of a mummy that they had stowed away in a baggage room. They seemed to think that the mummy was particularly valuable, and I don't know but what it was. However, my own idea was that they had got tired of lugging it round with them, and they wanted to save the expense of carrying it to New York, not having found any one in Chicago who was fool enough to invest in mummies. Anyhow, the Arabs gave the thing to me, and as I didn't like to refuse it I let it lie in the baggage room till I started for home, and then I took it along with me, and stowed it up in my garret, calculating that some day I should come across somebody who would make a trade with me for it.

"Thishyer garret was up two pairs of stairs, and the door that led into it was always locked, for the reason that I kept a lot of spare harness there, which was middling valuable. I slept in the upstairs back-room, and Mrs. Smedley—my mother-in-law, you understand—slept in the front-room. The second night after I got home I had to go over a lot of accounts, and sat up in my bed-room till it was pretty late—I not being very handy with figures, though I generally bring them out all right. I hadn't more than put out my candle, and sort of composed myself to sleep by saying over the multiplication table, when I sort of fancied that I heard something rustle in the hall like a woman's dress, or something of that kind. I jumped up, and was out in the hall in a minute. There wasn't any light burning, but the moon was almost

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"I saw the hawk-headed chap promenading slowly up and down the room."

full, and I could see pretty near as well as if it had been daylight. Half-way up the stairs leading to the garret was a tall man, dressed something like an Arab, but instead of a head like a Christian, he had a hawk's head on his shoulders. Just behind him was another chap of the same general specie, only he wore a sort of dog's head. Neither of them seemed to see me, but went on their way upstairs, soft and slow, as if they were burglars or married men coming home from a lodge meeting.

"'Burglars!' says I to myself. 'Just you wait a second till I get my revolver, and then I'll introduce myself to you.' I slipped back into my room and grabbed my gun, and was out again in the hall in less than no time. But my burglars were gone. I went upstairs and found the door of the garret locked as usual, and I hunted through every room downstairs. There wasn't the least sign that anybody had broken into the house, and I couldn't find hide nor hair of the burglars. I even roused up Mrs. Smedley, by pretending to ask her if she had locked the front door, and I knew from her manner that no burglars were concealed in her room. I was a good deal puzzled to know what had become of them, until I remembered that there was an open window at the head of the garret stairs, and that anybody could have jumped out of the window on to the roof of the woodshed, and so get down into the yard. So I settled in my mind that the burglars had escaped through the window, and after shutting and fastening it, I went back to bed.

"Now I knew well enough that burglars sometimes disguise themselves by putting on masks, but I had never heard of a burglar who went in for masks of the sort that you seen in pantomimes at the theatre. And I never heard of a burglar who was fool enough to wear the sort of nightgown

clothes that the Arabs wear, instead of wearing decent clothes that a man could climb fences in. Why on earth those two burglars had dressed themselves up in such outlandish style, and broken into a house without stealing anything, was more than I could make out.

"The more I thought of it, the more I began to see that instead of being burglars, they must have been a couple of local idiots who wanted to play a joke on me, calculating to give me a good scare. Of course, they might have been professional lunatics, who had escaped from some lunatic asylum, but there wasn't any asylum in that part of the State, and even if they were lunatics, why did they want to dress up with hawks' heads and dogs' heads, and such, and break into respectable people's houses?

"I puzzled over the thing until pretty near three o'clock in the morning, and when I came down to breakfast Mrs. Smedley told me that I looked so bad that she was afraid I had caught the typhoid fever in Chicago, and she wanted me to go to bed, and send for a doctor.

"I didn't say anything to her about the fellows that I had seen on the stairs, but I kept thinking of them all day, and wished they would pay me another visit, so that I could get a chance to reason with them.

"About ten o'clock that same evening I heard a noise in the shed where I kept my cattle, and I lighted a lanthorn, and went to see what was the matter. There wasn't anybody there, but I found that a strange bull had walked into the shed, and was munching hay in one of the stalls, and disturbing the oxen that hadn't had the privilege of his acquaintance. He was a mighty handsome bull, being coal black, except for a white patch on his forehead, and I calculated that his owner would be round in search of him in the morning, and that I might as well let him stop where he was. I had thought that I knew all the cattle in that neighbourhood, but I couldn't remember any such black bull, though he might have been brought into the village while I was away in Chicago. I didn't worry any about him, though I couldn't help hoping that his owner wouldn't ever turn up, and that I could annex him myself.

"I went back to the house, and went to bed, sleeping, as you might say, with one eye and one ear open, ready to jump up if any more hawk-headed idiots should make me a call.

"By the next night I had got tired of thinking about the curious chaps I had seen on the stairs. I thought a great deal more about the black bull, for when I went to the cattle-shed in the morning he was gone, and I couldn't even make out his tracks in the road. He was a disappointment to me, for I had sort of coveted him, you understand; and when a man has done that about anything, and afterwards loses the chance of getting possession of it, he naturally feels as if he had been robbed.

"I was out pretty late in the evening, and when I came home I let myself in with a latchkey, Mrs. Smedley having gone to bed at nine o'clock. I picked up the candle that stood in the hall, and was just starting to go upstairs when I looked through the parlour door, which usually stood wide open. The moonlight made the room light enough for me to see everything that was there, and the first thing I saw was the hawk-headed chap promenading slowly up and down the room with a woman by his side. The woman was about as tall as he was, and she had the good sense to wear her own head. However, she had something on the top of her head that looked something like a harp, or like the tail feathers of a bird of paradise, such as you see in picture-books. Besides these two there was the dog-headed fellow, who was standing by the mantel-piece with his back to it; and a woman, as I judged her to be, with a cat's head, who sat in a chair against the wall, with her hands on her knees, and never moved a muscle except to move her eyes now and then.

"Well! I was about as mad as they make them, for I considered that these people were neighbours who had dressed up with the expectation of scaring me, which was a liberty that I wasn't willing to

overlook. I stood and looked at them for a minute, and then I picked up the shot gun that always stood loaded behind the front door, and I says: 'Ladies and gentlemen; thishyer thing has gone a little too far. I'll give you three minutes by the watch to take off your masks and let me see who you are. If you don't do it I shall try what a sprinkling of duck-shot will do for that idiot with the hawk's head.'

"Folks in those parts knew me pretty well, and knew that when I said 'shoot' I meant it. I expected that the men would tumble over one another to get their masks off in a hurry, but not one of them paid the least attention to me. Hawk-head and his female friend kept on walking up and down, and the other two stopped where they were, and didn't so much as condescend to notice me. So after waiting a little over three minutes I fired, calculating to fill the hawk-headed man's legs full of lead, and then to teach him the error of his ways. Just as I fired a gust of wind blew the smoke into my eyes, though as the windows were tight shut, I wondered where the wind came from. When the smoke got out of my eyes there wasn't a soul in that parlour. The whole gang had vanished without leaving so much as a shoestring behind them.

"I was so nearly knocked silly when I saw what had happened, that I had just strength enough to reach a chair, and drop into it. I sat there, waiting for my heart to slow down, and expecting every minute that Mrs. Smedley would rush out of her room, and scream murder for all she was worth. But she never showed up, and I found out in the morning that she had taken the sound of the gun for a clap of thunder, and thought no more about it.

"I hadn't been scared up to that time, but now I was in a regular funk. I thought that at last I had got the right hang of the matter, Says I to myself, 'you've got the delirium tremens, sure as a gun. You'll see snakes within the next twenty-four hours, and you'll probably die, and be preached about as an awful warning against intemperance.' Considering I never drank anything, except a little whisky once in a blue moon, I thought it was pretty hard that I should have the delirium tremens without any liquor to show for it. But there was no denying the fact, as I thought I was seeing the worst sort of visions, and I couldn't do that unless my intellects were out of gear. I made up my mind that I would go and see the doctor the first thing in the morning, and when I was able to get on my legs again and find my way into bed, I was about as miserable as a man could be.

"Our doctor—old Doctor Starkweather—was one of the smartest men in his profession in the whole state of Minnesota. He knew all there was to know about a man's interior and what was good for it; and he knew besides, a lot of things that hardly anybody else knew. One of them was Egyptian affairs. He could tell you the names of all the Egyptian kings, and how they came to be elected, and what their policy was about the tariff, and such things. They said he could read Egyptian writing, as easy as you or I could read the spelling book.

"I went round to his office just as soon as I had had my breakfast, and said to him, 'Doc! I've been seeing things, and I'm clean off my head.'

"'Rubbish!' says he. 'You're not a drinking man, and you couldn't see things if you tried. You haven't got imagination enough to have a nightmare.'

"'Of course I have always been a sober man,' says I, 'but all the same, I've been seeing a whole lot of things that don't exist. Why, doc! for the last two or three nights, I've seen people with animal heads, and Arab clothes, promenading round my house, as free and easy as you choose. And I've shot at them, and, so far as I could judge, the shot went clean through them, without hurting anything but the furniture. You tell me what that means, if it don't mean that I'm off my head.'

"'It does sound sort of luny, and that's a fact,' says the doctor. 'Just you tell me the whole story from beginning to end, and don't leave out the things that you think ain't of any importance. They're the very

things that a doctor wants to hear.' Well! I told him all about it. I didn't even forget to mention the strange bull that came among my cattle, for I had begun to think he was imaginary, just like the folks that came into my house. The doctor sat and listened without saying a word, and when I was through he asked me if I had ever read anything about Egypt.

"'Nothing except what's in the Bible,' says I.

"Starkweather got up and brought me a big book with a lot of pictures in it. 'You look through that,' says he, 'and tell me if you find any of your friends that have been making free with your house.'

"I looked at the pictures, and there were all the folks that I had seen, and a lot more. There was the hawk-headed chap as natural as life, and the fellow with the dog's head, and the woman with the cat's head, and the owner of the bird of paradise head-gear; and there were their names—Anubis, and Isis, and Pasht, and so on. I turned back to the first page of the book, and found that it was an account of the Egyptian gods.

"I'd never seen the book before, and I had never heard of the Egyptian gods by name. I supposed that the Egyptians had bowed down to wood and stone, as the hymn said, but according to this book their gods were exactly like the people I had seen in my house.

"I looked at the doctor, and I says: 'Well! I'll be everlastingly gosh darned!'

"'You're no more crazy than I am,' says Starkweather. 'Why, man, you've seen the gods of Egypt, right here in Minnesota. It's the most wonderful thing that has ever happened, and I can't tell you how I envy you.'

"Why, man, you've seen the gods of Egypt right here in Minnesota."

"'Do you mean to say,' says I, 'that the Egyptian gods were ever alive, and they are living still, and gallivanting round my house? Tell me something easier. I can't take that in, even when you tell it to me.'"

"'Mr. Griffin,' says the doctor, 'I've learned one thing in the course of my life, and that is not to disbelieve anything without good evidence. Some folks won't believe anything unless they have proof of it, and I don't say they are wrong, but where most everybody makes a mistake is in disbelieving things that seem improbable. Now up to this morning I should probably have said that the Egyptian gods were a delusion and an imposture, but you see now I should have been wrong. Here's sufficient proof they are alive and

haunting your house; and being a sensible man I believe it. Just you think a bit. How could you imagine that you saw five distinct gods—for that bull that visited you was Apis, who was a leading god among the Egyptians—and describe their exact appearance, when you had never even heard that there were such gods? Suppose you should see four men in your parlour, whose appearance was peculiar, and you should afterwards see the photographs of those men? Wouldn't you know that you had really met them, and that you were not dreaming when you saw them in your parlour or walking up your garret stairs? If you don't believe that you have seen the Egyptian gods just you explain the thing in some other way, if you can. You'll have a good time doing it.'

"'Doc,' says I, 'I've always been in the habit of believing that what you didn't know wasn't worth knowing, but this thing gets me. If you'd said that Jonah's private whale was swimming around in your duck pond, or that Balaam's ass was in your back garden making a speech in favour of the democratic ticket, I could believe you, for Jonah's whale and Balaam's ass were Biblical animals, and consequently any sort of miracle might happen about them. But when you say that my house is infested by Egyptian gods, you ask me to believe like the heathen do, and not like an American Christian.'

"'Oh! very well,' says the doctor. 'If you prefer to believe that you've got delirium tremens by drinking Mississippi water, suit yourself. Only I wish you'd let me come over to your house to-night, and have a look at the gods. Perhaps if I saw them as well as you, that would convince you that what I've been saying is true.'

"Of course I asked the doctor to come over and see the show, so that night he came over to my house, and we sat up till midnight in my room, waiting for the gods to show up. They were late that night, but just after twelve I saw the chap with the hawk's head stealing upstairs, as cautious as a burglar with india-rubber shoes.

"'That's Horus,' says the doctor. 'Now perhaps you'll believe what I told you.'

"'I give in,' says I. 'If you see him he must be real.' And with that the whole gang of gods came creeping upstairs, making for the garret, as I judged. There were more of them than ever, and two or three of the new comers wore heads like human beings, which showed, according to my idea, that they were high-class gods.

"'There's nothing in your garret,' says the doctor, 'that came from Egypt? No jewellery, nor nothing of that sort?'

"'Hold on,' says I. 'There's a mummy there, though I'd forgot all about it. Can that have anything to do with this business?'

"'Of course it has,' says the doctor. 'That mummy is probably the mummy of some priest, or king, or other important Egyptian, that was put under the special care of the gods. If you'd mentioned the mummy to me this morning it would have explained the whole business, but that's the way folks always do when they consult a doctor. They never think to mention things that would give him real information. It's that mummy that draws the gods here, and as long as you have it in the house you'll be overrun with them.'

"'Doc!' says I, 'I'll make you a present of that mummy! You take it over to your house, and the gods will follow it. If you're partial to that sort of society, you can have it all, so far as I am concerned.'

"Starkweather just jumped at the offer, for he wasn't afraid of anything. He said the opportunity of investigating the gods of Egypt was priceless, and he started instantly for home to make a place for the mummy where his wife wouldn't find it. You never saw a man more pleased than he was, though I couldn't for the life of me see why a man should be pleased by my giving him the means of baiting his house for gods, and so clearing the nuisances off my premises.

"We carried the mummy over to the doctor's house early in the morning, before anybody was out of bed, and the doctor put it in his office in a corner, and stood a bookcase before it.

"'There,' says he, 'I reckon that the gods will be on hand to-night, and I'll interview them, though I shouldn't wonder if it might prove to be a little risky.'

"'What language do you calculate to talk to them?' says I.

"'I shall try them with Arabic,' says Starkweather. 'Perhaps they've learned it in the course of the last thousand or two years. Mebbe they'll consider it sacrilege for me to ask them questions, but in the interests of science I shan't stop to consider their prejudices. If they do cut up rough, why I shall have to promise to offer a sacrifice in my back yard. That will probably smooth them down.'

"She found Starkweather lying dead on the office floor."

"What happened the following night in the doctor's office nobody ever knew. His wife afterwards told me that she didn't get asleep as soon as usual that night, and she heard the doctor talking in his office with somebody, but she naturally thought he was talking with a patient. By and by she heard a heavy fall, and after it got to be hours beyond the doctor's usual time for coming to bed, she went down stairs to see what was the matter. She found Starkweather lying dead on his office floor; and the screaming that she did roused the house in no time.

"Of course there was an inquest, and it was decided that the doctor had died of a stroke of apoplexy. But there was one mighty queer thing about it which nobody could explain.

"There was a blue mark on the doctor's chest, which one doctor who testified said was precisely like a mark he had once seen on the chest of a man who had been killed by a stroke of lightning; but as it was certain that nobody had heard thunder in the night, and that the sky had been without a cloud for a full week, of course Starkweather could not possibly have been struck by lightning.

"I took the opportunity while the funeral was getting ready to steal that mummy, and take it back to my house. I didn't lose any time in chopping it up, and putting the pieces on the fire. It blazed like soft coal, and in a little

le there was nothing left of it but es. I never saw a single god after t, and I needn't say that I didn't want see any. My idea always was that rkweather had taken some sort of rty with some one of the gods, and t in some peculiar way the gods made end of him.

'That's why I advise you to have no- ıg whatever to do with mummies. You might buy a mummy and be none the worse for it; and then again you might happen on one that would fill your house with gods, which would be worse than any of the original plagues of Egypt. Total abstinence from mummies is the only safe way; and if you're the reasonable man that I take you to be, I've probably convinced you of it; at all events I've given you pretty fair warning.

MY LADY

By JAMES GRAHAM

MY lady frowns, and darkly lowers
The coming storm; o'er moor and lea
A cold wind shakes the drooping flowers,
And to his hive returns the bee.
The birds on every shaking bough
Have ceased their song, and shivering sit,
"The storm will soon be on us now—
A perfect deluge, too, I wit."
The lapwing, with her note forlorn,
Calls out in anguish o'er the downs,
As if her very soul was torn
With hopeless grief. My lady frowns.

My lady sighs—a little rift
Of blue comes peeping through the grey,
And slow the flowers their petals lift—
"An anxious moment this," they say.
The birds begin to softly chirp,
And move a little on the tree,
And try to get a tiny peep,
To see what's really going to be.
The lapwing, too, though weather-proof,
Has ceased her wild discordant cries;
One valiant sparrow mounts the roof,
There yet is hope. My lady sighs.

My lady smiles, the sun comes out,
And gilds the whole wide world anew;
The exultant songsters dart about,
And pour their carols to the blue.
Each tiny floweret lifts its head
To meet the sunbeam's tender kiss,
And dreams within its cosy bed
That life is full of perfect bliss.
And I, I think the very same—
The happiest in these happy isles;
There ne'er was verse my joy to frame,
When lovingly my lady smiles.

AN OLD ENGLISH GATE-HOUSE

By S. M. WATT

IN the North of Lincolnshire, on the great plain that sweeps down to the Humber, stands in isolated grandeur the most beautiful gate-house in England. Built in the fourteenth century, it formed the majestic entrance to the Abbey of St. Mary of Thornton, the whole precincts of which once covered 100 acres, surrounded by moat and ramparts. Of the Abbey itself only a fragment of the south transept wall, and a part of the octagonal Chapter House remain. A traveller who visited Thornton in 1697 was amazed at the number of statues and rich Gothic ornaments which he found there; but in the following century the ruins were ruthlessly carted away as valuable building material in a district where stone is scarce. This vandalism was put an end to in 1816, when the Abbey became the property of the Yarborough family. The Gate-house is seldom visited by the tourist. Students of Gothic architecture are familiar with its name, for it is frequently cited as one of the most perfect specimens of the transition from Late Decorated to Early Perpendicular.

Although so little trace remains of this once famous monastic house, yet of its history there exists a more complete and interesting chronicle than of any other foundation of the same period; but that too seems neglected and forgotten—a paper folio, lying among the Tanner Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library. It was written anonymously, and in very imperfect Latin, by one of the canons who had free access to the archives of the Abbey, probably between 1500 and 1536. It covers a period of nearly four hundred years, but only a small portion of it has been translated.

This nameless annalist tells us that the Abbey of Thornton was founded in the reign of King Stephen, on St. Hilary's Day, 1139, by William le Gros, who, forty years later, chose it as his last resting-place from among the many religious houses he had built in Normandy and England. The great-grandson of this "eminent founder of monasteries," as the annalist calls him, died at Amiens in 1260, and he also chose to be buried at Thornton that his body might lie at his mother's feet. His heart he left to the Convent at Meaux, to be placed near his daughter who had been buried there in the presbytery.

Thornton was founded as a Priory for Black Canons—a strict Augustinian order of Presbyters—and clerks preparing for the ministry, organised by St. Augustine in 395, but not constituted an Order till 1061, by Pope Alexander II. Introduced from Normandy by Lanfranc, the Order seems to have flourished on English soil, for at the Dissolution the Black Canons possessed 175 monastic establishments. A kinsman of William le Gros was Prior of Kirkham, in Yorkshire, an earlier foundation belonging to the same Order, and he installed twelve of his canons at Thornton to form the new community, making one of their number the first prior.

A hard, stern life they led, in those early days. Roused from sleep for a long midnight service, they had again to assemble in the chapel before daybreak. Prayer being ended, they went out into the misty dawn to work in field or garden until noon, with one short interval for more chanting and prayer, followed by a frugal meal, at which wine was allowed on Saturdays and Sundays, and of which they partook in utter silence. From noon till three o'clock they were permitted to read, and from that hour till dusk more manual labour. Such was the daily routine. We

Photo by T. Vickers, Goxhill.

GATE-HOUSE AT THORNTON ABBEY: EAST FRONT.

can picture them on the level Lincolnshire fields, dressed in their long black cassocks and white rochets, wearing the square caps and long beards which distinguished them from monks of the same order. As an outer garment they wore a black cloak or hood.

As rich endowments flowed in, the Abbots of Thornton seem to have departed from this simplicity of life, for in 1393 we find that Thomas de Gretham, the fourteenth Abbot, was deposed for conduct so reprehensible that the two leaves of the chronicle on which it is recorded have been torn out, and a foot-note explains that this was done to prevent scandal to the Church. It was this Thomas de Gretham, who, in 1380, obtained permission from Richard II. to build the great fortified gate-house. The position of the Abbey near the mouth of the Humber probably made it advisable to have a place of refuge in case of invasion. And so they built this lordly castle, with its six embattled turrets, and rich Gothic ornament, which also served as a residence for the Abbot.

In 1443 the annalist makes this sinister entry regarding Thomas Multon, the eighteenth Abbot. "He hath no obit as the other Abbots have, and the place of his burial has not been found." But Stukeley, who visited the ruins in 1722, gives us information which sheds a somewhat ghastly light on this subject. He tells us that, in taking down an old wall in the Abbey, a human skeleton was found immured with a table, book, and candlestick. Tradition has always asserted that one of the Abbots underwent this dread penalty, but whether it was meted out to Thomas de Gretham or Walter Multon has not been ascertained.

From this dark picture it is a relief to turn to a more genial aspect of life at St. Mary of Thornton. In 1517 the Abbot, Thomas Butterwick, obtained a bull, empowering him and his successors to wear the mitre, and all the other ornaments pertaining to his office. He furnished the guest rooms with beds that had hanging curtains, bought an organ, and gave to the persons who presided in the choir a roasted pig on Sunday for dinner. "For

which, and other good works," says the annalist, "God rest his soul."

We now come to the days of the last Abbot, Edmond Sotheby. He it was who held the crozier when Henry VIII. and his Queen, Catherine Howard, visited Thornton Abbey in 1546, and the Abbot and his Canons swept out through the great gateway to meet the royal guests. Henry was returning from his progress in the north, undertaken with the object of meeting at York, in the middle of September, his young nephew, King James V. of Scotland. This meeting was prevented by Cardinal Beaton—a step which led to the disasters that overwhelmed Scotland in the following year. The tragic defeat of Solway Moss, followed a few days later by the death of the broken-hearted king, to whom, in his last dark hours, the news of the birth of his little daughter, Marie Stuart, came only as a harbinger of further woe. "*It came with a lass, with a lass it will go.*"

On their return journey, Henry and his queen crossed the Humber at Barrow, on October 5th, and spent some days at Thornton Abbey. At a Cabinet Council held here on October 8th we find it decreed—in answer to a petition presented to Henry two days previously—"that Sir Ralph Longford should, before All Hallow Tide, recompense the poor man whose cattle were distrained [illegible] ground called Calwydge Staff for his [illegible] of payment of rent," an interesting decree, coming from a king at that moment calculating the benefits that would accrue to him through the confiscation of the wealth belonging to the Abbey. On the return of the Court from this royal progress the impeachment of Catherine Howard took place, and some of the misdeeds attributed to her were assigned to her stay in Lincolnshire.

At the close of the same year the Abbey of Thornton was dissolved. Its staff of twenty-one servants was dismissed, among them a larderer and potager, a master cook with three boys, two swineherds, a keeper of ducks and wildfowl, a curer of herrings, and the sub-cellarer's boy. The mere names give a glimpse of monastic life in the Tudor Period. The Abbot was granted a pension of £8 a year, and each of the six Canons received one of £1 13s. 4d. Henry was not altogether unmindful of his magnificent reception at Thornton, for he left the greater portion of the lands to endow a college, which in its turn was dissolved twelve years later.

In 1549 the Abbey was leased to the Bishop of Lincoln; afterwards to his son, and then passed by sale from one family to another, till, in 1816, it became the property of the Yarborough family, to

OBVERSE.

REVERSE.

MEDAL OF POPE INNOCENT XII.

Found in the Old Creek at Thornton Abbey, and reproduced by the kind permission of Lord Yarborough. The Inscription on the reverse reads "SINUM SUUM APERVIT EGENIS"—*He opens his breast to those in want.*

Photo by T. Vickers, Goxhill.

GATE-HOUSE AT THORNTON ABBEY: WEST FRONT.

whom it still belongs. Recently Lord Yarborough has had the ruins fenced in. A caretaker's cottage, carefully designed to harmonise as far as possible with the architecture of the gate-house, has been erected in the courtyard where the granary, store-house, and brew-house of the Abbey formerly stood; and he has generously thrown open to the public the gate-house and the ruins of the Abbey.

No restorations disfigure the beautiful old building, but since 1816 it has been re-roofed in a skillfully unobtrusive manner, and most carefully preserved. In the course of recent improvements a relic of the visit of Henry VIII. to Thornton was dug up, in the shape of a small silver coin bearing that king's image and superscription, and the two keys that show it had been struck at York.

In cleaning out the creek at Thornton, a bronze medal of Pope Innocent XII. was found by one of the labourers.

Finding myself in Lincolnshire last year in the late autumn, I re-visited Thornton. In one of his marvellous word-pictures of his native country that he loved so well, Tennyson has described the landscape, in the midst of which the gate-house stands, exactly as it looked that afternoon.

> " . . . . A full-fed river winding slow
> By herds upon an endless plain,
> The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
> With shadow-streaks of rain."

And no more harmonious setting could be found for this majestic gate-house, now fallen into disuse, the Abbey to which it formed the entrance being almost obliterated from the face of the earth. The old iron-studded doors moved creakily on their massive hinges, and a group of aged elm trees, clustering round the hoary walls, swayed and muttered mournfully in the melancholy west wind.

In "Thornton Abbey," a poem written in 1838 we find the following description of the gateway as it looked in the days of its glory:

> "Meanwhile the Knight and all his state
> Inspect the Abbey's stately gate.
> Complete with all that should belong
> To military fortress strong.

He views the iron-studded doors,
The vaulted roof, and corridors,
And turrets through whose pierced walls
Machiolate, the weight might fall
Of scalding streams of molten lead
Upon besiegers' fated head.
Now passing up the newel stairs,
To a large chamber he repairs,
In whose fair bay of painted glass
The priest to workmen said the mass;
A numerous troop, whose skilful toil
Had finished now the stately pile."

The gate-house is built of brick, with stone dressings, and is indeed one of the earliest specimens of brickwork, not Roman, to be seen in England. Four octagonal turrets divide the west front into three compartments, filled with five niches, three in the centre division and one on each side. The niches are double storied, with very rich canopies, and were originally filled with ten statues, only six of which remain.

The Three Persons of the Trinity occupy the three central upper niches, the middle figure placing a crown on the head of the Virgin, who occupies the centre niche on the lower stage. On her right is St. John the Baptist with the lamb, on her left the figure of a bishop, probably St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, in Africa, from whom the order took its name. Where the turrets flank the central archway, they are ornamented with brackets supported by crouching figures, and surmounted with beautifully wrought canopies. The façade is extended on each side by a flanking wall, ending in a round turret. All the six turrets were formerly crowned with battlements. The barbican in front of the gate-house is a more recent addition, and was probably built about the beginning of the sixteenth century.

As we pass under the central archway, flanked on each side by blank arches, and ornamented with very graceful hanging foliations, we come to one of the most beautiful details of the gate-house—its wonderful vaulting. The mouldings of the ribs intersect, a very rare feature in English Gothic ; I have seen it only in York and Beverley Minsters, though it is frequently found in German vaulting. The carving of the corbels and bosses is especially bold and spirited.

The East Front is divided into similar compartments, but instead of canopied niches, they contain two lovely windows—that in the lower stage being considered one of the most beautiful oriels in existence. The upper mullioned window, under its low four-centred arch, is also a thing of great beauty.

A newel staircase, with most delicately sculptured roof, leads to the large *hospitium*, or "guesten hall." Above this hall was another large room, probably the armoury, but the floor between has disappeared, and the lower hall is open to the roof. The walls of the Gate-house are nearly six feet thick, and many mural chambers and passages, and small turret-rooms, surround the two large central halls. The "guesten hall" is lighted by the oriel window already mentioned. The piscina and aumbrey in the bay show that this beautiful window, facing the rising sun, was used as an oratory; and here an early mass was always celebrated before the departure of travellers.

With this tender light on the old monastic life of England, in the days when, in many instances, "The property of the Church was the heritage of the poor, and the abbot's crozier was a more ready protection of the oppressed than the sword of the baron, or the tongue of the courtier," I close these memories of Thornton Abbey and its magnificent Gate-house.

LIST OF WORKS USED IN COMPILING THIS PAPER.

"Reports and Papers of the Associated Architectural Societies." Vol. II. Containing paper by F. Pindar Lowe. (1852.)
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Dugdale's "Monasticon."
"Letters and Papers of the reign of Henry VIII."
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THE MUMMER'S SERVICE

By DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY

PART I

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Or the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages."

THE words broke with a sobbing breath, and Sir Richard Hurrell, who had drawn rein to hearken, turned in his saddle to see whence such sounds could come.

"Fear no more——"

Again that stifled sob, and the voice died quite away. There was no human form to be seen on all the lonely sweep of moorland, and Sir Richard, listening in the deep silence, felt a sudden fear strike chill on him. A moment he waited, not stirring, while the wind caught at his crimson scarf and blew back his floating hair; then his impatient horse, pawing sharply on the stones of the path, aroused him.

"Tush!" he muttered, "A ghost would scarce lament in Will Shakspeare's words; but I will search out the secret, and that speedily."

Dismounting, he flung his bridle rein over the branch of a gnarled and stunted oak, and forced his way through the tangled growth fringing the bridle track. After he had thus broken a path for some three paces, the breast high bracken and bramble ceased suddenly, and a clear space opened before him. A single grey boulder rose gaunt and bare in the midst, and beside it knelt a girl, bowed over the fallen form of a man. It was from her, doubtless, had come the sounds of words and weeping, for the silent lips of her companion would assuredly never part again. Sir Richard advanced slowly, and not until he was close to her did the girl hear his footstep; then she half turned, flinging out her arm as if in protection, across the still thing no earthly power could harm. So the two fronted each other for a moment. Then the girl dropped her hand, and Sir Richard, who had doffed his hat as one unwittingly entering a holy place, drew a step nearer.

"May I not help you, fair mistress?" he questioned. "You are alone, in sore trouble."

"There is none can help me," she answered sadly.

"But surely," he urged, "surely you would have aid summoned in such extremity?"

"Aid?" she repeated the word in the same dull tone, "What aid can avail? He is dead——" and with that her calm failed her. "Dead!" she cried, "gone from me! Since I must be alone henceforth, why need I turn to others now? Had you not come upon me, I had begun here now to make ready——"

She did not end in words, but signed to where, near by, the outline of a grave was traced upon the sod; near it lay a rough and rusted spade.

Sir Richard looked at her in amaze:

"Would you lay him here?" he asked. "It is not holy ground."

She sprang to her feet and faced him, a sudden fire in her eyes, which seemed to burn away her tears.

"It is free," she cried, "holier than many of your churches now. Would I go to yon Puritans——?" she checked herself, "but you are not of these: I crave your pardon, and would you indeed be helpful to me, then will you aid me to break this earth: it is bitter labour for a daughter's hands."

"He was your father?" and the youth looked down at the dead man, seeing a nobly featured face, much worn, and with bitter lines round the mouth, which death had not yet smoothed away. Then

he glanced at the maiden: she was beautiful, he thought, though haggard with grief: there was something quaint and strange in her attire, though it was of sombre hue. His wonder grew as he gazed; what manner of people were these, and how came this man to drop dead by the way, uncared for?

"And you desire no service?" he ventured, after a moment.

"Only the dirge he loved best," she returned, "I strove once to say it, but my voice failed me: I am stronger now."

And very softly, yet with a voice that seemed to fill the silence like music, she repeated the sweet old lines. Sir Richard, standing a little apart, with the solemn service of his church echoing in his thought, could not but own to himself that these words, too, were fair and fitting.

> "Fear no more the frown o' the great,
> Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
> Care no more to clothe or eat;
> To thee the reed is as the oak:
> The sceptre, learning, physic, must
> All follow this, and come to dust."

The rising wind moaned a wild amen, and then there was silence for a space on the desolate hillside.

Few more words passed between the two till after the grave had been dug and lined with the yellowing bracken. When the earth was heaped above the dead, and the maiden had laid thereon some sprays of the late wild honeysuckle which grew hard by, they rested for a little beside the great stone; the one wearied with his toil, the other spent with her grief.

"He loved those words so well?" asked Sir Richard at length, following out his own thought.

"Ay," she answered softly, "he loved the play—I am named Imogen because of it."

"Mayhap your father was himself a poet?"

"No," she returned, "a player." She caught his look of wonderment, and went quickly on. "Had he lived in Shakspeare's day, the world had known him; but now — more and more have ye banished all fair things from life. When the King left London, yon sour fanatics reft the city of all beauty and pageantry. Since then we have wandered homeless, till at length my father turned his steps hither — to his own land — to die. Methinks 'twas partly grief and wrath that slew him; he wasted day by day, and yet he would not rest. 'Twas ever his lament that I was not a son to learn his art of him; 'for then I should not wholly perish,' he said. When we came to this place he could scarce walk. I won him to rest by this stone, but he was strange and fevered. He saw yon rusted spade—some peasant, belike, had left it here when called to the war, 'And that,' he said, 'will serve for my grave,' and would strive to draw himself the line. But when he saw I wept he comforted me: 'Nay, child, nay, who would weep for a dream? and what are we more? such stuff as dreams——' and his voice ceased, for he was very weak. So we abode for some two hours, and I brought him water from yonder brook. Then on a sudden he drew down my head and kissed me. 'To die,' he whispered, 'to die—to sleep'—and therewith—indeed—he slept."

"At least he did desire to rest," murmured Richard, longing to give some comfort, yet feeling strangely powerless.

"'Tis of that I strive to think," she answered, with a grateful glance. "The world has grown bitter to him, empty of all joy; ''Tis a time of darkness,' he would say, 'and when men will so distort themselves I marvel not they will that none shall hold the mirror up to them.' Yet he deemed ever that a fairer day should come, and the sun of majesty make full summer again for England. Methinks, had I been a son, he would have been content, thinking all might come to me which he had missed. 'Poor wench,' he would sigh, 'thou hast the true spirit for't; I might have made thee great.' But why is't

She half turned, flinging out her arm as if in protection.

L—2

that women should not play?" and Imogen turned on Sir Richard with sudden passion.

"Nay, I know not," returned he, "I had never thought on't; but sure it is that her Majesty the Queen loves well the masques at Court, wherein also her ladies take part, no man gainsaying them."

"Lo you now!" cried the girl, half starting up, "there is no cause that it should not be so. 'Tis such folly that all Shakspeare's rare ladies — and the great Duchess—she of Malfi — should be played ever by dull-witted boys: what should they know of woman's love and grief? Oftentimes, when I watched them, I could have cried scorn on them from my heart. I knew how each movement should rightly go—every glance and sigh; from my soul I knew it; yet, while they mouthed and strutted, 'twas for me to sit silent and feel it all within me like a fire. Truly, my father had not all the grief."

"They are rare plays," said Richard; "Shakspeare is our King's best-loved writer. 'Tis cruel folly that these Puritans should desire to exile him from among us, for his words be right noble."

"Methinks I know them well nigh all," said Imogen softly, "and the men and women he wrought have been my friends all my days; I have loved and grieved with them. Life is the better for such writing, and death——" her voice broke for a moment, "death is nobler. Mind you how Egypt's Queen passed out of life: died she not royally? 'I am fire and air.'"

As the girl spoke she sprang to her feet and stood quivering, rapt, her beautiful face all alight with the passion to which her voice gave utterance. Across Sir Richard's mind, as he watched her, flashed the thought that for this strange, wild, beautiful creature a man might perchance be content to lose the little kingdom that was his. And yet—and as though before his very eyes there passed another face, sweet and fair and grave; he smiled after it as it vanished.

The fire died in a moment from Imogen's eyes, and she flung herself prone on the short, thick grass.

"I forget," she moaned, "I forget; all is over and my father dead. The Puritans have had their will."

Sir Richard waited till her grief was somewhat stilled, then he touched her arm gently.

"It waxes late," he said, "and we are far from any dwelling; let me seek you some shelter for the night."

"I cannot leave him yet," she pleaded; then she shuddered, looking across the narrow gorge to a high surge of the moor, purple and gold in the westering light. "Folk say," she whispered, "that evil things haunt the waste moorland places."

"I have never seen aught of them," he answered, "and I am of these parts."

"You dwell near by?" she said musingly, "and now you ride to fight for the King?"

"You have sharp eyes and a keen wit," he rejoined, smiling; "yes, I ride to fight for the King. My father's brother, Ralph Hurrell, led forth all the men we could raise when first the Standard was set up; but not long agone he came home to us, having gotten a shrewd blow yonder at Stratton. Then, for it seemed grievous to him that none of our house was under arms for the King, he won leave of my mother (who has no child save me) that I might go in his stead. But I choose to join his Majesty's own army, not enduring to abide in these parts, and fight, mayhap, beside the wild Cornishmen against mine own Devon folk. How came you to read the truth?"

"Nay, but I read more," said Imogen; "methinks, though you go to draw the sword for the King, you go not with so fierce a heart as I should bear were I a man set against these rebels and fanatics. Pardon me if I speak amiss; but is it not even so?"

"Even so," assented Sir Richard, a sudden gravity in his voice and mien. "I do confess that my heart is often

weighed down with a fear lest the right be not wholly upon our side. Ah, 'tis more than a fear, 'tis well-nigh a certainty."

"A certainty?" echoed Imogen, regarding him with wondering eyes.

Sir Richard began pacing up and down the short grass with a restless look, and when he spoke 'twas as one rehearsing a well-known argument.

"Tis, alas, not to be doubted that much of ill and injustice hath been wrought in the King's name, albeit I would fain hope his Majesty knows but little thereof; yet instead of striving to remedy these evils, he hath drawn the sword upon his people. I would 'twere otherwise!"

"But you fight for him; you are on his side!" cried the girl eagerly.

"I fight for him, yes; my house hath been ever loyal to the Crown; neither can I think it would bring aught save misery to England to have her ancient order overthrown. Now that the King is in need and peril, 'tis no time to think on his errors: my poor sword and life are his. Yet those on the other side —nay, frown not, fair Imogen, I mean not such sour fanatics as would overthrow our churches with our play-houses, but those brave men who seek but justice and freedom—I cannot find it in my heart to hate them. Truly 'tis a sore strait, and my soul is oftentimes rent with unavailing pity."

He fell silent, a troubled look in his grave, grey eyes; but Imogen laid her hand upon his arm, and fixed an eager glance on him, as though she would have flashed the fire of her spirit into his.

"Take it not so," she urged; "be glad you can fight for the Cause; be glad of your sword and your strength! Those that be against you would deface all goodliness and kingship; they would leave naught of this brave England, save gaps and heaps of ruin. Would I were a man for this quarrel—ay, to fight beside you, and fall perchance——" She ceased suddenly, in a confusion which Sir Richard did not understand; then she spoke again, very softly and sadly. "We must part now: I have no words for all that I would say; he would thank you," and she signed towards the grave.

"It is little I have done," returned Sir Richard, "but now, I pray you, tell me this: have you a home whither you may go?"

She shook her head mutely, and Sir Richard gazed at her in dismay: her youth and womanhood stirred all the chivalry within him, and she was very beautiful. He spoke at length, somewhat slowly, "We dwell not much over a score of miles from here; Hurrell Hall, 'tis close on Thornleigh," he paused a moment debating some question with himself. "There is a shepherd's hut less than a mile away—yonder, where you may rest the night; then—Imogen, let me take you to my home." The last words came from him abruptly, and Imogen lifted her eyes to him in silence; there was a look in them which he could not read, but it awed him. "My mother will welcome you," he said, the more firmly for some inner doubt, "I will tell her your story and she will love you, she and—my cousin Maud." Without his will or knowledge his voice lingered tenderly over the name, as there rose again before him the vision of his gentle, gold-haired cousin, seated at her broidery frame, or spinning wheel, praying, perchance, for him.

He looked towards Imogen; all the light and life, all the strange secret tumult which had thrilled through her a moment since, were gone; she leaned back against the grey rock, her every line pathetic with weariness; but she met his gaze steadfastly enough.

"It may not be, true knight," she said, "I must abide by my life; no place is made for me in any home. I shall be safe—I have yet some gold pieces and, hidden here, a dagger. Nay, tempt me not!" she cried, with a note of tears in her voice.

"Then we shall not meet again?" said Sir Richard gravely.

"Nay, but we shall assuredly meet again," she answered passionately; "then perchance, it may be given to me to show my thanks—speak them I could not, though I should call down all the blessings of heaven to circle you round about. Now farewell! Go on your way; I will kneel here by his grave yet a moment ere I seek that whereof you told me. Farewell!" and with one of her sudden movements, she caught his hand and kissed it.

Moved almost to tears, Sir Richard bent over her.

"What will thy life be, Imogen?"

She gave him a wild, sweet smile:

"Grieve not for me; perchance there is yet left some 'bright particular star,' even for me: I will follow it."

"Remember my name, Richard Hurrell, shouldest thou need my aid. Thou wilt not forget?"

"Forget!" she answered him, with one glance, then moved away to the grave, whither he dared not follow her. Looking back more than once, he saw the slight, lonely figure kneeling there.

The shadows gathered about the desolate place though the red sun still touched the highest crests with crimson. The voice of the stream rose up to meet the cry of the wind:

> "Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
> Or the furious winter's rages—"

PART II

THE 19th day of the same month of September, in the year 1643, the heights round Newbury, even as the town itself, were thronged with armed men.

Sir Richard Hurrell, riding slowly in as the twilight fell, found himself bewildered by the tumult: soldiers' songs echoing from all sides were broken by the sharp crash of oaths, and mingled with the rattle of arms, and the beat of martial footsteps. After supping scantily at an inn where he could not find even a loft to rest in, Sir Richard wandered forth into the stirring town. A battle, he heard, was awaited, and all was haste and eagerness. The new-comer could find no officer of note with whom to seek enrolment. Some were in council with the King and Prince Rupert (who were at variance, men whispered, concerning the morrow's movements); others were inspecting their men; yet others drinking confusion to the approaching foe. Filled with unrest and excitement, Sir Richard called for his horse, and passing through one of the gates made for a line of fires some distance from the town. Challenged twice or thrice, he still held on, a thrill in every nerve, and longing only for action. Reaching at length his goal, he found a row of watch-fires and what seemed to his unwonted eye a host of men couched around and near them. Dismounting, he drew cautiously nearer; all was as still near those groups of wearied men as it had been tumultuous in the town, and his mood changed as he gazed. They were on a heathy stretch, where the light of the fires died away, uncertain and ineffectual in the gloom. Here and there the flames were glinted back by corselet or musket barrel, or their glow lit up a face with sudden clearness, or, mayhap, singled out a hand flung forth open and lax with sleep—it might have been death. Sir Richard, looking on the sleeping forms, could not but think how they might lie on the morrow, huddled and lifeless in the swathe of battle. A sigh broke from him.

"A sorry night for England!" he muttered; then he started, for a voice behind him asked abruptly:

"Who is it speaks in this wise? Methought all were mad for battle?"

Turning, he found himself face to face with a man of small stature, and no great grace of bearing: the face, as he saw it by the flickering light, was not comely, and much lined and worn; yet in the sad eyes was that which held the youth's gaze and forced him to answer with instinctive reverence:

"I, too, might be mad for battle, were it with any save mine own race: I

love not the thought of slaying or being slain by Englishmen. Methinks I would not shun war with all the world beside were we at peace among ourselves."

"Ay, peace!" echoed the stranger, with a bitter sigh.

"For myself," continued the youth, "I am Sir Richard Hurrell, at your service. I reached Newbury but this night, and seek me a place for the battle which all men foretell."

"A battle there will assuredly be," rejoined his companion, "and 'tis most like some part of His Majesty's troops will take possession of this very heath. Essex is yonder on Bigg's Hill, I hear, better placed than I could wish: you might do worse, an' you shun not the strangeness and the night chill, then wrap yourself in your mantle and bide by one of the fires."

"That I will gladly do," cried Richard, "I have no desire to enter Newbury again this night, even could I find quarters."

"But you must have a 'paddee,' a horse-boy, to make a fire here apart and look to your steed."

Even as he spoke, a slim lad stepped out of the shadows and offered his services. He spoke with a shyness that seemed half sullen, and with the broad Devonshire accent. The elder man glanced keenly at him, and turned to Sir Richard.

"Will you trust him?"

"Oh, assuredly," answered Richard, in whose ears the uncouth speech had a friendly ring, "look to him, good lad!" and he tossed him the reins of his horse.

"So be it," said his companion. "Now I must to the town again, for some duties wait for me yet, and——" he paused, "I must prepare myself for the morrow as for a festival; methinks 'tis like to prove one for me. If you are here at daybreak when the men muster, I will strive to get you a place in Biron's regiment. I ride there myself as a volunteer. 'Tis like to be in the thick of the fighting—will that content you?"

"Ay, naught better," cried Richard, all aglow, "where you ride there will I follow."

"Nay, nay," said the stranger kindly, laying a hand on the youth's shoulder, "you will do your part, I doubt not; yet I would not, to-morrow, that you should follow me—all the way." He accented the last words somewhat strangely, Richard thought, but the next moment he added with a smile: "But you will scarce know how to seek me out and hold me to my word. Ask for the Viscount Falkland, and you will find me."

He was gone ere the astonished youth could answer. Lord Falkland! a name dear to every patriot, of whatever party. Richard repeated it with that pride and joy which young hearts feel in reverence. He slept before long, by the fire which his busy little servitor had built for him; but his dreams caught him away from Newbury and the coming fight, even from his new found hero, Lord Falkland, back to the player's lonely grave on the far-off moor. Through his sleep sounded Imogen's voice in words she had never spoken, and once he stirred and half woke, with the feeling he must look up and behold her face.

He could never remember the next morning save as a vague whirl of sound and motion. 'Twas not that he was not keenly alive to all at the time, but what came thereafter blurred all his memory. Roused at day-break, he snatched at his horse's bridle, finding the creature close beside him. The lad who tended him was gone; frightened away, doubtless, by some rough soldier, and without reward for his services, Richard thought angrily.

Dimly he recalled the ordering of the troops; he looked eagerly for a glimpse of King Charles, but failed to win one. For the rest, caught up in a surge of steel, amid shouts, commands, and strange faces, beaten hither and thither, he sought half-blindly for a place. He found Lord Falkland at length, and had one smile from him that he was not like to forget. Then he was in the ranks

and there came a space of waiting—hours or minutes, he knew not; but it seemed the form of the man before him grew into his brain. Afterwards he could see the very fashion of the broidery on his scarf—some woman's loving handiwork, doubtless.

Then the charge: Richard thought he had never known speed before—and a sudden crash. A bullet brought down his horse, which, in its agony, swerved wildly, throwing him aside from the line of charge—to which chance, most like, he owed his life. Staggering to his feet, giddy and half blind, Richard thought he was out of the battle ere well in it, but in a moment came a rush of some few of the enemy's men, bearing him back against a hedge. Glancing up, he saw, not far away, a banner with the device of the Parliament. The five Bibles and words "God with us" seemed to dance mockingly before him; all his peaceful desires and misgivings were forgotten, he longed fiercely to wrest some trophy from the foe. As he sprang forward again, a soldier of the enemy rushed on him. Richard saw the face sharply—rugged, grim-set, yet a right English face—ere he thrust at it with all his might; then the features seemed suddenly blotted out in a red blur, he did not think it was blood till the man lurched forward and fell at his feet. Ere he had got breath from this encounter, a mounted man spurred at him: he discharged his pistol, but unavailingly; saw his enemy's lifted in turn, and gave himself over for lost. Then something seemed flung violently against him, he was borne backward, and knew no more.

When Richard Hurrell roused from his swoon, his head still dizzy with the sharp blow he had received, the battle had surged away from that spot, leaving it strangely still. At the first moment he thought himself stricken for death, so strange a weight was on his heart, and all his breast drenched with a warm stream. But soon his strength returning, he raised himself a little, and found another body lying across his own: a mere lad, it seemed, clad in rough, travel-stained garments. Then he lifted himself wholly, freeing himself from this strange and terrible burden, and looked into the white face stamped, as even his unaccustomed eyes could see, with the seal of death. Beyond raged the battle, victory yet far from either side, and King and Cause were in deadly peril and sorest straits. Close by, hidden only by a curve in the leafy hedge, lay Lord Falkland, shot through the body, safe at last in the peace for which he had wearied. But of all these things Sir Richard Hurrell knew nothing, nor knowing would he have cared; for before him, in her poor disguise, lay Imogen, and his heart divined the meaning of her life and of her death.

He cared for her as best he might, stanched the deadly wound, and bathed her white lips with strong waters taken from a dead soldier's flask. But it was not his tendings that called her back from the borders of the shadow-land, but his voice, crying to her passionately.

At his summons her dark eyes opened and a glad smile, such as he had never seen on her lips before, gave him greeting.

"Do not speak!" he whispered, "nay, for I see it all—unworthy that I am—it was for me."

"I followed you," she faltered, "'twas the play—mine own name—helped me to the device; but this play hath another ending."

"Imogen—dear heart!" no thought of other love could hold him from the righteous disloyalty of that word.

She looked up at him; her eyes brimmed with such joy as he had never even conceived.

"'Twas very sweet," she murmured; then as her hand touched the rough cloth of her garment, "Lay your cloak over me; this is not fitting—the play is ended—ah, I am content at last. Let them bury me here," she whispered faintly. "Keep my secret, and—yes—here, the hedge-row flowers for me, I

"Pray you, love, remember."

ever loved them best. Is not yon a wild rose? I knew not they bloomed so late."

He brought her the fragrant blossom and she touched it gently like a child.

"The eglantine," she said, "'tis in the play, there where Fidele dies—but I forget the lines—I am—I think I could sleep."

Sir Richard, supporting her, and striving as best he might to master the grief that left him no power for words, thought she was gone; but suddenly she opened her eyes:

"There is one line I know yet," she said, "'Pray you, love, remember,'—nay, but that's not i' the play."

Again came silence. Then, with the last strength of the dying, she lifted herself, her kindling eyes seemed to seek one invisible to her companion, and she spoke as though in answer to a call.

"Ay, father," she cried, "thy wench hath played her part—and Imogen—nay—she was called Fidele."

The sun sank red over Newbury Field, which needed not that day its crimson dye. The battle had surged and ebbed again, and the late light shone on the forms of the dead, as the fire had shone on the forms of the sleeping. The tumult sank away into silence, and Imogen lay still beneath the hedge-flowers, her service ended.

> "Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
> Or the furious winter's rages;
> Thou thy worldly task hast done,
> Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages."

A DAY OF MAY

By HENRY LEE

Illustrated after Drawings by Bryan Hook, R.I.

THE LARK AND HIS NEST.

"UP with the lark" is a good old saying, and a man who begins a day's ramble in May at that hour will see many things which are usually hidden from all but the shepherd or earliest of labourers. Whether the saying is as true as it is pleasantly suggestive I leave to men more nicely versed in the unessentials of wild nature. This is certain—a lark's nest is hard to find at any hour, unless by chance; but the quest is less hard in the early morning. Birds seem to know instinctively whether the man who passes near their haunts is bent on observation, and experience has taught them that these early risers walk on sterner business than that of their pursuit. A man may, then, loiter along the edge of a field in the first morning, and if his eyes be keen and trained to know the habit of the bird, he may well gather a sufficiently approximate idea of the position of a nest to be able to locate it with a little trouble. And it will reward him when found, for there are few more daintily built homes than these warm, well-lined depressions in the ground, wherein the Lark rears his double annual family. How the birds find their way back after once leaving the nest is one of nature's miracles, since

THE NORFOLK PLOVER (OR THICK-KNEE) LAYS ITS EGGS IN A MERE HOLLOW OF THE BARE GROUND. THE HEN OFTEN "SHAMS DEAD" IF SURPRISED NEAR HER EGGS.

the finder who has gone a bare dozen steps will seldom be able to return to the exact tuft which shelters this most tireless of sweet singers.

I have used the Lark for introduction, but let us indeed steal a day from the city and spend it with the birds of May. This day too shall be hallowed with a pleasant land, a land of meadow and wood, of streams and of meres, but also a land of large openness, swelling commons, dotted here and there with a gaunt old fir set high on the tumulus which covers some great departed warrior of old days, everywhere gold with the flower of gorse. The farmhouse where we slept lies under the edge of this common land from which its own orchard was filched in the days of knavery, miscalled enclosures. The air as we move through the patches of gold is alive with the hidden song of Larks; here and there a nesting Plover screams and tumbles to attract our attention, while, if we have fortune, a shrill Thick-Knee (Norfolk or Stone-Plover) will momentarily display his startled body. He stumbles haltingly as he runs until, assured in spirit that foolish man is lured sufficiently far from his home, he scuds away with a speed which, no less than his dun protective colouring, baffles the most trained of eyes. Nor is this guile of his solitary

among the devices of birdland. I have trodden on a nesting wild duck, and though she had sat so close that the foot which touched her must needs crush her eggs also, the poor thing flapped on the ground, feigning a broken wing. All the Plover tribe use like shams, assuming the appearance of physical injury. The commonest of all, the Peewit, "tumbles"—flies, that is—close above your head, and then seems to lose control of his wings. For a moment he falls in an airy somersault, then the strong pinions recover with one swift stroke, and the trick is repeated. Little birds "play cunning" also, the Pipits and others whose nests are upon the earth or in low herbage.

Now we are in the neighbourhood of a thick haw-haw, when with the very reverse manner out smashes that piebald robber of weaker brethren, the Magpie, whose unmistakable livery and evil repute have almost brought him to extinction in the nameless land of which I write. If you

THE MAGPIE.

are a lover of old superstition, you will do many things at sight of him, but here I will only set down two rhymes, which tell of his varied powers for good and ill.

One for sorrow,
Two for joy,
Three for an infant,
And four for a boy.

MISSEL-THRUSH, WITH NEST AND YOUNG.

or in a perhaps more common version—

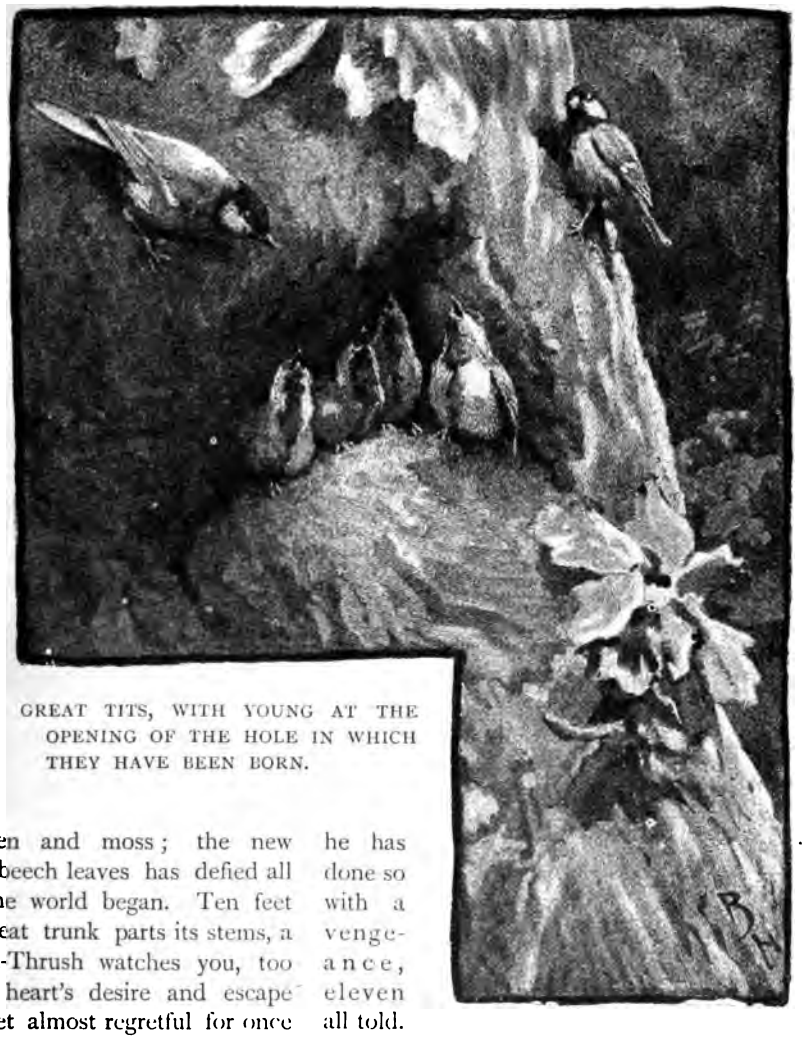
One for trouble,
Two for mirth,
Three for a marriage,
And four for a birth.

A true naturalist is nothing if not pious, pious in the good old sense of honouring his fathers. So you murmur one of these rhymes, while your body, ignoring pricks and rents, squeezes a way through the hedge. The magpie's great untidy nest of sticks is above you, built with little art, whether for secrecy or beauty.

And now it is a good world indeed which opens before you. Has not Browning written it?

". . . the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the . . . bough.
And . . . . . when May follows,
. . . . the whitethroat builds and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge
Leans to the field . . . .
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!"

I have played unpardonable liberties with the poet's lyric, but this world of the



GREAT TITS, WITH YOUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE HOLE IN WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN BORN.

woods in the morning of their May dress is not to be caught and told in any prose. A fresh breeze, for the sun is not yet fully up, blows gently through the heavy masses of white hawthorn, while now and again the air is sweet with the flower of blushing apple, or the virgin purity of pear or wild cherry. Every tree's base has its tender dress of young lichen and moss; the new green of young beech leaves has defied all painters since the world began. Ten feet up where the great trunk parts its stems, a doubtful Missel-Thrush watches you, too fond to follow heart's desire and escape incontinently, yet almost regretful for once of the spring madness which led her to lead out a family for their first walk on so narrow and exposed a platform. But the Thrush is not alone in maternal cares. A fat little son of the Blackbirds who are crying in yonder clump is under the hazel, but he will not heed their warning. A step and a deftly flung cap would imprison the child, but you pass on rejoicing in his lovely innocence. Again a few steps and the flaunting yellow waistcoat and dandy head of a Great Tit draws the eye. He, too, has his family cares, twice as many as the Thrush or Blackbird if only because he is not half their size. It is ever the little substance of this world which subscribes most to the population. And he has done so with a vengeance, eleven all told. Four are gaping on the edge of a great gash high up in the trunk of an ancient oak, which has been their world until a bare three hours since. Behind, if you could see, seven other mouths work insatiably, and while you are yet watching the harried parents have gone and come and gone again, each time with a succulent grub or fly to appease the insatiable appetites of these so hungry children. The Eagle is content with his twins, but the Tit and the Wren, still more the tiny Goldcrest, are without any shame. One shudders to think what a human parallel would mean. Yet these minute birds will rear two broods in each season!

You wander on and the trees, like all good things, thin first and then come to an end. A hedge confronts you, less thick than the haw-haw, through which you won a way into the wood, but still close enough to satisfy any man who must needs force a way, since gap there is none. But, even as you are in the act to break through, a grisly something attracts your eye. On a thorn you espy an impaled corpse. No great search soon shows you that the victim is not solitary. For a moment you are astonished, then the murder is out. There is a mass of dog-rose, tangled as only wild briar strands may be, and in their heart a nest is hidden. Safe in this impenetrable retreat you can but catch a fleeting glimpse, yet here the Butcher-bird (the Red-backed Shrike) has his home. Not a Saracen in the days of the first crusade won greater notoriety for heartless cruelty than this bird, a fragment of whose larder drew your attention. Pondering his villainy the fate of forcing a way through a thorny hedge has lost its terrors and you stand once more on the swelling lift of the commons.

RED-BACKED SHRIKE FEEDING HER YOUNG.

Two miles hence they will melt into the banks of reed and sedge which prelude the beginning of what was once the Great Fen. Even here, where you stand, the eye may travel on a clear day, since those acres are without rise or fall, fifteen miles to the blue spot in a grey distance, which the dwellers hereabouts can tell you are Ely spires. For a moment the mist of centuries unrolls. Once more a Norman host encompasses the Isle of Ely and Hereward hurls his defiance from within; or Cnut the

CUCKOO.

a myriad of small birds, which have made common cause to chase Cuckoo.

> In April the Cuckoo comes,
> In May he begins to cry,
> In June he changes his tune,
> In July he prepares to fly,
> In August off he must.

Just now he is "off," although it be only May; still there is cause since his likes have before now perished miserably under the innumerable peckings of an angry horde of Finches.

Let him fall or escape, we have other work to do than to wait and pity a rascal of his sort.

King rows by in his barge, every oar in which is pulled by royal fingers, and he bids them draw near that he may hear the "Monachis singen!" *

They are dreams these thoughts, yet not without their use in an utilitarian age. It is fitting that the cry which rudely recalls the present is one which Hereward surely knew. Its utterer flies pell-mell over the open heath, mobbed by

* monks sing.

THE KINGFISHER BURROWS IN THE RIVER BANK SO THAT HIS YOUNG ARE TRUE "CHILDREN OF DARKNESS."

THE GREAT GREBE AND ITS NEST.

The land over which we walk was too far from a township to tempt the cupidity of "enclosing" landlords, so it still bears its crop of wild oats to rejoice the heart. Not of it was the rhyme written!

The law condemns both man and woman,
What steals the goose from off the common;
But lets the greater thief go loose,
Who steals the common from the goose.

The bitterness which underlies the raw satire is hard to catch now-a-days, but it was remarkably real at the time, in the days when Adam Bede courted and lost and suffered. And were you a cottager forty miles hence on the shores of The Wash, it would still carry its burden of wrongs, though the Eastland geese are no longer driven at Christmas, so that a traveller may pass them in thousands on the Ipswich road, as when Defoe made his tour of the Eastern Counties. His description of the country is instructive, and to be bought for the munificent sum of threepence. Wise readers will take the hint.

Across the further part of the common runs a stream, and now as we come towards the fen's edge there is a flash of blue, and the Halcyon's self has passed by. His nest is your arm's length and more within the heart of yonder low bank. On a root above its narrow tunnelled mouth his wife was even now sitting, until she sighted us, and was away quick as the proverbial lightning. So since she will have none of us, we too will leave her, or, rather, her empty place. For now we are on the

CORNCRAKE (LANDRAIL).

edge of the fen. Far as the eye may travel it lies green with the freshness of new corn and clover, broken only where the long broad trenches of the "drains" and "levels" wind sluggish waters towards the equally sleepy stream of Ouse, and so to the sea at last. But just at our feet lies the one exception, the last reminder of what was once the fen. The mere is a broad shallow lagoon, and its waters are parted and choked with growing things innumerable. Nothing but a punt could make way through their densities and, poling ourselves in that, many a tumbled clump of rush yields up its secret of a nest. We are satiated soon enough with these great unkempt homes of Coot and Moorhen, but here there is surely something very different. Outwardly it has little semblance of a nest, being in truth nothing more than a great heap of rotting reed ends. But we have seen these things before, and the putrid top is suspiciously belied by the low foundation of new stuff on which it rises clear of the water. So we pole carefully up, and a brief careful disturbance of the unessential covering reveals the dirty eggs of the Great Grebe. Their owner is doubtless watching jealously from no great distance, having covered her treasure and then slid into the water to dive away at the first news of an intruder's approach. And she did well. I can remember a certain broad where not ten years ago the Grebes and their nests could be seen any time for the seeking; then an enterprising milliner decreed their crests as a first article of fashion, and tender-hearted women followed blindly. Now when it is too late she has been taught the criminality of a feathered hat, but South America and rural England remember in ways which do not forget.

All good things have their end, and a splash of crimson light in the water warns us that the day declines, and that it is far to home. Once more we traverse the common, sweet in this still evening with the faint, but all prevailing odour of the gorse, the golden-blossomed shrub which knows no seasons, but flowers the whole year round. In the wood a Thrush and Blackbird exchange hints on the variations in scale, each doing his very utmost to startle creation, for was not the first Nightingale trying his notes this afternoon. He came over last night, and if to-morrow evening

NIGHTJAR (GOATSUCKER).

be fine, it is fare-you-well to all lesser throats, when he has loosed the new order of song.

In the meadows the grass is already high, and somewhere away in its depths a Corncrake is throating in the fashion which gave him his name. He is a very will-o'-the-wisp of song, for when you have imagined by long attention that his haunt is just over there, straightway—as though divining your intentions—he tunes up in the farthest corner under the wood.

The miles fly under your haste, and the lights of home will be visible on the crown of the next ridge. A shadow breaks from the young bracken at your feet, and whirs away on ghostly wings. Now it rests on a bough of the great beech, and even as your eye recognises his silhouette, thrown into sharp outline against the rising crescent moon, the voice of the Nightjar burrs out in hoarse gutturals. It is a fearsome note to startle a wayfarer on gusty nights, and one which has given rise to more ghost stories than it would be easy to relate. But half its terrors are gone since we no longer regard its owner as the ghoul who sucks our flocks and herds by night. Once he—but a good appetite is not the dealer in needless reminiscence and the house near! Good night!

ANACREONTIC SONG

FROM THE GREEK

By H. D. BANNING

Εἰ φύλλα πάντα δένδρων

IF thou can'st calculate with ease
How many leaves grow on the trees,
Or count how many waves there be
Upon the bosom of the sea,
Why, then, if anybody can
Add up my Loves, thou art the man.

In Athens I cannot contrive
To make them less than thirty-five.
Next Corinth—well, I'm not quite sure,
But stick it down at seven score:
For Corinth is a lovely city
Where nearly all the girls are pretty.
For Lesbos, Caria, and Rhodes,
And dark Ionia's abodes
Put down two thousand as the figure—
In point of fact it's really bigger.

What! Getting frightened at the sum?
All Syria has yet to come,
And Egypt, and delightful Crete,
Where Love holds court in every street.

What! Dost thou faint? I've yet to tell
The maids that past the Straits do dwell,
And all the damsels of the East
That flame unceasing in my breast.
Thy powers of adding are too small:
Thou'rt not the man for me at all.

This Thrilling Romance, by the Author of "By Right of Sword," "In the Name of a Woman," etc., etc., will run through this volume of THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. *"The Snare of Love" is copyrighted in the United States of America.*

CHAPTER IV

COUNT STEPHANI OF PRISTINA

I WAS very busily engaged during the next few days, and saw but little of either Enid or the Greek, but I had daily and almost hourly evidences of the change in Grant. He was not the same man.

We had reached that point in the development of our scheme when many things had to be decided, all requiring care, foresight, and deliberation; and he seemed unable to decide anything. A dozen different intricate negotiations were in progress at the time, of supreme importance, in which promptness and despatch were vital; but they were all hung up; and when I endeavoured to get him to consider them, he either put me off, or, if we started to discuss them, would break away and lapse into abstracted silence from which I could not rouse him.

One of his most distinctive gifts was his remarkable power of concentration of will and thought upon any matter in hand—the work of the moment was the work of his life—and that had, no doubt, been one secret of his extraordinary success. But now he could scarcely force himself to think connectedly upon any one part of the great scheme for ten minutes together. And without his directing hand and brain I could, of course, do nothing.

But if I turned the talk upon Haidée, as I did sometimes by way of experiment, he was all attention instantly; his face would light up, and he spoke with all his wonted pith and undivided interest. It seemed to me, therefore, that his love for her had taken the same absorbing hold upon him as had his huge business schemes before she came into his life, and that it monopolised his mind and thoughts.

I was not entirely right, however, in my conclusions, as events were to prove later on. That he was infatuated by Haidée's beauty was certain, but there was more than mere infatuation to account for his indecision and abstraction. He was most probably tortured by those doubts of success in his love affairs which are the common portion of all lovers the heritage of pain or pleasure according as we regard them. But the Greek was exerting influence of another kind upon him; and I got an inkling of this in an indirect manner.

Associated with us at the White House were, of course, a crowd of the adventurers

who are always to be found fortune-hunting in Constantinople. Many were spies and go-betweens: some set on us by the Palace, others by various of the embassies, and the remainder playing for their own hands only. It was one of my chief tasks to classify the different individuals composing this interesting and interested group, and by means of my own spies to find out all about them; and I had, and still have, a very significant register of that genus of rascality.

Among them perhaps the most picturesque scoundrel of all was a man who called himself Count Stephani of Pristina. I had found out a good deal about him, and very little of it was to his credit; but he had what was in my eyes the great advantage of frankness.

He had been many things in his time, and among them a brigand. That was, of course, nothing to his discredit in Turkey, where most of the residents in the outlying vilayets are farmers, or peasants when they have nothing to farm, and brigands when safe opportunities offer. Lest this may be doubted, it should be remembered that one great pasha and minister, who at one time enjoyed a European reputation, was well known to be in league with many bands of brigands, giving them information which might be of value to them in the way of "business," sharing the results of their enterprise, and securing immunity for those who were clumsy enough to fall into the hands of the police.

My own opinion of Count Stephani was that at this time he was still closely connected with brigands, and that his business in the capital was to watch their interests.

He was a clever, handsome, dashing dare-devil, ready, as he once said to me frankly, either to take office under Government or to turn brigand again; and having heard that we were going to develop a district in which he was interested, he had at first come to me to offer his services.

That he was able to get hold of excellent information I had received several proofs, for I had made use of him; and it was from him I had had the first hints of the plot to depose the Sultan, of which the Greek Haidée had spoken so freely.

I was not, therefore, surprised when, some three or four days after her arrival at the White House, he came to me obviously to speak about her, although, like an Eastern, he began talking for half-an-hour on different subjects. Then he rose as if to leave me, and said casually:

"By the way, Mr. Secretary, your great White House has a new inmate—and a fair one." We always spoke Turkish except when he was excited and lapsed for a few words into Hungarian, a language which he thought I did not understand.

"Our servants are constantly changing, Count," I answered, purposely misunderstanding him. He turned upon me a sidelong glance of smiling cunning.

"Servants are servants and—Greeks are Greeks," he said.

"As you have come to speak about her, hadn't you better sit down again and say what you want to say?"

"Oh, you Westerners! You think the only way to reach a spot is to go straight to it."

"It's the quicker plan, and you would have saved half-an-hour if you'd chosen it this morning; and you wouldn't have deceived me any the more." He laughed and threw up his hands as he brought his chair nearer to my table, sat down, and, leaning forward, asked quickly and earnestly:

"What does her coming mean?"

"It means that we found her in trouble with some scoundrels and brought her here for safety."

For a moment he did not reply, but stared hard into my face as if seeking some hidden meaning in my words.

"Do you know who she is?"

"Mademoiselle Haidée Patras, a very beautiful woman; a Greek, as you say." He waved the reply aside with an impulsive sweep of the hand.

"And what else?"

"Nothing else, Count," I said stolidly.

"You are in an uncommunicative mood this morning, my friend, very uncommunicative."

"Or ignorant, which you please."

"No, friend, not ignorant. You have too many good spies. Those hands and eyes and ears of yours are not muffled and blinded and deafened by ignorance. You know, and do not trust me—Stephani, your friend and well-wisher."

"I trust you as much as I think it necessary."

"By Allah, but you are blunt—blunt, but not ignorant."

"Tell me what you have come to say." He laughed loudly, throwing himself back in his chair to enjoy his merriment to the full.

"You are always the same, you, Mr. Secretary, with your straight questions and blunt words. Blunt, but not ignorant. You know—you know well enough."

"I am very busy this morning, Count."

"And if I won't speak I am to go, eh? Not ignorant, but yet not knowing everything, Mr. Secretary," and he glanced at me with a look of indescribable cunning.

"Yes, if you won't speak you are to go."

His eyes flashed and for a moment he was angry. But it passed instantly. He couldn't afford to be angry with me, and he knew it.

"And the sweet American, does she like her new sister?"

"I am very busy this morning, Count Stephani," I said again drily. He always irritated me by his references to Enid, and they had become unpleasantly frequent of late.

"So I must not even speak of her, friend Secretary; but at any rate I may think of her, and the day may come when she may need a friend quick to see, prompt to act, and strong to strike. I may be that friend yet. When a man plunges suddenly into swift, unknown rapids, he may be a powerful swimmer and still fail, and those he leaves or leads may lack help."

"Which means?" said I.

"The rapids of intrigue in this country are easier to enter than to leave, and many swimmers are drowned." He spoke with the air of an oracle and a mystic.

"Suppose you put that into plainer terms, Count."

"Only the fool speaks too plainly in a land where language is a veil, and not a vehicle of acts. Your American, rich, strong, powerful, and clever as he is, is—in the current which flows quickly to the rapids. The Greek is a very lovely woman; and it is possible his strength and energy may turn a weak into a winning cause."

"It is possible also that I don't understand you," I said, with a smile of unconcern.

"And in that case I don't understand *you*. But I think I do. I hope he will take the plunge; for I am in it, too, Mr. Secretary; and no man would be a more welcome ally than your American. Just the man of all men to turn the scales."

"Who has told you to come and say this to me."

"A man you know well, friend, none other than—Count Stephani of Pristina." He laughed lightly and then quickly closing his eyelids till the black pupils glanced at me through mere slits, he added earnestly: "But you have rendered me services and I am not ungrateful. Let me warn you, then. Remember, and let him remember, too, that this is the East and not the West: that here in the East the tree of revolt must be watered with blood," and with that striking and somewhat enigmatical sentence he left me. He had a weakness for dramatic sentences and exits.

He had succeeded in impressing me more than I allowed him to see, however; and the longer I thought of his words the less I liked the outlook. It was clear enough that others beside Haidée herself were watching the result of her influence upon Grant, and building hopes upon it. It was thus possible that Enid's conclusion as to the Greek's rescue having been carefully arranged might be correct, but yet that Haidée's motive might be nothing worse than a desire to use a dramatic incident to weld closer the bonds of his fascination.

Stephani was obviously expecting that she would succeed in getting the influence of the White House thrown into the cause of the political conspiracy, and that those for and with whom Stephani was working hoped great things from such an alliance.

That Grant was infatuated I could not doubt any more than I could fail to perceive the critical consequences to us if we threw in our lot with the revolutionary party.

Such a change meant everything to us. Thus far Grant's plans had been entirely pacific and commercial, and our preparations had been made on that basis. His aim was first to establish himself firmly in the district of Macedonia over which the concessions had been obtained, to develop its immense natural resources, to colonise it by introducing American and other picked residents, and to build up gradually an autonomous and independent state. In return for the concessions he was to pay a tribute to the Sultan far greater than the revenue at present derived by the Turkish Government; and the tribute was to be increased under certain agreed conditions as the prosperity of the district developed.

He had, as I have before said, won over the Sultan to his views; but I knew that in his heart he entirely distrusted Abdul Hamid's good faith; and it was this feeling which I now thought might impel him to the critical step of joining the Young Turkey party in the attempt to depose the Sultan.

One consideration in favour of this lay in the character of the Heir to the Throne, Rechad Effendi. As most people know, the extraordinary policy prevails in Turkey of keeping the possible heirs to the throne in a condition of virtual imprisonment, in order that they may not conspire against the Sultan. In earlier days it was the custom for the Sultan, immediately upon his accession, to put to death all his male relations so as to clear the way for his own sons to follow him; and when this custom was abandoned, that of shutting them up in palaces away from all contact with the outer world was adopted in its place.

Rechad Effendi, the Sultan's next brother, had been secluded in this way; but he was known to be a man of some breadth of view, and Grant had found means to communicate with him and to ascertain that, in the event of his succeeding to the throne, he would help our plans. And at one time Grant's distrust of Abdul was so deep that he actually contemplated postponing the commencement of operations until Rechad became Sultan.

It is necessary to explain this point to understand the many influences at work in Grant's mind when his infatuation for Haidée Patras began to take effect; and I could not fail to see the probability that she would prevail upon him.

Such a development must, however, be full of danger. Stephani's words kept ringing in my ears—"The tree of revolt must be watered in blood." Whichever party won in the end there must be bloodshed. The Sultan, in character timid, vacillating, irresolute, and consumed with an overpowering dread of assassination which kept him a close prisoner in Yildiz Kiosk, was just the tyrant to exact a terrible vengeance upon all concerned in the plot, if it failed. On the other hand, if it succeeded, those who came to power would act as Ottomans had always acted at similar crises and would take the lives of all who had had power before them.

In such a time of violence and tumult, what would be the fortunes and fate of us all? What chance was there that the undertaking, the pith and marrow of its hopes of success being its entirely commercial character, would escape shipwreck? None that I could see; and I had lived long enough in the country to learn much of its undercurrents. There was, moreover, the certainty of personal hazard and danger for all; and this sent my thoughts to Enid. Stephani's words about her had roused my alarm; but my gloomiest fears for her would have been infinitely darker could I have guessed, what I was afterwards to learn, the fate already settled for her.

It will be perceived, therefore, in what a mood of distracting doubt, suspense, and fear I passed the days while I was waiting for Grant's decision.

CHAPTER V

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE GOLDEN HORN

THE atmospheric conditions at the White House during the week or ten days that followed the rescue of

Haidée Patras were very unsettled. There was a strong depression indicating that a storm was imminent. The temper of most of us suffered in consequence, and the only one who maintained a consistent serenity was Haidée herself.

Grant and his sister had more than one heated discussion, and my opinion was that Enid acted with very poor judgment. Misled by her strong prejudice against the Greek and her powerful distrust, she put herself in violent opposition to her brother, tried to force her views upon him and, as it were, to talk him into sharing her own suspicions. Surely the feeblest of all courses to adopt.

Like most strong natures he could not brook opposition on any subject touching his personal inclinations. In business matters it is true his mind was always large and receptive enough to consider any opposing point of view; but love is not business; and in his headstrong infatuation for the beautiful Greek, he was all passion, enthusiasm, and concentrated obstinacy. There is really no other word so applicable: and the result of the discussions was always the same: the two parted in anger with a blunt statement from Grant that if Enid did not like the position, she had better go home to America.

"But I won't go, I declare I won't. She sha'n't drive me from the house," she said to me more than once after an interview of the kind. It seemed in some way to relieve her to come and protest to me. Indeed, in that highly charged atmosphere I became a sort of lightning-conductor; and they all appeared to regard me as a person of neutral temperament through whom the electric currents could be safely dissipated. "Since you brought her here everything seems changed."

"A good many things are changed," I said in a soothing tone. "But don't you think that fallacy about my having brought her here is a little thin and unjust to me?"

"She sha'n't drive me away, anyhow, just or unjust."

"Has she ever show any desire to do that?"

"Oh, how foolish you are, Mr. Ormesby. But you all are where she is concerned. Of course she has, she's always trying to do it through Cyrus. Are you suddenly blind? But of course you take her side."

"It must be a great relief to you to have someone to blame for all this; and I suppose it doesn't matter whether the blame is merited or not. But why don't you try Lord Angus? He had more to do with her coming here than I had, for he didn't protest, and I did."

"Lord Angus Markwell isn't always trying to put me in the wrong by posing as immaculate," she answered almost angrily.

"It might be a difficult pose, perhaps," I said quietly.

"You're real horrid, talking in that way against my one disinterested friend in all the world."

Lord Angus Markwell, like myself, was the younger son of a none too wealthy peer, and the object of his presence in Constantinople was as well known as its nature was certainly not to be called disinterested. He was doing what I had once been supposed to be doing, wooing Enid and her million; and my opinion about him made me cringe and wince sometimes, as I reflected that it was just about the opinion other people must at one time have held of me. Moreover, if the truth must be told, I did not like him, and did not care to think that Enid did.

"I am sorry if I offend you; but I would rather have you angry with me for speaking of him, than angry with your brother."

"How ridiculous you are; I am not angry with Cyrus. I guess I've no anger to spare from that ex-Greek slave. Ugh! the treacherous creature."

"Has it ever occurred to you to try another tack?"

"No, and I don't want to try another tack. What I think I like to say. I think she's treacherous, and I shall say it."

"But do you think that by saying it a thousand times over, or, for that matter, a million, you will convert your brother to the same opinion?"

"Of course I don't."

"Then why go on saying it?"

"Do you mean you'd have me fall upon her, and kiss her—Ugh!—and say my soul thrilled with delight at the prospect of having such a beautiful, innocent, sweet sister? You make me tired when you talk in this way."

"What does Lord Angus think of her?"

"Mr. Ormesby, you'll make me do something desperate if you go on in this way. I come to you for help and advice in this awful trouble and you can talk about nothing but Lord Angus Markwell."

"Well, don't you regard Lord Angus and good advice as a happy collocation of ideas?"

She made a gesture of impatience and then looked steadily at me, a smile beginning to show in her bright blue eyes and on her mobile lips.

"Do you?"

"I don't know so much of his lordship as you do."

"I'm very angry with you, although I smile," and smile she did then, so broadly and brightly that I joined her.

"Lord Angus can do what I could not, you see; his mere name can chase away your anger and make you laugh."

She paused a moment or two, her head averted, and then said:

"Will you be serious and tell me what we are to do?"

"Serious? I am rarely anything but serious just now; but we can do nothing or next to nothing except wait and see what is to happen."

"And it's just this suspense that is so killing," she cried impetuously; although in truth she had little guessed, and I could not tell her, how infinitely serious the suspense was, and how much more grave was the impending crisis than she dreamed. But she left me in better heart and spirits, and I had thus succeeded in dissipating one more current of electricity.

On the following day my services in the same capacity were again in requisition. It was Friday, the Islam Sabbath, and someone had planned an excursion to the Sweet Waters of Europe. I think it must have been Lord Angus Markwell's suggestion; the lack of tact was significant of his handiwork.

It was Grant himself who caused me to be of the party. He came into my room, as I hoped for the transaction of some of the host of matters that remained unattended to, but instead of speaking of them, he said abruptly:

"We are going up the Horn this afternoon in the *Stripes*, and probably back to The Home; I wish you would come with us, Mervyn."

The *Stripes* was one of our fast steam launches, and The Home was a house on a small island which had been leased for use in connection with our work. It lay in the Sea of Marmora, some miles below Stamboul.

I may mention here that Grant had acquired a much larger island in the north of the Ægean Sea, not far from Thasos. It was sufficiently close to the Macedonian coast to form a sort of base of operations for the new colony.

We had accumulated there a great quantity of stores and arms—the latter, of course, unknown to the Turkish authorities. No one, indeed, except Grant, myself, and the man in charge on the spot, an American named Cluffer, knew the nature of the "stores." The nearer island, The Home, was intended to be more a place of temporary refuge should any sudden emergency arise requiring us to scuttle from the capital. Grant always believed in what he termed "plenty of back doors," and The Home was one of them.

"Don't you think we should be a little wiser if we stopped here and got through some of these?" I asked, lifting a handful of the neglected documents.

"Yes, very likely," he said, "but not today. I heard Enid was going up with the aunt and Lord Angus, and so I determined to go, and Mademoiselle Patras will go as well. It's a family affair."

"It seems to me that Mademoiselle Patras goes a rather long way and is filling a biggish space, Cyrus," I said quietly.

"Why, do you think she'll take up too much room on the *Stripes?*" Grant rarely joked, even feebly, and was never

She dashed the glass down on the deck.

flippant, so that such a remark was itself enough to mark the change in him.

"A beautiful face may take up much more room in the world than the biggest body," I answered sententiously.

"True, quite true, Mervyn—and it is a lovely face, isn't it?" he said, with sudden enthusiasm; and after a pause, not quite at ease: "But the fact is, I'm a bit flat and hipped and—oh, I'm so infernally anxious; I'm not myself."

"I've noticed that, of course."

He was standing at the window, staring out, his hands thrust in his pockets, his face pale and wearing a look of great anxiety, while a frown of doubt drew his rather bushy eyebrows over the deep-set, thoughtful eyes. I was concerned to see how ill and harried he looked; but I reckoned that when a man of his strong mind was being forced or drawn to a decision which his judgment condemned, the tussle must be sure to leave its marks. The view from the window was over the big cemetery—the Little Field of the Dead, as the Turks call it—away across the Horn to Stamboul. Not a cheerful one for a man in his mood; but I doubt if he saw anything of it.

"I can't think what's come over me," he said, with a deep sigh, breaking the long silence suddenly, and turning to walk up and down the room. "This has all become so distasteful," with a wave of the hand to indicate the neglected work.

"It comes over most of us at some time or other, Cyrus."

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly, almost vehemently.

"That which most men laugh at in others and either revel in or swear at in themselves, and yet think nobody ever really felt before."

"It's torture."

The words slipped from him like an unconscious aside.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to marry her," he cried in his energetic masterful way.

"And things here?"

"Ah, that's where the squeeze comes."

"You'll have to decide soon—the sooner the better."

"Decide what?" and he wheeled round suddenly and faced me, almost fiercely, as though I had insulted him, his eyes fixed on my face piercingly.

"I think you know what I mean," I answered, meeting his look calmly. "We needn't pretend to one another. If both you and I know what you have to decide, I know, perhaps, better than you what it must mean to us all.

"My God, do you suppose I don't think of that?" he cried vehemently. "But what if there's no other way?"

"There is another way—but only one."

"What's that?"

"Pull up the sticks, cut the loss, and get out."

"Are you mad?"

"It may be more than a question of sanity—it may be a matter of life or death."

"Are you against her, too? Are you all in league together?"

"I think things should be settled, one way or the other. Turkey's an infernally dangerous place to go on drifting in."

He laughed, not heartily, or mirthfully, or pleasantly, not even bitterly, but as one who is desperately ill-at-ease with himself, and is impatient at finding it difficult to blame someone else.

"She seems to have confidence in me, eh?"

"I should never cease to have confidence in you—alone," I said, pointedly.

"Then you *are* against her. I told you so just now."

"I heard you; but repetition isn't proof, Cyrus."

He uttered an exclamation of irritation with a hasty shake of the head.

"I'll take your advice, anyway. I'll settle it to-day," he said, with another uneasy laugh.

"Will you take my advice as a whole?"

"What's that?"

"If you decide to marry, will you cut this thing?"

"What, and go back on myself to be the laughing stock of every fool of a busybody?"

"No; only go back on that change in things which you've been pondering the last few days."

"But what if I think it's the right thing to do?"

"Why, then I shall pray to have as clever and beautiful an influence on my side when I want to ruin somebody."

"I won't hear any more of this," he retorted, angrily, and went out of the room, showing me that I had rubbed an acid into a smarting wound.

But a minute afterwards he came back, and although usually a singularly undemonstrative man, he held out his hand and said with evident feeling:

"Don't let this come between us, Mervyn; we've kept step so well together so far."

"My dear fellow, nothing can ever come between us," I declared, and I gripped his hand warmly. "Decide as you like, we shall still keep step." That was all that passed, but it was enough to let us underderstand each other, and with a laugh, this time easier and lighter, he broke off and said:

"The *Stripes* will be at the Outer Bridge landing stage at two o'clock. You won't forget."

It wasn't probable I should forget, anticipating as I did something of what was likely to occur during the afternoon.

We can scarcely have been called a very jovial party on the *Stripes*, and if the merry people in the hundreds of caiques that covered the waters of the Golden Horn that gay afternoon were disposed to envy our party as the smart, powerful, rapid steam launch swept up the winding waterway, we on our side might well have envied them some of their light spirits.

There is no lovelier spot in the world for a water jaunt than the Golden Horn at that time of the year, at the point where the river narrows into channels that go twisting, and winding, and meandering along between green meadows, dotted with clumps of trees, and carpeted here in white patches of snowdrops, there with a golden blaze of jonquils, and warmed everywhere with the soft sweet tone of the violets.

The fleets of caiques, surely the most picturesque boats that man ever fashioned, the gondolas of Venice not excepted, carried up a vast crowd of merry-makers and gossip-mongers. Women, gaily dressed—no longer, alas, in the Oriental fashion and wearing the yashmak more as a coquettish head-dress to set off, rather than to conceal, the features—filled most of the caiques, chattering together in the stern with ever an eye for the occupants of other boats, while that lingering concession to old-time custom, the eunuch, was perched in the prow. A scene of almost typical Eastern pleasure-making.

But we were taking our pleasures on the *Stripes* much more in English fashion; that is to say, sadly. Grant and Haidée were in the stern; Enid and Lord Angus forward—where his lordship did not appear to be having at all a merry time of it; and Mrs. Wellings and myself, representing propriety and neutrality, were amidships.

Mrs. Wellings was not a cheerful person at the best of times. She had married an Englishman of position, and her years in London society had stiffened her. She had some lingering respect for my prefix of "Honourable," but the respect was largely tinged with contempt of my position as a paid employé at the White House.

"I don't know why you've brought us out like this, Mr. Ormesby," she said, once or twice. It seemed to be an easy habit with everyone to lay the responsibility on me for everything they did not like. A tribute to my usefulness, perhaps, but not always welcome.

"We've come out to enjoy ourselves, Mrs. Wellings," I replied blandly.

"Poof!" she ejaculated. She had a habit of poofing. "We might be going to a funeral."

"A love-feast, rather," I said with a glance in each direction.

"Don't talk about it," she cried impatiently.

"*They* are doing that, probably."

"That's a very indelicate and uncalled-for remark, I think."

"I can't hear them, I'm glad to say." It

was one of my innocent recreations to banter Mrs. Wellings.

"I didn't mean what *they* said, but what *you* said."

"What did I say? That they were talking about love-feasts? Well, don't you think it probable?"

"I don't want to think about it."

"But Lord Angus is in some ways a very desirable *parti*, surely?" I remonstrated, with an air of innocence.

"I was speaking of Cyrus and his new folly—as you know perfectly well."

"Well, now, do you know, folly is the last term in the world I should associate with Mademoiselle Patras."

"I wish you'd get me a paper or a magazine or something to read. When you're in this flippant mood, I don't care to talk. But if you'll be serious——"

"My dear madam, we have not come out to be serious. Who could be serious amid such a gay crowd?" But I got her a magazine, and so ended the conversation.

All the rest of us found it easy enough to be serious, judging by looks. Grant was sitting as close to Haidée as he could get, and both his and her looks showed that they were almost painfully in earnest, while Enid's face, whenever her eyes were turned upon her brother, as they were constantly, flashed very ominously. Even placid and self-complacent Lord Angus was not enjoying the fruits of his diplomacy to anything like the extent he had anticipated.

No storm broke out during the run up, and when we landed among the pleasure-seekers, Grant and Haidée went away alone, Mrs. Wellings joined Enid and Lord Angus Markwell, and I was thus left to myself and my own thoughts.

The fine weather had brought out a large motley crowd, and the people were scattered far and wide among the trees. The ways of a Turkish crowd are always peculiar. The women were, of course, separated from the men, like sheep from the goats, and strolled or sat about together, whispering incessantly in the low tones characteristic of the East. Most of them were probably talking dress and scandal, but there were many groups huddled closely together on the grass, listening enthralled to the quaint, wily hodjas, or fortune-tellers, relating their strange, weird fables, weaving love-legends crammed with mystery, intrigue, and terrors, and telling a thousand lies to work upon the superstition and fears of their hearers. The influence of these hodjas is supreme in the superstition-ridden members of the harems.

A long line of smart, well-appointed modern broughams drawn up under the trees, each with its sombre-looking eunuch on the box, engaged the attention of many inquisitive strollers; for in them were the ladies of the royal harem whom the eccentric etiquette of the Court forbids to drive in any but a closed and stuffy carriage. And dotted all over the green-sward sat the men, keeping severely aloof from their women folk, smoking and taking their pleasure with full Ottoman gravity and self-complacence.

It formed altogether an odd picture of the unblending blends of the East and West, typified aptly in the costumes of both sexes alike: the women arrayed in the smartest gowns of the latest Parisian or Viennese fashion, tempered by the coquettishly-worn yashmak: the men garbed everywhere in frock coats and baggy trousers, with the everlasting fez, that most crudely inappropriate head-gear of the Sultan's special choosing. One was almost tempted to think the Ottomans had started to become Europeans, and had stopped short in the process; keeping the fez and the yashmak as reminders that even in dress the change was far from complete. And not in dress only, as the world had had many fearsome proofs. And yet there are those who think that the Turk, in putting on the second-hand trousers of Europe, has become as civilized as the original wearers of them.

I had not come out to moralize, however, and was glad when the time arrived to return. As I stepped on board the launch, a glance at Grant's face sufficed to show me something had happened. I could guess what, and a confirmation of the guess lay in the light of triumph in the Greek's

bright eyes, and the soft, peachy colour on her cheeks.

Grant himself was slightly flushed and looked more like himself than for some days past, wearing much of his accustomed air of conscious strength and reserved masterfulness.

Enid was already on board, for I was the last to arrive, and was sitting near her brother with Lord Angus and Mrs. Wellings. She looked pale, and her resolute expression as she sat biting her under lip and looking away at the people on shore, savoured of anything but the olive branch of peace.

Grant had a bottle of champagne in his hand, and he smiled and nodded to me.

"A toast, Mervyn," he said, "which we will all drink. The happiest day of my life—my betrothal. We drink to Mademoiselle Patras, my promised wife."

I put the glass to my lips, as did all but Enid, whose face was now quite white, as she held the wine conspicuously, untasted, and stared angrily at the Greek.

"You don't drink, Enid?" asked her brother, his tone gentle, but his brows frowning over his eyes that seemed almost to flash with anger.

She stood up then, and met his look with one to the full as firm as his own, and when she spoke her tone like his was low, but strained, and the words clear cut.

"No, Cyrus, I do not drink to your ruin. I would sooner see you dead." Then, as if overcome with a suddenly uncontrollable burst of passion, she dashed the glass down on the deck, cast one glance of disdain at the Greek, and crossed the gangway to the shore.

Grant was promptness itself in action. His anger was hidden instantly.

"Mervyn, oblige me by seeing my sister back to the White House," he said to me, as though nothing unusual had occurred, and turning to the man in charge he ordered him to cast off at once, and make the run back with all speed. As I hastened after Enid he sat down by Haidée's side, and they began to talk together in low tones.

CHAPTER VI

GRANT'S DECISION

DESPITE my unsought office of lightning-conductor, I am not, as will have been seen, a very tactful person, and I neither relished my present mission, nor saw any practical way out of the mess which Enid's outburst had caused. My usual procedure was to try and turn the anger of whoever had to be appeased either upon himself or upon anybody else who was convenient and safe, and let it vent and exhaust itself in causeless reproaches and vapourings.

But this was far too serious a matter for treatment of that elementary kind; and I therefore resolved to let Enid walk some distance alone, and thus get over the first flush of passion. I calculated that as she did not know how to get back to Pera, she would welcome my presence a little more warmly when she realised the difficulty into which her impulsive act of leaving the launch had led her.

Moreover, I wished to think over the problem. I knew perfectly well how Grant would resent the insult to Haidée. He was very fond of Enid; but when a man has to choose between his sister and his sweetheart, there is no difficulty in foreseeing what his choice will be. His determination was no doubt already taken, and that would be that Enid should leave the White House at once. The very openness of the insult would make that inevitable, I felt. Had the thing occurred privately, it might have been possible to smooth it over; but not only the servants and the crew on the *Stripes* had seen and heard it all, but, probably, some of the people in the passing caiques and on the shore. Grant would have to be more than human to overlook it.

For the act itself, apart from its unfortunate publicity, there could be but one justification—that Enid was right in her opinion of Haidée and her motives. And of that there was not a tittle of proof. Was she right? Could we get proofs? Could I help her? These were the questions I began to ask myself most earnestly,

and with an increasing fervent zeal in her cause.

Her happiness was very much more to me than I allowed anyone about the White House to imagine; and as I watched her now, keeping some fifty yards or so in the rear, I thought I could conceive something of the tumult of feelings that must be raging in her mind. She walked quickly, with head slightly bent like one plunged in thought, looking neither to right nor left, ignorant, I was sure, of where she was going, and just as heedless, probably; seeing nothing and caring for nothing, but just eating out her heart in bitterness, pain, and fear for her brother.

When we had walked in this way for about a mile, I saw her stop, put her hand to her forehead, and glance about her with the air of one roused suddenly and striving to identify strange surroundings.

I hastened my steps then, and overtook her. Her eyes welcomed me with unmistakable relief; but her first words had reference to the scene on the launch.

"How could you do it, Mr. Ormesby?" she asked indignantly. I guessed what she meant, but temporized.

"We thought you might have difficulty in finding your way back to Pera, and Cyrus asked me to come after you."

"You know I don't mean that, and if you are here as Cyrus's delegate I do not want your help, thank you."

"I am here as your friend, I hope, Miss Grant."

"Then how could you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Drink that woman's health," she cried, bitterly.

"Hadn't we better talk it all over? And also see about getting back to the White House?"

"Yes, I am going back. I have decided;" and she threw her head up and looked the very type of defiance.

"Of course, you are," I assented, as though it were a matter of no question at all. "In point of fact I let you come this part of the way alone so that you might have time to think a bit. But I'd better see now if I can get hold of a carriage."

"Wait a moment, please. Are you with Cyrus or with me in this?"

"I am with you both."

"No, that's impossible, and you must choose between us."

"Isn't that a little unnecessary at this early stage?"

"Not in my opinion."

"It is in mine, so you must excuse my answering—yet."

"Then I will go back alone if you please."

"Certainly. It's only a matter of getting two carriages instead of one; or, if we can't get two, of my riding by the driver instead of inside with you."

"Why do you try and trifle with things in this way? You know you don't think it trifling. God help us!"

"No, I don't make the mistake of thinking it a trifle. I would willingly give what little I have in the world to have the thing blotted out. But I can always think best in common-place terms; and there's no use in inflating things. I'll get a carriage."

"Is it far to walk?"

"From here about three-and-a-half miles, but some of the way's nasty."

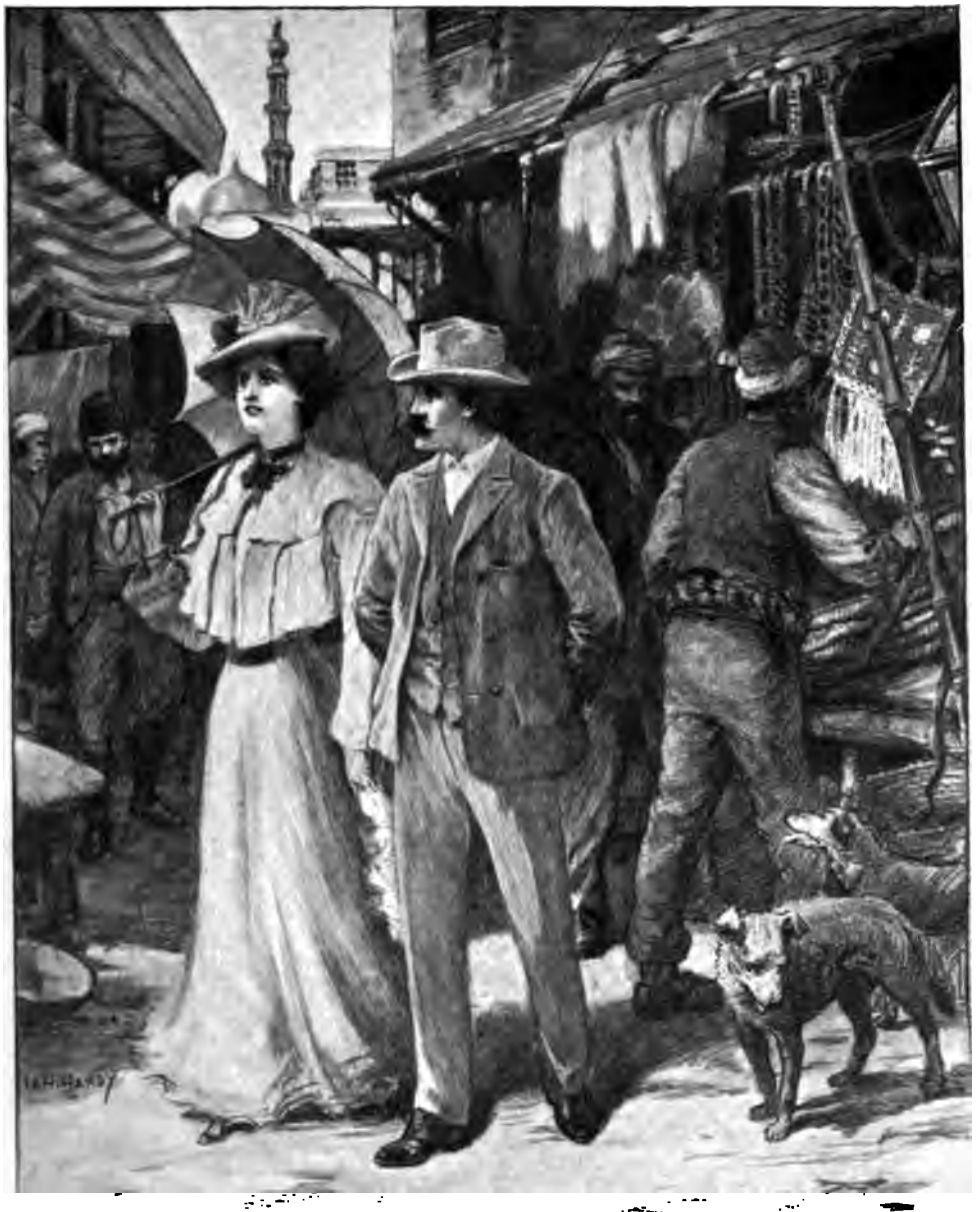
"I'd rather walk, then."

"Shall I walk with you or, in the Turkish etiquette style, a few yards behind you?"

"Oh, how can you talk like that at such a time?"

"I can do or say anything to relax the strain of your thoughts. We'll walk together, of course, and equally of course we'll try to see some way out of the tangle; for it is a deuce of a tangle, and no mistake;" and with that we set off at a smart pace.

For quite twenty minutes not a word more passed between us. I did not see how to handle the matter at all. Enid's blunt declaration that I must take one side or the other in the quarrel was disconcerting, not so much because I thought it necessary in the sense which she implied, that I must split with one of them, as because I saw that she thought it necessary. If it did really come to a split, I felt that I should side with her;



For quite twenty minutes not a word passed between us.

but that was a step in reserve, and meanwhile the outline of a plan was beginning to form in my thoughts.

She grew tired of the silence at last, and turning to me, said with some abruptness:

"Has the enormity of my conduct struck you silent?"

"No, though it was pretty bad."

"Perhaps you're thinking how best to lecture me?"

"No, again; and I don't suppose you'd care very much if I did."

"Then why don't you speak?"

"As I'm only here on your sufferance, I thought it best to hold my tongue. The more you think of things the better. But I'll talk if you like. There's going to be a gorgeous sunset."

"You make me tired with your nonsense."

"There's a good deal to be said for getting tired, sometimes."

"I don't see any kind of point in that."

"There is none. Don't bother to look for it. It's rather a relief now and then to hear and say things that have no point. Some of us are apt to be too pointed—quite barby."

"That's a hit at me, isn't it?"

"Yes. You've made a horrible mess of things."

"Thank you. But if you mean that I was to hold my tongue, and show by word or deed that I didn't just hate the notion of that — ugh! — that woman ever being Cyrus's wife, you needn't say any more. I—I loathe her."

"Very well. But if I didn't like my sister's lover, it doesn't strike me that I should improve matters much by slapping my sister's face in public."

"We won't speak any more about it, if you please, Mr. Ormesby," she answered, quickening her pace and getting a step or two in front of me; but I caught her up quickly.

"And if a friend made me feel my mistake, I shouldn't feel I was justifying myself *to* myself by trying to shut him up."

"A friend, indeed!" with a scornful laugh.

"That's me," I said, with more terseness than grammar. She stopped, faced me, stamped her foot angrily, and opened her lips to retort; but the words were not uttered, and we went on again; and presently she said, with less vehemence:

"I suppose you know how hateful it is to be put in the wrong?"

"It's a frequent mishap of mine, unfortunately; but one gets used to it in time. And, after all, it's a splendid tonic, like a good many other bitter things one has to swallow; and it clears the head wonderfully when one wants to think about repairs. And now, by the way, my lecture's over."

"You mean you blame me, then?"

"Unquestionably I do."

"Then you'll be surprised to hear I'm not a bit sorry."

"Pardon me, but you are."

"I am not, Mr. Ormesby."

"Then you will be. No one with your head and your heart and the love you have for Cyrus could help being sorry for cutting him to the heart. He is too good a fellow to have his face rubbed in the mud in public."

"What would you have had me do, then, when he tried to bluff me—in public, as you keep saying with such emphasis?"

"There were fifty things you could have done. Said you weren't well, pretended to drink his toast, spilt it over Lord Angus and called it an accident, drank to Cyrus's happiness—oh, fifty things, and none of them theatrical. Yours was melodrama—and melodrama is such beastly bad form."

"He shouldn't have tried to bluff me."

"Don't blame him. Heaven knows I'm no friend of the Greek woman, and I wish her to the deuce; but if old Cyrus asked me to make him happy by drinking her health I'd drink a bottle, or a hogshead for that matter, if I could hold it, to please the best fellow in the world, and the best brother a girl could have, too."

"You'll make me just hate you, or myself, if you go on like this."

"Not a bit of it. You're only just beginning to see that out of all the possible things you could have done, you chose

the worst. We all lose our heads at times —but the world goes on just the same. We don't hate anyone in consequence—and certainly not ourselves."

"I wish I hadn't come."

"It's more to the point to wish to see some way out of the muddle."

"I'm going to Cyrus the moment I reach home to tell him all I think of that woman."

"Like the man who burnt his finger-tip, and then plunged his whole arm into the fire to ease the pain a bit. Very well."

"I think you're the most unpleasant man I ever saw."

"Unfortunately, that's no cure for the mischief."

"I shall not take any advice you may give."

"I'm inclined to differ there; but then I know the advice and you don't."

"It's sure to be something humiliating to me; I know that."

I made no answer, and we walked a while in silence, until the question came for which I was waiting.

"What is the advice?"

"Either to climb down and eat your words——"

"I'd die sooner, with that woman," she burst in vehemently. "Didn't I say it would be something humiliating?"

"Or make them good," I concluded. "There's no middle course, except perhaps flight. You could go back to New York."

"Run away, and leave him in her clutches? Thank you."

"If you weren't in quite such a hurry, I'd put the matter a bit more explicitly."

"I am listening."

"In spasms, yes! but they don't help anyone to think clearly. My opinion is this. If you're wrong, or, shall I say, if we're wrong, there's nothing humiliating in owning up. But if we're right and can get proofs—*if* I say—then we can justify your distrust, even if we cannot justify your manner of showing it."

"I *know* I'm right."

"I've no doubt you do; we all do in that sort of mood; but can we get facts and proofs? If you care for my help, I'll do what I can; but I'm not a genius, even as a spy. And I make one condition—and it isn't perhaps exactly what you'd call a sweet one either."

"What is it, anyway?"

"We'll have a square talk with Cyrus. You'll tell him you're sorry——"

"I won't; I won't. How dare you ask such a thing?"

"For having made a fuss in that theatrical way and publicly insulted the woman he has chosen to be his wife. Then we'll tell him together that we both believe she is not worthy of him, and say frankly we are going to work to prove it, and that there must be a certain interval of neutrality while we prove her either an angel or the other thing."

She heard me out patiently, to my great surprise, and said nothing in reply. The silence had lasted a minute or more, and then I looked at her, and to my consternation saw that her eyes were moist with tears, which she was making a gallant effort to repress. She forced them back, and presently, in a voice that touched me with its softness, she said:

"You would risk a quarrel with him then for my—for this?"

"Cyrus and I can't quarrel. He's too great a man not to understand me. I take no risks. There'll be more risks from the Greek."

We were now getting near the White House, and I was anxious to have her assent to the proposal; but she kept silence until the gates were in sight, when she stopped.

"I'll do what you wish, Mr. Ormesby, and I—I think it's real good of you. I—I . . ."

"Never mind me. I don't count. But I'm glad you'll do it. It's the only way out," and then we pushed on into the house and said no more.

When I reached my own rooms I was somewhat surprised to find Grant there waiting for me. He looked very much upset, sitting with knitted brows, smoking furiously.

"Hullo, Cyrus, back first then. Didn't

go to the Home?" I said lightly, as I threw down my hat and took a cigarette.

"Has Enid come back with you?"

"Come back? Of course she has. Where else in Pera could she go?"

"I shall never forget that, Mervyn," he said angrily.

"'Never' runs into a good many years, my dear fellow; but I told her she'd made a beastly mess of things. Women do, you know, sometimes."

"She'll have to leave here. My future wife shall not be exposed to the chance of such insults."

"It would be impossible, of course, absolutely impossible, but ——"

"There are no 'buts,'" he cut in brusquely.

"There are always 'buts' and 'ifs,' at all events in Turkey; and you see a thing of this sort - -"

"Well?" impatiently, as I stopped.

"Confound this cigarette, filthy thing! I believe I lit it at the wrong end. Always a right and wrong end to a thing, aren't there, even to a Turkish cigarette—or to any cursed thing in Turkey."

"What do you mean by that?" he asked sharply, with a rapid glance.

"Truth is I don't think I myself quite know what would be the right end." And I made a gesture of irritation, and flung the cigarette away viciously and lit another.

"Don't let us get off the point, Mervyn. Whose side do you take in this?"

"Oh, that's delicious," I cried with a laugh. "The family brain seems to run on exact parallel lines. That's precisely the question your sister put to me, and with even greater insistence; and when I told her I took both or neither, she said, as I suppose you'd say, that was just impossible. Of course I laughed at such a thing."

"It *is* impossible," he declared, emphatically.

"Then I must be content to be regarded as an impossibility, Cyrus. I know you can see a deuced sight farther through a brick wall than I can, but I can read small print quite as far off as you can, and, what's more, I can read it when it's in Turkish characters—and you can't."

"Which means you can see a way out and I can't? Go on."

"In the first place, I told your sister you and I were never likely to quarrel, whatever happened."

"You're working round to it in a big circle, Mervyn."

"Too small a one's apt to make a man giddy."

"I like straight paths. If you're going to say you're against the woman I'm going to marry, say it plainly."

"That's all right. But if you want to get to the top of the house you don't need to sit on a gun and be fired up; it's apt to make you forget there's a staircase to come down by: see?"

"I'm in no mood for metaphors, but what's your staircase?"

"That your sister should have time to see that there is no reason for what she did this afternoon—she knows now there was none for how she did it."

"Do you ask me to be a party to a secret inquiry into the conduct of my future wife? Do you want to force the very quarrel between us two you spoke of as impossible just now? Are you mad?"

"I propose no secret inquiry. I should prefer that Mademoiselle Patras knew everything. If your sister is wrong, she loves you too well not to repent her mistake; but if she is right——"

"Tush, man! I won't even hear of it. I have made up my mind. Enid must leave here; and the matter is closed."

"As you will - but it isn't closed for me."

"Do you mean that, knowing all that must go with it. Please to think."

"Am I the only one of us who needs to think?"

"My mind is made up."

"Then I sha'n't answer you this afternoon. A cigarette tastes none the sweeter because we jab the burning end in a friend's face, Cyrus."

"To the devil with your cigarettes," he cried impatiently.

"That's exactly what one would say afterwards," I returned quietly.

"I don't want to hear any more about it."

"And that's exactly what you can't help doing." I got up as I spoke and went over and put my hand on his shoulder. "Cyrus, old man, we're not going to quarrel and part over this thing, just because you love a woman and I don't—one of the most beautiful women on earth, and, for all I know to the contrary, as good as she's lovely. We're men, you know, not children, and there are two sides to this thing: one's business and the other's personal. Unfortunately they've got mixed a bit, but haven't we wit enough between us to disentangle them?"

"I won't hear a word against her."

"Have I said one? Look here, let's drop it for a time and think of some of these other things. If I'm to cut the painter, there are heaps of things I must explain either to you or to whoever follows me. And I really must get them in order."

He made no reply for a minute or two, and then said suddenly: "I've thrown in my lot with the Young Turkey party."

"Of course you have. I expected that would be the condition of her—of the engagement. That's what I mean by the business side. You've taken some days to think it over—you, who generally take fewer minutes; and yet you jib when I don't say ditto in a moment because, knowing a thundering lot more about things here and not being in love, I want to see a bit of the road ahead. Hang it, Cyrus, it isn't reasonable, is it?"

"What did you mean, that you expected it would be the condition of the engagement?"

"I heard Mademoiselle Patras that night on the subject of the conspiracy, and, as a matter of fact, Stephani told me how much they counted on getting your help and money and influence. Stephani's in it."

"Damn Stephani!"

"There'll be no trouble about that. His whole life has earned it. But it won't help us much. And it's a pretty big thing we're taking on. Of course you've thought of that?"

"I've thought of scarcely anything else for days."

"Abdul has been fairly good to us so far; doesn't it strike you as rather rough of us to turn against him?"

"You don't understand it. Nothing can save him from this conspiracy. Half the country's in it, and the other half would be glad to see him deposed. Deposed he will be, and, unless something happens, put to death. But I mean that that something shall happen and his life be saved. There shall be no bloodshed."

"You think you can stop it?"

"It is my one imperative condition."

"And you think you can prevent it?"

"I know it. I would not join on any other terms."

"And Mademoiselle Patras agreed and pledged the rest?"

"I am to see Marabukh Pasha to-morrow."

"It should be an interesting interview," I said drily. "And in view of it, all these other things are mere nothings. We'll have another talk to-morrow; I should like to turn it all over."

"What will you do?" he asked.

"We shall keep step, Cyrus, as you said to-day; but it may be a long, and is sure to be an exciting, if not dangerous, march." And so in all truth I saw it must be; and I sat far into the night, forgetting all about Enid and the Greek and their quarrel, just face to face with the perilous course that lay ahead for us all, as the result of this mad decision. For some lovers are mad indeed.

(To be continued.)

Photo by C. G. Pierce & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF LA FIESTA AT LOS ANGELES.

Three miles of streets are illuminated, making an entrancing scene, fit opening of the Carnival Season.

LA FIESTA DE LAS FLORES

By W. H. BAMFORTH KILNER

"YOU must be sure and stay for La Fiesta." Such are the words whispered into the ears of every visitor in Los Angeles during the month of April, when that Queen City of Southern California is turned over to King Carnival, and for a period of four days one lives as though in a dream. Many cities, especially in Europe, have their carnival weeks, but few, if any, of these floral pageants can excel in beauty and magnificence the annual Fiesta de las Flores of Los Angeles.

The prettiest woman in this fair city of 120,000 inhabitants is chosen Queen of Fiesta, and during carnival week it is to her that everyone must bow the knee. The only occasion when there has been an exception to this rule, was in 1901, when the late President McKinley was the guest of honour. The ceremonies commence with a masked ball on Tuesday evening, and continue until the clock on the City Hall chimes the hour of midnight, on Saturday. At eight o' clock on the Tuesday evening there is a great transformation. One minute the streets are in the dreary dusk, all mussy with over-hanging ropes and guys standing out bare and cold like the rigging of a ship. Then all of a sudden it is fairyland. Somewhere down in the hot, oily smells of a machine-room an electrician has thrown over a huge switch lever, and Fiesta is on. Lights swing in long festoons of reds, and greens, and orange, stand out in spikes of brilliancy along the curbs, and hang in ropes of blazing polkadots where the streets join, so that every corner is a royal canopy of light. Pyramids of coloured electric lights stretch away in the distance, while here and there a cluster of brilliant electric lamps spells out the name of some institution or firm. Happy throngs promenade the illuminated thoroughfares, and showers of confetti fill the air. It is indeed an entrancing scene, a fitting opening of the carnival season.

Photo by Garden City Photo Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND MRS. MCKINLEY AT LA FIESTA IN LOS ANGELES IN 1901.

10,000 white carnations were used in decorating the carriage, relieved by the green of smilax and asparagus.

And now to the pavilion to await the coming of the Queen.

Viva la Reina de la Fiesta! Amid the blare of trumpets, the crash of military music and thunders of applause from her faithful subjects, she comes with her merry court of beautiful dames and gallant cavaliers to gladden the hearts of the people, in this her fairest province, with four days of unrestrained merrymaking, when dull care is cast to the depths from whence it comes, and joy reigns supreme. Another fanfare of trumpets, and the Mayor, bearing the golden key of the city, advances to the edge of the daïs where he gives to Her Majesty a welcome on behalf of the city. "The flowers smile at your gracious Majesty's coming, and there is unbounded joy and merrymaking among your subjects. I trust that your visit will be a most pleasant one. It is with much pleasure that I present to your gracious Majesty this key to our city government, for I know that the municipality will be doubly safe in your Majesty's fair hands." The Queen, after having expressed her appreciation at the kind reception awarded her, commands that all formality immediately cease. "Let the merry dance proceed; lay aside all care, and let freedom and joy reign until the break of day." As the band strikes up the Fiesta March, the serried ranks of gaily clad dancers whirl off into a merry waltz. It is a gay and motley crowd. Uncle Sam's revered coat tails stand out straight as he spins around with a coquettish little Japanese maiden. Nick Bottom, ass's head and all, cavorts about with a tiny Titania, while Emperor Wilhelm foots it merrily with a fairy. At eleven o'clock the Queen commands the dancers to unmask. The masks are torn off with much glee by those who have successfully mystified their neighbours, and then the procession is formed for the banquet hall. While the Queen of la Fiesta and her gay company are in the midst of the pleasures of the masked ball in the Fiesta tribunes, the Indians, decked in eagle feathers and claws and teeth of wild beasts, fantastically spotted and streaked with coloured earth and barks, are dancing the ancient dances which have come down from the days before the Spanish priests entered California, the origin of which is hidden in the mysterious past. The most

Photo by Park & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

BURIED IN PAMPAS PLUMES.

interesting of all is the fire dance, the redskins swinging tirelessly around the pile, their eagle feathers waving, and their magnificently-muscled backs gleaming in the firelight. The grace and lightness with which they dance is admirable. When the fire has sufficiently fallen together, the circle of men kneel down and blow upon it until the sparks rise in a gleaming cloud. They circle it again, then they throw themselves upon the ground, kick at the embers, and roll over them until the last spark is blackened and the fire dance is done.

Many and varied are the attractions during Fiesta week, but undoubtedly the greatest interest centres in the Floral parade, and it is certain that nowhere outside of China can such a spectacle of barbaric beauty be witnessed as that presented by the Chinese contingent. The streets are a riot of colour, and the city is winged with banners. Fragrance of flowers waving of flags, prancing of horses, fair women and dainty children embowered in bloom, masses upon masses of cheering men and women—in such wise is the Day of the Flowers celebrated. Headed by the Queen and her court, and afloat in waves of music from many bands, the long, floral pageant winds its way through the city. In the distance marching down the street, it is a pennant riotous with colour—it is like some great snake monster of the tropics striped with vivid markings. It stretches out fully a mile-and-a-half, and as it weaves its slow, tortuous way for three-quarters of an hour, a murmur of pleasure and a patter of applause flutters along the packed streets. Coach after coach they come, massed with flowers—seats, bodies, wheels covered with bloom, filled with dainty, pretty girls, drawn by prancing horses groomed till their skins outshine their satin covered harness—another and another, each more beautiful than the next, and still more and more. Pink and blue, yellow and green, and white and red, masses of colour—a magnificent pageant; one wishes for a dozen eyes to see it all at once, and see it more and more.

One of the first things in the parade is a company of caballeros, their steeds champing and whirling, and rearing and curvetting, as if they were as proud of their costly silver-mounted saddles and of their handsomely attired riders as the riders

Photo by C. G. Paine & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST AUTOMOBILE TURNOUTS.

Two of the prettiest young ladies in Los Angeles in an automobile drawn, apparently, by six white doves, and covered with pink and white sweet peas and maidenhair ferns.

themselves. They are a gay sight, these hidalgos, attired in suits of green corduroy, with sashes of vivid scarlet knotted around their waists. The trousers are adorned with silver braid and with rows of silver buttons. In the bosoms are frills of lace, and each caballero wears a necktie of white silk. Some of the men wear still more elaborate costumes of black velvet and gold braid, with beaver hats twined with silver. The horsemanship is delightful to see. It is the very embodiment of grace, with its easy swing, all loose from the saddle up, and the body swaying with the motion of the horse. These are the holiday riders, the grandees, the exquisites of horsemanship. A little way behind comes a troop of horsemen that seem to have come whirling in off the range. They are in brown shirts and rough leather "chaps," and many of them bear heavy guns in their holsters. They come clattering along at full gallop, like a gust of March wind; some of the horses evincing a strong preference for travelling solely upon their hind legs—tails first by choice. As they pass the reviewing-stand, every horse is suddenly reined back on its haunches; "whoop," like the call to the moving stock, and a score of sombreros are torn off; a minute of wild plunging, bucking, and confusion, and they are away, ripping off down the street like wild things.

But after all it is the flowers more than anything that make the day. There are gorgeous floats and four-in-hands, all flowers, and coaches drawn by six horses, and pony carts and tandems, automobiles and bicycles, and they contain such visions of loveliness that no one notices what kind of flowers they are, only that they have bright eyes, and hair that ripples, and white teeth that play with the sunshine. It is an artist's dream of beauty. Phaetons and carts and carriages almost buried in flowers follow the four-in-hands.

In 1901 President McKinley rode in the procession seated in a carriage covered with ten thousand white carnations, and drawn by four white horses in golden satin harness.

But in all the long parade there is nothing which equals the Chinese

Photo by C. G. Pierce & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

A BUTTERFLY BICYCLE.

division in magnificence, in novelty, in wealth of colouring, and in artistic effect a mass of oriental splendour, putting to shame the cheap finery of the western world. No sooner does the variegated line come into view than the cumbersome, jumbling strains of Chinese music from pipes and tomtoms begin to fall upon the ear, and recall youthful memories of the midnight charivari. Even when far away the immense banners and flags and mounted draperies are striking to behold—but as they come nearer all is a pageant of colour, and one realises that he is in the midst of a truly oriental demonstration. The most novel sight, however, of the Chinese parade is the dragon. As the huge beast coils along the streets, darting this way and that, the crowds shout with delight. From the gigantic head with its yawning jaws of fiery red to the dust at the end of the tail the dragon is ablaze with gold and silver, encrusted with oriental embroideries and shimmering with rich Chinese silks. Thickly strewn over its surface are innumerable tiny mirrors, which sparkle and gleam in the sunlight like diamonds. Tall silken plumes and tufts of peacock feathers, plates of shining brass, and fringes of snowy fur aid in rendering the monster life-like and awe-inspiring. Its gigantic head is kept constantly rearing and darting in an apparent effort to seize a Chinese boy who dances before it, and tantalizes it with some sort of a golden orb on a long white pole. The dragon is 225ft. in length, and its head alone weighs 60lb. It takes 120 men to carry it, each man relieving the other at intervals 60 at a time. The bearers are dressed in lavender silk with embroidered silk and coloured shoes. The Chinese division is a bit of life from China—a festival procession of the flowery kingdom transplanted to American soil. From the clanging gongs which herald its approach to the last silken banner trailing in the dust, everything in the division is of such

Photo by Park & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

CAR ENTERED BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Probably the most exquisitely decorated car ever seen in any parade in the world

Photo by Park & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

CLEOPATRA IN HER BARGE OF STATE.

TWO OF THE MANY DECORATED CARS IN THE PROCESSION.

Photo by C. G. Pierce & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

BEAUTY AND FLOWERS IN THE FLORAL PROCESSION.

a kind as is to be seen only in an interior city of China on a day of a great religious or civic celebration.

Of all the pageants of La Fiesta the night parade is the most beautiful. When, through the clear, soft darkness, gemmed with myriads of coloured sparks of fire, the glittering procession sweeps through the city on its way to the tribunes, it seems as though fairyland itself has come to earth. Flowers of human thought, crystallized into exquisite legends and typified in all sorts of pretty fancies, make up the whole beautiful scene. Cinderella and the Prince rejoice in the happy termination of the sweet old story of the lady's slipper. Iolanthe rises again from the pond lily at the summons of the Fairy Queen, Cleopatra sails in her barge of state through the papyrus that fringes the banks of the Nile, the victor at the Olympian games is crowned anew with the wreath of laurel. The sleeping beauty takes her long rest with the poppies of slumberland nodding around her, while chrysanthemums grow around the house of Yum Yum and Nanki Pooh. Such are the stories told by the floats in this wondrous pageant—stories as old as Time itself, and known to every child in the land; grown-up children are taken back into the days when they looked for fairies in the forest, and saw in the clouds the chariots of the gods, and all are reminded of the beautiful significance attached to the flowers they see about them every day.

The last evening of La Fiesta is known as All Fool's Night, when the Lord of Misrule holds sway. The reign of the Queen has ended. Kissing her hand to her subjects and softly crying "farewell," her four proud horses have carried her away from the tribunes—and now the people of her favourite province fling aside all care and anxiety, and in a last whirlwind of mirth and good feeling celebrate the success of La Fiesta.

As the sun sets and darkness comes, the streets begin to fill with maskers. At first, they appear singly and in twos and threes, timidly flitting by and keeping in the shadows—as if ill-at-ease in their fantastic attire, and fearful that someone will recognize them. As the evening grows later, more and more sally forth, until the streets are alive with them. They come in ever-increasing throngs, pouring into the

Photo by C. G. Pierce & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

A STUDY IN WHITE.

centre of the city from the outlying regions, springing out of the earth, apparently, and dropping down from the sky, until the streets are filled with a shifting river of strange monsters, pouring this way and that, swirling and eddying around favourite gathering places, and now and then pouring an overflow into some quiet corner; near at hand, but yet away from the main centre of events. All sorts and conditions of men are *en masque*. Little children cling tight hold of their mothers' hands and look in startled wonder at the gipsies and fairies, blackamoors, clowns and elves, devils and monkeys, Zulus and Indians and Chinamen which keep hurrying by. The electric cars crawl along at a snail's pace with a perpetual clang of bells and continual warning shouts from the conductors.

The maskers cling to the cars and steal free rides with hilarious delight, and when they see the conductor approaching stick out red paper tongues through their masks, or wag their artificial ears at him. The whole jolly show is marked by so much good feeling and innocent mirth that it is an unalloyed pleasure to behold it. Everyone seems filled with the wish to make the carnival as gorgeous and kaleidoscopic a spectacle as lies in his power, to thoroughly enjoy himself in the unrestrained mirth that comes but once a year, and to help other people to the same beatific state of true carnival delight. Even if he is not masked everyone feels it a solemn and unavoidable duty to blow a tin horn, or whirl a ratchet wheel, and so help to celebrate right royally the going out of La Fiesta.

By an hour after midnight the last demon and monk and soldier have vanished into the mysterious regions from whence they emerged for a few brief hours of uproarious fun, and the city has sunk into slumber, a slumber filled with dreams of dragons and lions and prancing steeds, of lovely queens and gay courtiers, of gleaming lights and swaying banners, of pomp and pageants unnumbered, and over the city a soft haze of colour still lingers, as though it, too, were flushed with carnival.

RECENT DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT SCULPTURES

By SARAH HOWIE

WHILE travelling between Sūk-Wady-Barada and Baalbec, collecting material for a work on "Pen Pictures of Palestine and its People," I visited Kab Eliās, a village which lies nearly in the centre of the eastern slope of the Lebanon range.

IN THE BACKGROUND LIES THE STONE ON WHICH THE FIGURE OF THE BULL APPEARS.

The remains here of an ancient castle, some rock hewn tombs, and a few sarcophagi, led me to question the people, as we met with them one evening after another, as to whether they knew of any "kattabat" (writings) on stones in or near the village. After much persuasion, two men reluctantly confessed that they knew of two "suar" (pictures), both on rocks, one high up in the mountains near Asie el Radda, and the other down in a gorge on the edge of the plain of Cœle Syria. Without delay I made the necessary arrangements to inspect the sculptures, of which I made sketches, and at a later date took an artist to the spot, who took the photographs accompanying this article.

In visiting the rock up in the mountains, I will admit that I saw nothing more at first than the figure of a bull, but the photograph reveals a second figure. The head of a cow is distinctly visible alongside that of the bull, and although the upper part is worn away, the nostrils and mouth, with protuberant, upturned tongue, are distinct. Moreover, to the left side, on the photograph, under the tail and hindermost leg of the bull, I recognised the head of a lion or lioness. Whether this is a

purely natural formation or whether the sculptor's art has brought it into shape must be left for archæologists to declare.

In reference to the other rock sculpture, which is close to the plain, there is no doubt in my mind that the figure represents a female warrior or goddess. She looks to the right, and I think I detect a Minerva-like helmet on her head; her right arm is extended, and she holds a sword by the haft, pointing upwards; the left arm rests on her left hip, and she holds a spear, point downwards, in her left hand. The pleated folds of her skirt and the upper drapery, with sabretache, pocket, ribbons, or whatever it is, pendant at her side, are indications of femininity which the sword and spear would seem to contradict.

The natives whom we questioned on the subject were positive and unanimous that no "Frangi" had ever seen those "sūan" before my visits.

Probably no doubt can exist but that these figures are symbols or representations of ancient deities, but, nevertheless, I do not speak with the authority of an expert, but simply with the desire to place the discovery and its apparent significance before those more competent to judge. Until I may be corrected later by experts, I believe these sculptures are representations of West Semitic gods; and, moreover, these rocks, on which they are figured are the stepping-stones on which the Amonites (whom Scripture regards as the aboriginal inhabitants of Canaan, but whom some antiquarians relegate to the realm of myth and legend) shall step out from the realm of obscurity and darkness into the sphere of real existence.

CARVED FIGURE OF A BULL DISCOVERED IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SYRIA.

We have been taught to regard Amurru, Mar-tu, Hadad, Ramman, Baba, Baal, or under whatever other name he may be known, to have been "god of the weather, Lord of the mountains," and of the storm generally; then his wife, whether we call her Ashratu, Ninguedina, Atargatis, &c., was "Mistress of the Plain," or "Wilderness." Now our sculptures seem to agree

with and confirm this theory, for the one representing the male is among the mountains, and the other, which represents the female, is on the edge of the plain. When we remember that this female deity was conceived of as goddess of war and bloodshed, as well as of love, receptivity, and fecundity, the "contradiction" in a female armed with a sword and a spear vanishes.

The Amorite weather-god (Amurru) and his wife (Ashirtu) are found in the Babylonian cult, and since they are not natives of Babylon but are imported from a mountainous country in the west, it would seem reasonable that this region where these sculptures were found is that "Westland" from which the "Lord of the Mountains" came; and should this supposition turn out to be correct, it would follow that these are Amorite sculptures, and that the Ashera or "grove" of the Scripture is not a "pillar," as some have supposed, but a deity, and that at some unknown time in the past this Amorite-Ashera, or grove cult, somehow was extended south to Palestine, where it was condemned by the Old Testament; and if the supposition as to the presence of a cow and lion or lions with the "bull" in the sculpture be found correct, then the discovery would have an important bearing on the mythology of the Syrians and Hittites as well.

CARVED FIGURE OF A GODDESS DISCOVERED IN SYRIA.

PARLIAMENT AND PETER PARLANE

By A. WALLIE

SOME Englishmen, and most Scots, protest upon principle, and Peter Parlane did so with emphasis when a Parliamentary notice was handed him on behalf of the promoters of the Birsley to Buich Railway, which it was proposed should traverse the lands of Mucklemerk, the property of Peter.

"I'll ha'e naething ado wi't," he declared dogmatically, "there'll be nae rails laid down on Mucklemerk wi' my wull. So juist tak' ye'r bit scrive back and tell them that sent ye that I'll set the dougs on the next that comes."

The document held out to him, but which he refused to grasp, fluttered to the doorstep, and the messenger—a solicitor's clerk, willing to air his law—warned the other of the dangers of the course he was pursuing.

"You must take it," the clerk pointed out glibly. "It is issued by order of the House, and requires that you should be in London to-morrow, bringing certain papers now in your possession."

"I carena' a doit if it was issued by order o' the Session, and the Synod at the back o' that," retorted the wrathful Peter. "Did ye hear tell o' what happened the surveyor lad that cam' after this same business?"

"No," the clerk admitted, glancing uneasily at a collie which was smelling at his heels.

"Thorpe was the name o' him—Lambert Thorpe—and he started with his instruments and whigmaleeries tae spy oot a road for the line over the best field I ha'e gotten. 'I ha'e gude authority,' he says tae me, but I let the bull in on him, and the horns of the beastie wad ha'e been through baith him and his authority if he hadna' loupit the dyke like a salmon at a weir."

A herd of young cattle had strayed into the farm yard, and the clerk surveyed them dubiously whilst this tale was being recounted, his legal knowledge not assisting him to a certainty that there might not be a bull amongst them. A puff of wind carried the Parliamentary paper towards an inquisitive stirk, which started to chew it, but the bearer of it took small heed. It seemed to him that a strategic retreat would be the wisest, and he turned away towards the farm gate.

"There's Mrs. Henshil coming down the brae side, uncle," said a female voice, and the clerk swung about again. At the top of the steps in front of the door stood a tall, bright-looking girl; her hatless head crowned by a wealth of fair hair, and her blue eyes sparkling with merriment.

"Awa' wi' ye." It was Peter that spoke this time, addressing the young man peremptorily. "The kye'll no' meddle wi' ye, and ye can tell the Parliament men I heed their summons nae mair than does the beast that's eating it this meenute."

But the clerk had recovered something of his equanimity.

"Good afternoon then, Mr. Parlane," he returned, raising his hat politely as he glanced towards the girl. "As your calf has swallowed the warrant it may be regarded as having been duly received into what is your domicile, and I shall report accordingly. You will hear more of the matter if you do not attend to the instructions which your animal will doubtless easily digest."

The farmer commenced to hiss something to his collie, but paused as he glanced over to where the figure of a woman showed descending the grassy slope above the house. Half instinctively

he stroked his long grey beard into some semblance of order, and calling the dog after him, moved up the steps.

"She's a widow woman, and troubled whiles wi' the nerves," he muttered half to himself; "if it wasna' for that I'd chase the birkie doon the road. I'll gang ben and change mysel', Janet," he added, in louder tones, to the girl, who was his niece. "Ye'll gie Mrs. Henshil her tea in the parlour—I'll be there when I'm cleaned."

Janet smiled an intelligent assent, the object of these tactics being sufficiently plain to her, for the lady now approaching owned Gowanneuk, the next farm to Mucklemerk, and she knew her uncle considered they would go well together in a ring fence, if only the widow was agreeable.

But she was very much otherwise when Mr. Parlane joined her in the wainscotted parlour. A handsome, well-preserved woman, of florid complexion, and determined appearance, she had seated herself stiffly upright beside the polished table, on which the great family Bible lay in state, and her host felt, as he greeted her, that she had all the advantage of position.

"I ha'e a crow tae pick wi' you, Mucklemerk," she began, giving him his territorial title. "Janet tells me ye ha'e chasit awa' anither o' thae railway folk, and fine ye ken that if the line canna' get through your land it'll no' reach mine, and I'm wantin' it through Gowanneuk."

Peter, to whom this was not news, did not appear to be impressed.

"Hoots!" he retorted, without regard to diplomacy. "What for wad ye want a railway—ye ha'e a gig, and a gude gaun powny?"

This facetiousness met with fitting reproof.

"Ye're a gowk, Peter Parlane," the visitor returned severely, "and no' fit tae be trusted wi' property. Mr. Thorpe, the surveyer, tell't me the land would be worth twice—ay, three times—as much wi' the railway made. He's a sharp lad yon."

Now the farmer was suspicious that the other was a rival, and this praise, therefore, was gall and wormwood to him.

"I hear ye say sae," he replied inanely, "but I ha'e my ain opeenion."

The widow's countenance became a study in colour.

"Havers!" she commented rudely. "Ye're like a' men folk—no fit tae see the nose afore ye'r face. Maybe ye ha'e an opeenion too," she commented sarcastically, "what was in the paper Janet says ye let the stirk eat?"

"I wasna' heedin'," said Peter carelessly.

"Juist that—ye're no' fit to be trusted alane. It was what they ca' a Speaker's warrant, for you and ye'r titles tae be ta'en tae London tae be examined by the Parliament men. It was Mr. Thorpe tell't me that as well, and it's waur than a Sheriff's Court summons."

Parlane's jaw dropped; he had little conception of what she meant, but it sounded portentous. His was an obstinate nature, however, and he pulled himself together.

"I carena'," he returned doggedly, "not an inch will I stir if they send the dragoons—nor the deeds neither. They're in the kist there," he added, nodding towards an enormous, iron-clamped, oaken chest standing against the wall.

"But the folk's in a hurry," urged the widow, trying persuasion, "and that's what brocht me here, for Mr. Thorpe was calling the day, and I promised him I wad try tae get ye tae see reason in a neighbourly way aboot this railway—and something else."

There was an inflection indicative of softening in the last word, and Peter caught at it.

"Aye," he remarked tentatively. "Ye ken I'm aye prood tae see ye—Jean."

"It was aboot the lad Thorpe and ye'r lass, Janet," she went on hurriedly, ignoring notice of his use of her own first name. "He's ta'en a fancy tae her."

"Tae her?" queried the farmer.

"Wha else? And he thocht, when I was here onyway, that I micht spier at

He unlocked the chest—it was large enough for a coffin—and fumbled for the documents.

ye whether ye had ony objection like tae him for her?"

Peter thoroughly assimilated this proposition before answering it.

"That depends," he said drily at last, "upon yersel'."

It was the widow's turn to be astonished—or to appear to be so.

"Upon me!" said she. "What way that?"

"Juist that if you'll ha'e Peter Parlane, the Thorpe lad can ha'e Janet for all I'll say contrary."

"Hech sirs!" ejaculated the widow, though she maintained an admirable composure, "but ye're very sudden, Muckle merk. I wasna' thinkin' o' changing my condeetion—I'm no' that ill off as I am."

"I ken that"—this, at least, was fact—"but ye micht be better."

"I micht that," she admitted, "though men's kittle cattle. If I dinna' contradict ye," she inquired cautiously, "will ye heed the Parliament summons, and ha'e the line through Mucklemerk?"

Peter stroked his beard, watching her the while. In her eyes he thought he saw signs of yielding, and stuck to his guns.

"That has nathing ado wi't," he asserted. "Juist you settle this, and I'll settle that."

The lady rose from her chair, looking her suitor full in the face.

"Nae pennies, nae pie, Peter," she quoted, with determination. "You'll no' get Jean Henshil withoot ye hae the line."

"Then I'll dae fine wantin' baith," retorted the wooer sullenly.

"Sae be it," returned the lady coolly, making for the door. "I'll no wait for tea, Mr. Parlane. The police'll be here presently I'm thinkin' tae tak' ye off for contempt of Parliament, and I'm no heedin' aboot bidin' till they come. I'm sorry for ye, Mucklemerk—real sorry."

With this parting shot she swept out, leaving him a most uncomfortable man, though his obstinacy remained. But during the remainder of that day at least nothing happened such as he dreaded. It was long after dark when a knock came to the door, and Peter, on answering it—for Janet had retired—found himself face to face with Mrs. Henshil again.

"I couldna' rest thinking o' ye," she explained, when he had ushered her into the parlour, "and walked ower tae spier if ye hadna' changed ye'r mind?"

"I have not," said Peter.

"Aweel," she sighed resignedly, "ye ken best. But, when I'm here wad ye gie me a sicht o' the map of ye'r grund? It'll be amongst ye'r deeds I'm thinkin,' and there's a bittock where your west park marches wi' my east field that I'd be glad tae see, for I jalouse thae railway folk'll maybe cheat me oot o't. They're a tricksome lot, Mucklemerk, and it's hard on a poor, lone widow woman tae fend for hersel' against them."

This appeal to the farmer's chivalry was not lost.

"It's a pleasure," he responded magnanimously, "tae be a help tae the helpless. I'll sune sort oot the bit plan for ye."

He unlocked the chest—it was large enough for a coffin—and fumbled for the documents; Mrs. Henshil assisting. Presently his arm slipped round her waist.

"Haud easy! Mucklemerk," she exclaimed, moving slightly away, but he followed her.

"Jean," he pleaded earnestly, "why fash yersel' aboot Parliament and the railway. Say 'yes,' wumman, and I'll fecht ye'r battle wi' my own—then we'll baith be cantie and comfortable?"

What the widow's response might have been it is impossible to say, for, just then, there came a thunderous knocking at the outer door, and she sprang from him.

"There's folk coming!" she exclaimed. "Weary me! what will they say tae find me here wi' you at this hour o' the nicht. I'll gang and let them in," she went on, rapidly developing a policy which certainly did not lack boldness. "If it's the officers I'll say you're no' at hame, and that I'm seein' tae the hoose, and Janet, and the papers. Awa' wi' ye, man—get oot o' sicht."

She hastened from the room, and Peter hesitated. He was no coward, but the unknown has terrors for all of us; and, if he was caught, there could be no further evasion possible. Therefore, when Lambert Thorpe, with the lawyer's clerk, and a couple of constables appeared upon the scene, the owner of Mucklemerk had rendered himself invisible.

* * * *

It was in a committee room at Westminster, the day following, that the mystery was elucidated.

"I regret to have to report," said counsel for the Birsley and Buich Railway Company, "that a most important witness, Mr. Parlane of Mucklemerk, has seen fit to disregard your order for his

Then the red face and long beard of Peter Parlane showed over the top.

attendance, with certain papers essential to this inquiry."

"Was the Speaker's warrant served upon him?" asked the Chairman.

"I am instructed that it was so, and that our agents called again last night upon Mr. Parlane, hoping to induce him to see reason, but were told he was not at home. Mrs. Jean Henshil, however, who was in charge, permitted the chest, containing the papers we require, to be brought away, on condition that she accompanied it, along with Mr. Parlane's niece. We hired a special train for them to show the Committee that we, at least, had done all in our power."

"Quite so," interpolated the Chairman impatiently, "but what does all this lead up to?"

"Only that I would ask you to take the somewhat unusual course of having the box opened here in the room, and the papers handed over, in your presence, for examination?"

It was certainly an uncommon application, and the Committee hesitated, but finally concurred.

"If it will save time," the Chairman decided, "we will have it in."

So the huge deed chest of Mucklemerk was borne in by four stalwart porters, who wiped their foreheads furtively, whilst Mrs. Henshil unlocked it, with an assumption of importance interesting to witness. The lid was thrown back—and, from the depths beneath, a pair of great hands emerged to grip the sides. Then the red face and long beard of Peter Parlane showed over the top, whilst he peered inquiringly round out of tired eyes.

"If I'm in Parliament," he began hotly, "I'll ha'e a hair in the neck o't for this."

"Whist ye, Peter," whispered the widow, stooping close to his ear. "Me and Parliament's been ower much for ye. Juist answer their questions, noo ye'r here, like a douce man—the sooner ye do, the sooner ye'll get oot for ye'r victuals. Besides, ye'll be paid for't."

It was all very irregular, but as the victim, in response to this skilfully worded appeal, intimated his willingness to be interrogated, his examination was proceeded with, and speedily concluded, And afterwards, when his wrath has been further assuaged by a good dinner, at which Lambert Thorpe acted host, and Mrs. Henshil, with Janet, were also guests. he condescended to further parley.

"This is a bonnie ploy," he remarked, "tae bring a man into. Wha did it?"

"Me," responded the widow, with more frankness than grammar. "I cam' last nicht tae Mucklemerk tae try tae get ye tae send ye'r papers, if ye wouldna' come yersel', and Mr. Thorpe here brought the police tae gie ye a fricht. When I jaloused ye had hidden in the kist I tell't him, and he did the rest—all for ye'r gude, Peter," she concluded placably, "all for ye'r gude."

"Humph!" he responded, after a pause, "that depends. But if you'll ha'e me, this lad here can ha'e Janet. Parliament can pit rails where they like for Peter Parlane, and byganes can be byganes for the rest. Is't a bargain?"

And that Committee, at least, unanimously declared the preamble to be proved.

THE ancient custom of rising with the dawn on the first day of May, in order to welcome the advent of spring, has long since passed out of fashion, and most people attribute this fact to the Reformation, which had the effect of killing so many picturesque and symbolical observances. But it seems to me more probable that the custom may have died a natural death, like certain forms of unrequited love, because of the repeated absences of the guest whom men and women rose to welcome. "It is putting too great a strain on human nature," as Mr. Balfour would say, to expect a man to rise with the dawn, in order to give a welcome, when he knows all the time that the odds are nine to one against the guest turning up. This is the Age of Reason, not of Faith, and the belief in the unseen is regretably weaker than it was centuries ago. So the matter-of-fact Englishman, unable as a rule to perceive on the last day of April any signs of the disappearance of the winter, is asleep in bed when the first of May dawns, and even when he rises he is fully prepared to go to business as usual in a great coat and carrying an open umbrella. If he thinks regretfully of the ancient custom, he either attributes it to the ignorance of the Dark Ages, which prevented men from distinguishing between winter and summer, or he consoles himself with the scientific fact that the earth is undoubtedly cooling. There is, however, one phenomenon peculiar to this time of year which neither the Reformation nor meteorological conditions have altered for centuries, and the month of May still brings with her long days and lingering twilights. Owing to the abundance of daylight, May is still the most joyous of months. London especially always looks her best in the month of May; the green of her parks and avenues is short-lived, but the brief existence is inexpressibly lovely. Indeed few Londoners realise how much of the country still remains within their city. I have seen it stated, and I think it is probable, that there is scarcely a street in the City from which at least one tree cannot be seen. About a week after the Diamond Jubilee procession I met a friend who had just been to the Chelsea Barracks to see some of the coloured troops. He asked these men what had impressed them most during their visit to London. They had been everywhere; they had seen the great White Queen in her palace; they had been through the streets of London on the day and on the night of the great procession. But they did not hesitate for an answer. "The most wonderful thing we think we have seen in London," said the spokesman of the party, "is over there"—pointing across the river to Battersea Park—"we have never seen green like that: the freshness and brightness of that foliage is new to us; there is no green like that in the sub-tropics; we take the picture back with us." Looking her best, as she knows she does in May, London puts her whole soul at this time into social festivities, dances, dinner parties, annual gatherings, and political demonstrations. It was either a wise concession to human nature, or a purely missionary effort on the part of the organisers of the May meetings, to have arranged that these gatherings

should take place at a season when the world is also holding high festival. It is doubtful whether many worldlings attend the religious meetings, but it is quite certain that many ecclesiastics of all denominations attend the gatherings of the worldlings. I remember hearing the late Mr. Haweis remark in a sermon, which he was preaching, that a change was coming over the religious world in its attitude towards the theatre, and he rejoiced to think that it was no longer considered a scandal to see a clergyman at the play. "Why, I myself," he went on, "escorted a bishop the other night to the Lyceum. It is true he was only a colonial," Mr. Haweis added, with a twinkle in his eye, "but even allowing for that, the fact is significant of the advance we have made." Perhaps the Established Church is more responsive to the calls which the world makes than are the Nonconformist bodies; at any rate, the experiment which was tried a few years ago of holding the Church Congress in London was not considered a success from the purely ecclesiastical point of view. It was found that though more delegates were sent to the Congress than had been the case when it was held in a provincial town, the various meetings were not so well attended, and this falling off was attributed to the many rival attractions offered in London.

Now it is, of course, very easy to be satirical about the ways of ecclesiastics, but much as they have to learn from the worldlings, there are many lessons which society might profitably receive from the Church. There is, for instance, a long-standing controversy between religious folk on the advantages and disadvantages of forms of prayer and worship, and one of the best arguments of the supporters of ceremonialism is that it assists the weaker brethren. It seems to me that the same argument might fairly be used to defend the use of forms and ceremonies in social life. The nervous, shy, and awkward members of society want assistance; how rare is the easy host or hostess! how few are the guests who are completely at their ease! Why should we not extend the use of forms even in the direction of conversation? Cardinal Newman, in his celebrated definition of a gentleman, said that "he is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him." and the use of form and ceremony is that they often act the same part in society as the individual gentleman. A writer has said that "there are certain elect spirits in prose and verse possessing as by birthright an exquisite flow and limpidity which others lack." I think this is also a very good description of a really good man or woman of the world; for such persons forms and ceremonies seem unnecessary: they rise superior to them. I am speaking on behalf of the shy, the awkward, and the tongue-tied: it is so difficult for these to feel at ease, to get a start in conversation. They need a little ritual, a form, not of prayer, but of social intercourse. There might be the "Opening Sentences," the "Responses," a few "Beatitudes," and by the time we had gracefully enunciated these, our shyness would be conquered: we should be under way, and everything would be ready for the extempore discourse. At present we flounder and plunge, and our first experience of a stranger's voice is hearing him repeat some feeble platitudes about the weather, the Academy, or the theatre. We get a bad impression of him at the outset: his remarks strike us necessarily as fatuous and wanting in dignity, no one is more conscious of this fact than himself, whereas if there were placed in his mouth certain accepted sentences in good English, and opportunity were given to him to put some of his individuality into his elocution, the effect would be to give both him and us confidence, and there would be a smoothness in our subsequent intercourse which we could not have acquired on the old irregular and impromptu system.

In certain hydropathic establishments, guests are forbidden to talk about their ailments at meal time, and in one place of this kind that I visited, there was a definite and salutary rule that no visitor should ask another at breakfast how he or she had slept. This is a tentative effort in my direction, but it is purely negative in its character, whereas what I am advocating is something positive and constructive. It will be remembered that at the country house which was the scene of Mr. Mallock's *New Republic*, a topic of conversation was provided as an additional item in the *menu* for dinner. "The Aim of Life" was the subject to accompany the soup and fish. "Art and Literature" went with the *entrées*, and so on, but I notice that Mr. Mallock makes no provision for breakfast. This is, of all meals, the most difficult from the social point of view, and I submit that if

certain forms of conversation were brought into use, the day would begin more brightly for many of us. One morning I sat down to breakfast at a boarding house, and this is always a trying meal at such places. There was silence for some few moments, and then, out of sheer nervousness and from anxiety, perhaps, to make a beginning of sociability, a lady sneezed. This had the effect, if I may mix my metaphors, of breaking the ice, and the lady turned to her next-door neighbour and said, "I don't know how it is, but I always sneeze in the sun." The lady who was thus addressed, was relieved to find a subject of conversation provided, and she at once replied, "Do you really? And is it not awful when you want to sneeze and can't?" Whereupon a third party, finding sociability beginning, remarked with some zest, "Sometimes I sneeze and sneeze, and can't stop." Then the first lady, scarcely heeding the varied experiences of her sisters, brought back the discussion to the mystery of her own creation by saying, "And the funny thing with me is that when I have a cold, I never sneeze at all." Then the subject seemed to be exhausted, silence reigned once more, and we almost wished someone would sneeze again, to relieve the awkward situation. It was a bad start, and I felt that something outside of ourselves was needed to set the conversation on a high level. That would be the advantage of forms; they would sound the note on which subsequent conversations should continue. Now, if these ideas of mine are anything more than idle fancies, it will be obvious that they apply especially to occasions where conversation is more or less public, and is between mere casual acquaintances. The real cause of conversation in many circles is simply because silence is felt to be awkward, and any remark, however fatuous, is considered better than an inability to speak at all. When such is the case it is surely better to have "an order of conversation" provided for us. Emerson said "Mankind is as indolent as it dares to be," and we might in many cases say it is also as silent. We talk because we have not the courage to hold our peace. And herein lies the difference between public and private intercourse. With some of us are not our most valued friends those with whom we can be silent, who make no demands on our powers of conversation, who themselves exercise by their presence alone a restful influence? Talk if it comes is spontaneous, extempore: here most certainly the demand for form is non-existent. Arniel said that there are men who "have no instinct of contemplation," and these are certainly not the best talkers.

One of the most interesting functions of the month will be the visit of the King and Queen to Edinburgh, and the holding of a Court at Holyrood Palace. This will be an event in the history, at least, of Scotland. No building is fuller of great memories than Holyrood, but she has stood for many years living on the story of her past, only waking up annually for just the space of one week, when the Lord Commissioner—"a kind of state sovereign—sits among stage courtiers; a coach and six and clattering escort come and go before the gate; at night the windows are lighted up, and its near neighbours, the workmen, may dance in their own houses to the palace music." So wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, and when he adds that "the Palace of Holyrood has been left aside in the growth of Edinburgh, and stands grey and silent in a workmen's quarter, and among breweries and gasworks," we understand a little why the Court has for so many years been held here only by deputy. But now the King, with that fine sense which he possesses of the duties attaching to his position as Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, has determined to hold a Court himself in the Palace of his predecessors, and to preserve something of that continuity of greatness which such a building deserves. There will indeed be high jinks in Edinburgh if the King carries out his intention. No city in the Kingdom is so adapted for great functions of this kind. Princes Street approximates more closely to a Paris boulevard than any other thoroughfare in the two Islands. It seems always *en fête*, and the visitors and passers-by are bent on pleasure rather than work. Few cities combine more picturesquely the new with the old, and in spite of the North British Railway it has suffered less in appearance from the modern architect than most towns. I am always especially impressed by the bearing of the typical Edinburgh resident. He walks down Princes Street with the evident consciousness that he is somebody of consequence, and if you challenge him on this point he will tell you why; it is because he is a citizen of the finest capital in Europe. Indeed, when I meet an

Edinburgh citizen of this kind taking his constitutional down Princes Street I am half inclined to go boldly up to him and say "Excuse me, sir, but are you anybody of importance?" That of course was the question put by Theodore Hook to a passer-by in a street in London who seemed to Hook to look conscious of greatness. Even the Edinburgh tradesmen in their dealings with you cannot disguise their feeling of superiority. I was once in Edinburgh for a few days, and I had occasion to visit three days in succession a barber's shop. Now an Edinburgh hairdresser, unlike his English brothers, is usually a silent individual, and it was not until my third visit that he felt it was safe to speak to me. The Scotch are notoriously suspicious of strangers. He asked me what I thought of Edinburgh, and courtesy and love of truth alike compelled me to say words of appreciation of the beautiful city, while to emphasise my praise I spoke of the disadvantages of London as compared with her northern sister. But the Scottish barber honestly felt his superiority —he nodded his head approvingly to all that I said, and he summed up the situation gravely as follows: "Nae doot, nae doot, it's against London being sae faur sooth." This I thought magnificent; it it was a point of view I had never realised, and I have endeavoured since to argue it out in Fleet Street and Pall Mall, but with little success. If the Court visits Holyrood, we may expect perhaps some day to hear that the Tower has been selected to take, in London, the place of Buckingham Palace. In the case both of Holyrood and of the Tower one condition is the same, viz., the character of the surrounding population. Both buildings are in the poorer quarters of their respective cities, and I have no doubt this fact has seized the imagination of the King. Like the Shunamite woman, he would say: "I dwell among my own people." Princes Street and the Castle will lionise, entertain him, and follow him in procession; but the High Street, Canongate, and Cowgate population he will dwell among, and they will hold their heads for a week as high as their wealthier neighbours of the New Town. I hope it is also true that the King is going to Ireland. Dublin has suffered even more than Edinburgh from the long continued absences of the Court. She has not quite the same satisfaction in her past as Edinburgh: she has felt more keenly the neglect and the slights on her position which have been her fate, and she is conscious in a very painful way of being treated as "the poor relation." She has not the individual attractiveness of Edinburgh, as regards position and architecture, but she has a Bay, and —yes, let an Anglo-Saxon acknowledge it—the most beautiful girls in the three kingdoms. A Court in Dublin might not be historically so interesting as one held in Edinburgh, but who can doubt which would produce the more beautiful women!

I have been reading a very powerful, but somewhat depressing book, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," by George Gissing. Everybody who knows the novels of Mr. Gissing will recognise this book as largely autobiographical, at least as far as the study of the temperament of the hero is concerned. For Mr. Gissing's studies in human nature have usually been of a sad, almost morbid kind, and his pictures of the lives of the middle-class poor are quite relentless in their faithfulness to fact. In so many of his stories the characters simply decline and fall: there is no redemption for any of them; everybody goes from bad to worse, and nothing is cleared up; the end comes, as it does too often in real life, with the skein still hopelessly tangled. But Mr. Gissing has a style, and he writes not as a mocker of the frailties and weaknesses of men and women, but as an evident sympathiser with the tragedy involved in their struggles against fate. Henry Ryecroft is certainly George Gissing in temperament, and we have in these private papers his views and meditations on things in general. Here is a man who for thirty years had toiled with his pen in London, who for the greater part of that time had lived in comparative poverty, and who at fifty years of age came in for a legacy of £300 a year, which to him meant rest from labour, and for the first time real enjoyment of life. He strikes us as an overtired man, whose vitality is low, and who has lost in the course of his struggles most of his early ideas and enthusiasms, save the love of Nature and of books. He retires to the country to enjoy silence, solitude, and his own thoughts. And these are most suggestive and interesting. In particular, his regrets for his lost youth will find many sympathisers. "Without seeking for Utopia, think what a man's youth might be. I suppose not one in every thousand uses half the possibilities of natural joy and

delightful effort which lie in those years between seventeen and seven-and-twenty. All but all men have to look back upon beginnings of life deformed and discoloured by necessity, accident, wantonness." I think such a reflection is perhaps the exaggeration incidental to a morbid temperament, but I do hold that the age between seventeen and twenty-seven is not accompanied with so much real enjoyment of life as the years that follow after. There is during that period, in many persons' lives, more *ennui*, more weariness of life, than in later life. And there is a very satisfactory reason for this. The most miserable man is he who has no confidence in his own powers—and confidence comes with experience. In early youth we are often rendered extremely unhappy because we are unaware of our own limitations; we take up this study and that pursuit; we flounder here and there, and come some dreadful croppers. But with experience comes ease, lightness of touch, the knowledge of what we can do and what we cannot do, and we throw overboard much of the useless lumber which weighed us down and depressed us so in early manhood. The natural result is that when we, who have more optimistic temperaments than Henry Ryecroft, indulge in retrospection, we can almost say we feel younger than we did twenty years ago. It is a relief to some of us to have got rid of that incubus which weighs down youth, viz., the burden of our future. We do not regret seventeen to twenty-seven, for we would not exchange it with our present age unless we secured with it the lessons we have learnt from experience. We most certainly refuse to join with Henry Ryecroft in seeking the shelter of the shelf at fifty years of age. And against that consciousness which seemed uppermost in his mind of the futility of things we place the fine saying of Augustus Hare after years of suffering: "Is life worth living?—Yes, to the very dregs."

But Henry Ryecroft kept his love of Nature and of books to the end, and for this reason he was a man of fine feeling and character. His love of English scenery was intense, and one taste I at least share with him, viz., his love of county guides and maps. I think one of the pleasantest occupations in May is sketching out all the possible and impossible tours that can be made from the data supplied by time-books and guide-books. A new continental time-book at this time of year is more productive of eager anticipations to me than an uncut novel or book of poems; it is as suggestive to me as my Wordsworth, my Browning, or my Tennyson; for it tells me of earthly paradises and how to get them; of sea and river, and cathedral and mountain, and even the figures which mark the different stoppages — why, they babble of green fields. It is excellent reading. There is nothing in the world of books which so distinguishes "The Passing Hour" as the improvement, in a literary sense, of county guides. But the time-book still deals simply with the raw material, and one must have imagination to turn its prose into poetry. It is so often inaccurate that a little literary grace introduced with its misleading information would gild the pill for bewildered travellers.

Among the spring announcements of the publishers, I notice that Messrs. Routledge and Sons have seized upon an excellent idea for a new series of volumes. They call it "Half-Forgotten Books: a Collection of Works, mainly Fiction, which from one reason or another have been suffered to go Out of Print." The fault that I find with most of the series that are now in the market is that for the most part they confine themselves to well-known books, and little attempt is made by the respective editors to go outside well-beaten publishing tracks. The late Professor Henry Morley devoted a great portion of his "Universal Library" and his "National Library" to neglected corners of English literature, but he has had no successor. One of the half-forgotten books in Messrs. Routledge's series is to be "The Mysteries of Udolpho," by Mrs. Radcliffe. This lady had once a great reputation. She was practically the founder of the sensational novel, but her fame was short-lived. Even a few years after her death it was written of her:

> O Radcliffe thou once wert the charmer
> Of girls who sat reading all night:
> Thy heroes were striplings in armour,
> Thy heroines damsels in white:—
> But past are thy terrible touches.

Sir Walter Scott succeeded her as "the great enchanter," and it will be curious to notice whether the modern fiction reader will now regard Mrs. Radcliffe's work with any but an antiquarian interest—for her touches are indeed terrible.

EDWARD DOWDEN

By CLEMENT SHORTER

PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN, who was born in Cork on May 3rd, 1843, has the least suggestion about him of what is frequently called a "Cork man." The qualities of vivacity, geniality and bubbling humour which an Englishman who has been to the south of Ireland usually associates with the inhabitants of that fairest part of the Emerald Isle can scarcely be associated with the Trinity College professor. Dr. Dowden has many distinguished qualities, but assuredly not these. He is indeed one of the most *learned* men in the three kingdoms; in fact, I think that it is rather a shame that he should have stopped short with a professorship of English Literature at Trinity College, Dublin, while in other branches of learning Dublin has sent its young professors to the greater glories of the English universities. There is probably no writer of our time whose grasp of literature is more thorough than Dr. Dowden's. One may take him on many sides and never find him to fail, and in fact I count him as pre-eminently the specialist on four great European authors of quite separate characteristics.

He is a brilliant student of Shakspeare, and has probably given us more fresh and original ideas upon that subject than any other Shakspeare scholar. He cultivates none of the nonsense known by all real students of literature as the Bacon-Shakspeare craze. His theory that Shakspeare wrote distinctive plays at distinctive epochs of his life, the period of early manhood, of middle age, of serene later life, is well expressed. This theory, I take it, is sound, and in "*Shakspeare: His Mind and Art*," and his Shakspeare *Primer*, Professor Dowden has brought much genuine learning and brilliant writing in support of his theory.

I find him even better as a literary student when treating of Goethe. Here again he has a colossal subject and "Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*," "Goethe and the French Revolution," "Goethe in Italy," and "Goethe's Friendship with Schiller" are topics successively passed in review with illuminating force. There is infinite vigour and wisdom in his essays on the great German poet, the greatest literary figure of the modern world.

The third subject in which Professor Dowden excels has been that of Wordsworth. I take it that in one essay and another he has said truer and sounder things about Wordsworth than any other critic, and he said them before most of the latter-day critics — before even Matthew Arnold, for example. With regard to Wordsworth also, a word of commendation may be given, in that he is one of two men now living who has a thorough competence to deal with the intricate and difficult subject of Wordsworth's text. I once had the privilege of being the guest of the professor in Dublin, and he showed me his copy of Dr. Knight's "Wordsworth." The book was simply crowded with corrections, for, as everyone knows, Dr. Knight is as inaccurate a student of literature as Professor Dowden is a sound and accurate one. It was a grave misfortune that the editing of a definite edition of Wordsworth should not have fallen upon Dr. Dowden or upon Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, for these alone among students of literature have any competence for the task. There were in earlier days three such students, and I wish I had space here to pay a tribute to the splendid learning and fine taste for literature of my friend, the late Mr. Dykes Campbell—but that is another story.

Lastly, all students associate Dr. Dowden's name with yet a fourth of the great literary figures of the world—Percy Bysshe Shelley. Professor Dowden undertook a difficult task when he engaged to write the authorised "Life of Shelley." Shelley had become a kind of shuttlecock of fortune. A large section of the community had undertaken to establish that his life was as beautiful as his verse. Another large section were of opinion that, whatever the merits of his verse, his life was open to the severest stricture. Into the hands of Professor Dowden was given a vast mass of unpublished material in the possession of the late Lady Shelley. Professor Dowden had to please Lady Shelley, who was the blindest of hero worshippers, and I imagine that the absolute condition of his book was that there should be nothing in it that would give offence to that charming woman, for all of us who met Lady Shelley found her singularly charming. Then he had to please his own conscience,

OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—IV

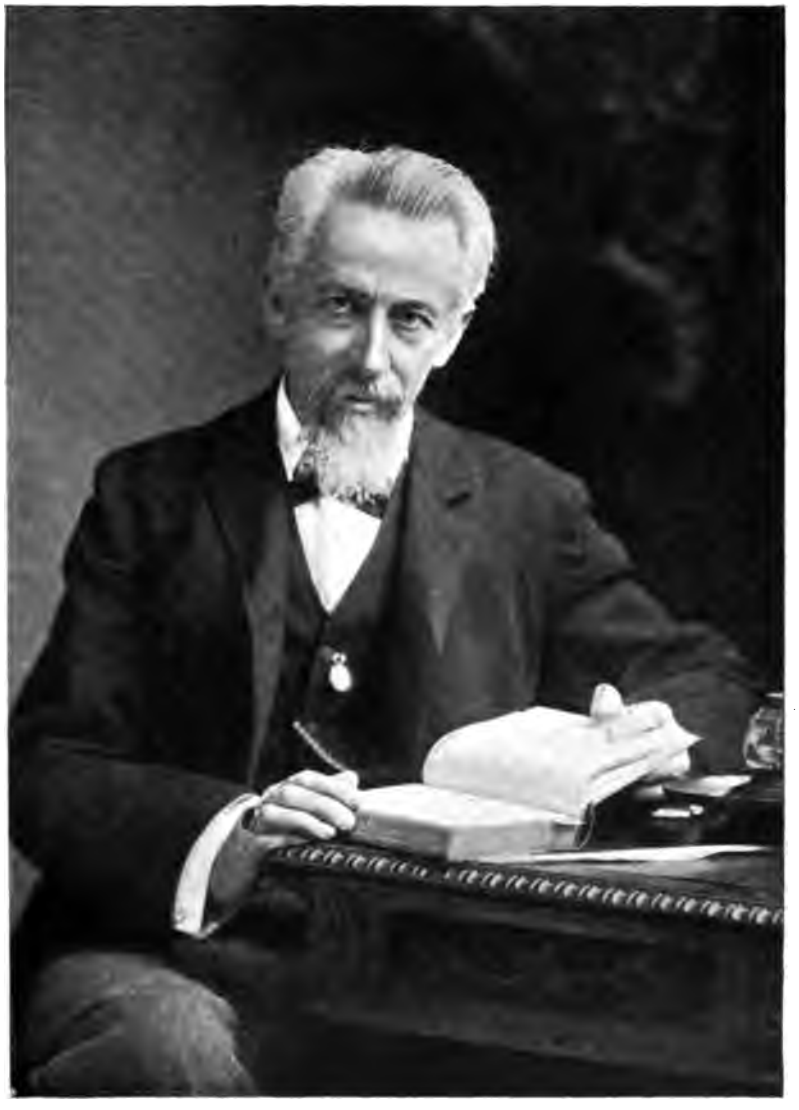


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D., D.C.L.

Born May 3rd, 1843.

and no man could be more at the opposite pole of intellectual outlook than Dr. Dowden. Shelley, the rebel, exhorting the Irish to rise; Shelley, the enthusiastic radical; Shelley, the hater of Southey—every view he held was the opposite of the views of his biographer. Hence a compromise, but all the same the "Life of Shelley" is a book that is full of interest and charm. Over many aspects of Shelley's life I cannot profess to find Professor Dowden altogether satisfactory, but he has given us a standard life of one of our greatest poets, a book that cannot be superseded now.

I have thus named four writers upon whom Professor Dowden has specialised: Shakspeare, Goethe, Wordsworth, and Shelley. There is yet a fifth upon whom he is our most distinguished living authority, and that is Southey. His "Life of Southey," in the "English Men of Letters" Series, is perhaps the most brilliant book he has yet written, but I am not quite sure that it was worth while writing a brilliant book about Southey.

When all this is said, one has given but a very vague impression of the immense area covered by Professor Dowden's essays, of his stupendous learning. Some of his essays on "The Scientific Movement and Literature," on "The French Revolution and English Literature," "The Transcendental Movement and Literature," "Tennyson and Browning," indicate splendid erudition and infinite suggestiveness for the literary student, and his volumes on "Nineteenth Century Literature" for the *Macmillans* and on "French Literature" for Mr. Heinemann indicate his great talent for co-ordinating his knowledge. But I think I have said enough to show that Professor Dowden's place in the literary movement of his time is a very distinctive and a very honourable one.

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J. M. BARRIE

By J. H. BARRON

A WELL-KNOWN playwright is said to intensify the reality of his characters by manipulating upon a miniature stage a set of mannikins, dressed for the personages in the play on which he is engaged. Were it not that Mr. (the author speedily emerged from the medico-literary prefix) Barrie's dramatic talent has no need of such stimulus, his attitude of aloofness towards his creations might lead one to believe that they stood as puppets on the desk before him.

To us they are as real as only book-people can be, but their maker is under no illusions as to the source of their life, and this leads him to deal rather arbitrarily with them at times. Thus "Sentimental Tommy" grows on us through two bulky volumes, and for all his waywardness we love him, but the strings of the *fantoccino* become tangled, Tommy is left hanging from the spike, and the reader rebels against one of the most revolting deaths in fiction. On the other hand this independence enables Mr. Barrie to handle subjects which another would not attempt without certain failure. "Margaret Ogilvy," challenging countless risks, was admittedly perfect, and this in spite of the cardinal dramatic law

"*ne pueros coram populo*,"

the force of which is not abated though the position of the characters be reversed. What again shall we say of the latest and least deniable work of genius, "The Little White Bird," in which Mr. Barrie's self is the marionette? A little white bird flies about the eaves of many homes, but the master of the house does not speak of it and thinks of it as seldom as he can. Yet the intimacy of the subject impairs not, but enhances, the merit of the fiction.

This power of detaching himself from characters which engross the reader is probably the secret of Mr. Barrie's stepping so surely in the misty ways of pathos. The "Tragedy of a Mud House" in "The Little Minister" is perfect to the silencing of criticism, yet a single slip would have made it the very "caul' kail" so indefatigably re-hotted for our consumption by others.

If his humour was sometime less sure, it must have been due to his mistaking his audience. Nearly every page of the Thrumology shines with a quiet, kindly irony which somehow or other proved neither a stumbling-block to the Jews nor foolishness to the Greeks, to whom it must have come at first as a strange exotic. This is the better part of Mr. Barrie's humour; translated into a foreign medium it becomes the extraordinary fun of "Better Dead." But the heavy-handed pleasantry of "My Lady Nicotine," with its fatal suggestion of the best-written advertisement in fiction, was inferior Jeromesque, the fruit of a peculiar season in English prose-writing. Future critics would probably have been able to ascribe the treatise to "A friend (?) of Barrie" had not something of the master emerged on the final page in the picture of the retired smoker listening to the tapping of his neighbour's pipe through the party-wall.

This same dramatic power made real to eyes, which had never seen their like, the eminently national worthies of Thrums—the Haggarts, the Hobarts, and the Dows. Strangely enough, the instinct of the theatre has found but rare embodiment in a people which, instead of speech, uses expression as the Neapolitans use gesture. Yet Mr. Barrie wrote plays without essay or experiment, and more wonderful still, has proceeded from "Walker, London," to the "Admirable Crichton" with never a pause on the road.

Of all his natural endowments his ability to learn quickly has served him best. If Mr. Barrie ever had any trouble with that bugbear of the literary Scot, "shall" or "will," he overcame it long ago; he mended his dialect early, and left off writing "I sepad" for "I'se uphaud"; his "bilby" and "silvendy" are now no longer like currants in the bun, only put there to be picked out, but have all the homogeneity of the raisins with the plum-pudding. His "Mary Abingers," too, are more at their ease or they fidget less when Mr. Barrie is looking, and his horizon is thereby doubled.

From the essayist of Thrums to the author of "The Little White Bird," and the two most successful simultaneous plays on the London stage is a long journey, and yet Mr. Barrie refrains from politics, from the British Academy, and from knighthood. If you do not see why this is inevitably so, he will stand a second reading.

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OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—V.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

JAMES M. BARRIE.

Born May 9th, 1860.

THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, D.C.L.

By RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D.

THERE is a remarkable power of adaptation in Mr. Bryce which has helped him to become a power in the State as well as in the world of letters. Belonging to that class of philosophical and political thinkers of which Mr. John Morley and Professor Goldwin Smith are eminent types, he has never, like so many other distinguished men of the species, impaired his influence with his countrymen by symptoms of a narrow, or a fanatical, or an impracticably doctrinaire cast of mind. As a general rule the thoughts and opinions of men of Mr. Bryce's stamp make a valuable leaven in public life; but the men themselves are indifferently adapted for office, and power brings them little increase of reputation. Mr. Bryce, however, has so conducted himself in connection with public affairs that none could feel alarm at seeing an important department of State entrusted to him. The reason is, probably, that Mr. Bryce's intelligence is not, like that of most men of philosophic and scientific cast of mind, limited to a particular order of thought, but is highly versatile and prehensile of everything that comes in its way. This many-sidedness may involve some loss of power. Mr. Bryce has not impressed himself upon the imagination of his countrymen with the force of Mr. John Morley, for instance; but his weight is greater from appearing rather as the advocate than as the incarnation of ideas.

Mr. Bryce's versatility is sufficiently attested by the character of his principal writings. His first conspicuous appearance, in the prize essay which subsequently formed the basis of his great work on the "Holy Roman Empire," was in the character of the philosophical historian who is more interested in the institutions of a country, and the ideas out of which these grow, than in the picturesque and dramatic incidents of the nation's external life. Then he appeared as a traveller, and gave to the world in 1877 a valuable account of Transcaucasia, enlivened with personal interest by the narrative of a memorable ascent of Mount Ararat. For some years previous to this expedition he had been Professor of Civil Law at Oxford, and his next important work combined the political thinker and the traveller. "The American Commonwealth" (1888) established Mr. Bryce's reputation as a second Tocqueville, and took rank as a classic no less in the United States than in Great Britain. Here the political thinker preponderated over the traveller; but the position was reversed in his next leading work, "Impressions of South Africa" (1897), republished with important additions in 1899. Looking back to this book after all the excitement of the events which succeeded its publication, it is refreshing to find so much moderation and impartiality, while we cannot help remarking that there is much in it which renders Mr. Bryce's subsequent attitude on the South African question a matter of some surprise. Party allegiance no doubt counts for much; there are *idola fori* in a sense different to that intended by Bacon. However this may be, and in whatever measure Mr. Bryce's work may have been superseded by recent transactions, it cannot be too strongly recommended on account of its admirable spirit to all who may take part in South African affairs. It is moreover very entertaining reading, and the descriptive passages indicate unusual graphic power.

Mr. Bryce's literary reputation, nevertheless, will mainly rest upon his "Holy Roman Empire" and his "American Commonwealth." The former, an agreeable blending of disquisition with narrative, traces the extraordinary effects of the working of Roman imperial ideas in their adaptation to mediæval conditions when universal monarchy was admitted in principle, though it could never be reduced to practice. There can be no greater testimony to the grandeur of the ancient Roman empire, and the extent to which it had impressed the imaginations of men; while the idea was greatly promoted by the parallel existence of a spiritual power, not only claiming universal dominion, but to a great extent actually realising its claim. "The American Commonwealth," nevertheless, has a nearer interest for readers of the present day; and our literature has probably no other example of such thoroughly candid and searching a scrutiny into all the chief phases of the political and social life of another nation. It will long remain the manual of the intelligent student of American affairs, while the rapid mutations of that mobile society must some day call for new treatment. When this happens Mr. Bryce's book will still remain as a model for the expositors of the future. In 1901, he collected his historical and philosophical essays, detached contributions frequently of great value.

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, D.C.L., LL.D.

Born May 10th, 1838.

Mr. Bryce belongs to the strenuous race of North Ireland. Born at Belfast, May 10th, 1838, he was educated at Glasgow High School and University, and at Trinity College, Oxford. He has sat in Parliament since 1880, and has been Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and President of the Board of Trade. Though a useful minister, he has perhaps shone rather as a senator, and the more so the more political exigencies have allowed him to assume the position of an impartial arbiter befitting his character and the nature of his literary pursuits. The list of valuable improvements which he has promoted would be a long one; it is to be hoped that he may yet be able to effect much for the study of history as a public object and national duty, both in his parliamentary capacity and as a member of the new British Academy, of which he is so distinguished an ornament.

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ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

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1895.

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1899.

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A Fairy Story

By R. E. VERNÈDE

ONCE upon a time there lived a wood-cutter in the middle of a great forest. He had a family of nine sons, and times were so hard and food of any kind so scarce that the day came when not even the barest necessities of life, not even a hunk of black bread with a rind of milk-cheese could be procured for each.

Indeed, when they came in to get their one meal that day there were only nine portions laid out, though there were of course ten in all. The wood-cutter threw up his hands in despair.

"It is impossible to live like this any longer," he said. "One of you at least must go out into the world and find his own living."

The eight elder sons looked at each other with meaning glances. They had foreseen this coming, and, being all extremely unadventurous and selfish, they had agreed among themselves that when the time came, they would prevail upon their father to send Karl, who was the youngest, and too foolish—they thought—to mind being cast upon the great wide world. So that, after their father had spoken, they all murmured together:

"Karl must go!"

"But Karl is so stupid," said the woodcutter.

"Very stupid," they agreed; "that is why he must go."

They thought that whoever went was pretty sure to perish for want of food, or be killed by some wild beast, anyhow, and it seemed to them that the stupidest had better suffer.

Karl, who had been waiting abstractedly, without taking his place at the table, like the others, blushed to hear himself so described and looked distressed. But when his father turned and said: "Well, Karl, are you ready to go out?" he answered at once that he was ready. His eight brothers pretended that it showed his good sense to be so willing, but secretly they thought him all the more a fool.

"Shall I start at once?" asked poor Karl.

"Wait, my son," said the wood-cutter. "I cannot permit you to go without one gift"; and he went to the cupboard and took out two things, one a silver piece and the other an old blunt axe that he had picked up one day far out in the forest, but had never had the enterprise to clean and sharpen. Wood-cutters are apt to grow dulled and unenterprising, which accounts perhaps for their poverty.

"Which of the two do you choose, Karl?" he asked.

Now the brothers all supposed that Karl would ask for the silver piece, as they would have done themselves, and they were about to protest against his

having it. But, in truth, Karl never thought of asking for it.

"It will be useful to them," he reflected—"if the worst comes to the worst, for with it they can buy bread for many days. As for me, who am going out into the world, I shall not need money. But an axe, even if it is blunt, will be very useful. Besides, it can be sharpened."

So Karl chose the axe, and put it in his belt, and shortly afterwards set out into the world.

All that afternoon he tramped through the forest, and a little before sunset he came to the end of that portion of it with which he was familiar. He sat down then, under a great branching elm, and unstrapped his axe.

"I will polish it before I go any further," he said; "then I shall be ready for anything."

It was not an easy matter polishing the axe. It was blunt and rusty and covered with dirt, but Karl had perseverance, and he scraped and rubbed and ground till the sun went under and the dusk came down like a curtain. But Karl was hardly aware of that, so brightly was the axe beginning to shine. And he went on polishing till it was like a mirror.

"There!" he said aloud, well-pleased.

He was not a little astonished when the axe immediately answered:

"True, I am well polished, Friend Karl. Better than I have been polished for many years."

Karl stared hard at the axe.

"Was it really you who spoke?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the Axe. "I am the Magical Axe, you see. And anyone who takes the trouble to polish me properly, can see by looking at me more than he could see with a hundred eyes."

"That is very wonderful," said Karl. "I'm glad I've worked so hard."

"It's the only way," said the Axe. "And remember that if you forget to keep me polished, you will see no better than any ordinary person."

"I'll remember," said Karl.

Just as he spoke, there came a sort of whirr of wings, and the elm under which he sat swayed up and down violently.

"What on earth is that?" said Karl.

"Look at me!" said the Axe.

Very obediently Karl looked, and was grateful that he had done so. For by its reflection he saw as follows: On the top bough of the elm were perched four speckled owls, harnessed to a car that seemed to be built, wheels and all, out of cobwebs. Their little amber eyes were awake and fiery in the night, and they breathed stertorously. In the car itself sat a wizard. Karl knew that it was a wizard, because he was muffled up and gnashed his teeth. While Karl looked and shrunk into the shelter of the tree-trunk, there came a wave of shadow over the starlight (for the stars were hurrying now to secure their shining places), and, lo and behold, a witch sailed up to the elm-top on a bitted broomstick.

Karl almost laughed, for her strange steed sawed up and down in the air, arching its neck like one of those wooden caterpillars that creep along, joint by joint:

"Thunder and pigs!" she cried to the Wizard, and her voice was like the wind in some sea-attic. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm out for an airing," said the Wizard cautiously.

"Looking for a new Princess, I'll be bound; ha—ha—ha!"

The broomstick twisted its head at each of these horrid laughs and caracoled quaintly. The Wizard laughed also.

"Perhaps I am," he said. "You've heard, I daresay, that the Princess Violetta has been carried off from Landamor, and the King offers her hand in marriage to anyone who will find her and bring her back?"

The Witch nodded, and the Wizard went on:

"Those who search will have to look in my castle; he—he! I've got her."

"Safe enough, I suppose?" said the Witch.

"A hundred princes couldn't find her," said the Wizard.

The Witch cackled at this like a rain-pelted drake, and then cried farewell, and whipped off into the darkness. Presently, too, between the starlight and tree-tops, with curious swaddled flight, the little owls moved off, driven by the Wizard. Karl was left alone with his axe.

"I must go and rescue this Princess," he said. "Will you show me the way to his castle, dear axe?"

And immediately a little path through the forest became clear, and Karl followed it. It was not, however, until the third night that he came to the castle, and when he saw it, his heart sank. It was a great black battlemented pile, girt about with a moat where water-lilies grew thick and large over stagnant waters. Some wind-stung willows moaned and rustled on the banks, and the moat itself was still, for the lilies grew so close that the night-wind could not disturb the water, and only an eel or snaky pike could have made its way between the stems. No lights gleamed from the windows of the castle; there was no sound of any watchman, nor was there a bridge whereby the moat could be crossed.

The third night he came to the castle, and when he saw it, his heart sank.

Karl looked at the axe.

"Over the water-lilies," it said, as plain as words could speak.

"The very thing," said Karl.

So he went down to the brim of the moat with its swollen waters, and stepped on to the flat leaves of the lilies. Up and down they swayed, down and up, and once Karl thought that he must surely sink into the ooze. But up came the lily-leaf, enabling him to step to the next, until by slow degrees he came to the portal. A great rusty bell hung there, and Karl set it jangling. In a moment the gate swung back on creaking hinges and Karl stepped inside.

"Aha, aha!"

Karl found that he was face to face with the Wizard in the court-yard of the castle He felt not a little frightened, but remembering that he had with him his trusty Axe, he felt encouraged, and faced the Wizard with a simple smile.

"It is wet work crossing by the lilies," he remarked.

Now Karl looked so young and guileless that the Wizard was taken aback. He had expected to see some fiery prince in search of the lost Princess, and he was quite prepared to turn any such into a bird or a fish. But plainly Karl was not a prince.

"Who are you?" the Wizard asked.

"A wood-cutter," said Karl. "Can I cut wood for you?"

The Wizard reflected. A boy about the place to draw water and cut wood might be useful, he thought, and could do no harm. So he assumed a ferocious

aspect, with which he was wont to terrify people, and said:

"Now that you've dared to come here, boy, you'll have to work, for you will never go out alive unless you do. Come with me." Karl saluted and shouldered his axe, while the Wizard led him into

Karl found himself face to face with the Wizard.

the castle by a back-door, and showed him a corner where he might sleep.

"One thing," said the Wizard, "you will do at your peril, and that is to enter the Hall of Statues."

All that night Karl slept peacefully, for he was very tired, and the next day the Wizard kept him chopping wood. But at sunset the Wizard entered his owl-car and drove off into the twilight. Then Karl took a taper and went through the castle. He was going to find the Princess Violetta. Very astonished the Wizard would have been to see the simple-looking youth walk straight to the very Hall of Statues that he had forbidden. And to tell the truth Karl was also very astonished when he got there. Nothing in the shape of a princess was to be seen. The hall itself was gloomy and bare, except for a double row of statues down the centre, each standing on its own pedestal. They were all made to represent women, cold and very beautiful; but they were statues.

"But where is Princess Violetta?" Karl had almost got to the end of the left row when he put the question to his axe, and then he started. The last statue, which was more beautiful than any of the others, was moving its eyes.

"That is Violetta," said the Axe.

Then Karl realised that each of these statues was a princess whom the Wizard had doomed to stand there in stone for ever. As he gazed, full of indignation against the cruel wretch, a placard at the end of the hall caught his eye. It ran thus:

"A circle drawn with this chalk round each pedestal will bring the princesses to life."

A box of chalk lay on the floor. Karl seized it, and ran hastily to the Princess Violetta, and drew a white circle about her. Then he stood up and waited. For a little there was no sign. Then like a breath of west wind through hawthorn trees, a sigh passed through her, and her tongue leapt suddenly to freedom:

"Thank you, Prince," she said.

Karl wished to say that he was no prince, but Violetta was so lovely that he could do nothing but gaze at her. He thought her more lovely than anyone he had ever seen. True, he had not seen many maidens, having lived in the middle of a forest all his life. But the truth is that Violetta was the most lovely princess that has ever lived. Her hair was like golden flowers, and she was tall and slender as a young larch, and her lips were cherry red, and her eyes bluer and more unfathomable than the sea. So Karl could do nothing but gaze at her, and while he gazed, and Violetta faintly blushed to be so looked at, there came from outside the crack of a whip, followed by the droning screech of owls.

"Ah!" cried Violetta in despair. "The Wizard is returning. Quick, there is only one way! Get the bottle that is in the cellar, and pour it over him. I will pretend to be still a statue!"

Karl hastened off to the cellar pretty quickly, and as he went, he heard the Wizard entering. But the cellar was at the other side of the castle, so that he knew there was no chance of the Wizard seeing him. Already he was descending a long flight of steps that seemed to go down under the earth, and musty smells rose up and the walls were wet with slime.

Soon his taper showed him that he had reached the cellar door, and he turned the handle and entered. Click! Something fell heavily on his head with a metallic ring. Half-dazed, Karl dropped the taper, and it went out with a hiss on the wet floor. Again something fell from the roof and hit him—then again and again—click—click—click! The whole place was alive with creatures that crawled and gave out a ringing sound, and Karl's head reeled. Just as he felt ready to faint, he looked at his axe, and it showed the bottle standing in the centre of a hideous vault. Next moment he had seized and uncorked it, and at that a curious thing happened. For Karl could see now that the vault was filled with black-beetles as large as rats, whose gleaming sheaths were harder than armour. But they were in a panic now, and Karl perceived that what they feared was the contents of the bottle, some of which had been spilled. Where the stuff fell the beetles scurried away on steely legs, and if it reached them at all, they turned on their backs, rigid and motionless. Looking at the bottle in amaze, Karl saw that it had written on it: "Whatever is touched by this turns into a statue."

"Ah," said Karl to himself. "This will suffice for the Wizard, too," and he hurried back out of the cellar. As he reached the entrance to the Hall of Statues, he could hear the Wizard striding down between the statues. The Wizard was plainly in a bad humour, for he growled and snarled, and walked up and down. Karl opened the door very cautiously, and saw the Wizard standing beside Violetta, with his back to the door.

"Beautiful princess!" he was saying mockingly. "Is it not pleasant to be a statue?"

Violetta, of course, made no answer, and the Wizard went on:

"You will wait long enough for a prince. What—who's there?" He had heard Karl's footsteps, and turned suddenly.

"Only your wood-cutter," said Karl, and at once poured the bottleful upon the Wizard. The effect was instantaneous. Hardly had the Wizard set his face in a grin of rage, when he froze together as if into ice.

Karl drew a white circle about the statue, and then stood up and waited.

"Now," said Karl, nodding, "you will be able to find out if it is pleasant to be a statue."

He helped the Princess down from the pedestal on which she stood.

"Thank you, Prince," she said again.

Now Karl was so honest that he did not wish to be taken for a prince when he was only a wood-cutter, so he explained the matter to Violetta, and told her that what he had done was all due to his axe.

"If I had been a prince," he said, "I could have married you, for the King of Landamor has promised your hand to the first prince who rescues you. But, of course, I'm not a prince."

"Of course not," said Violetta coldly, "so that you can't. But at least you can draw lines round the rest of the statues, Wood-cutter, and set the princesses free." And she turned away haughtily.

Karl set to work with a heavy heart. He was so hurt by the Princess's coolness that he forgot to look at his axe at all, much less to polish it, as he should have done, since the damp air of the cellar had rusted it again. He went on drawing lines sullenly all the rest of the night. And Violetta pretended not to be aware of him, for she imagined that Karl, from what he had said, had no wish to marry her. All of which shows that it is not enough to be honest without being wise, and that even the best-intentioned people make a mistake if they do not keep their axes polished.

Karl was so tired when he had freed the last princess that he would not listen to a word of gratitude, but went to lie down and very soon fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was shining and he was alone in the castle. All the princesses had gone off to find their homes again, and if the statue of the Wizard with its grin of rage had not still been standing there, Karl would have thought the whole night had been a dream. As it was, he only dimly recollected a beautiful Princess, who had been most ungrateful, and he determined to forget her as soon as possible.

"Perhaps the wide world is always ungrateful," he thought; and if so, he would have as little to do with it as possible. But the castle was too cheerless a place to stay in, so he stuck his axe in his belt and set out once more.

The trees of the forest grew thinner soon, and in a short time Karl came out on to a great open moor, a rolling country of gorse and heather with a smooth white road running towards the downs. The sky overhead was blue, and fluffy like a sheep's back, and far away where the blue of the sky and the purple of the moor met together, there stood an inn with red chimneys and smoke going up from them.

"Hardly looks as if there were wood to chop there," thought Karl, "but I will go and ask."

When he arrived, he saw, tethered to the rail of the inn, a horse, very splendidly caparisoned, and several men in livery who laughed at his mean appearance. But Karl was good-humoured and paid no attention, but went and knocked at the door of the inn. An old woman came out, sour-faced and grumbling.

"What do you want?" she said snappishly.

"To cut wood for you," said Karl, who had recognised the Witch who had ridden on the strange broomstick in the forest.

"There's no wood to cut," she said, "and the great Prince Braggy is here and is about to start for the Kingdom of Landamor, so that you will only be in the way."

"Perhaps he would take me as groom," said Karl innocently.

He had forgotten what the Kingdom of Landamor was, but he suspected evil of the Witch. The truth is that Braggy was no Prince at all, but her son, and she had learnt by witchcraft that somehow Violetta had escaped from the Wizard's castle, so that she had resolved her son should go and pretend to the King that he had rescued her.

It would be a fine thing for Braggy to have an extra groom, she thought, and Karl was a good-looking fellow.

"Well, go in," she said, "and ask the Prince. Perhaps he will take you."

Now if Karl had had his axe polished, he would have been saved much trouble.

For as he entered the room where Braggy sat, there came past the windows (which looked out on to the front of the inn), a herd of geese, driven by a goose-girl. The herd, all snowy plumes and slobbering beaks of yellow, marched by battalions in their absurd mock military way, to the tune of their own quer-querking. They wobbled like foot-sore recruits, and as they encountered sight of the tethered horse, they stopped and dressed ranks, for discretion is the whole strategy of geese, and delay the essence of their tactics. At that, the goose-girl came up to induce them forward, a long stick in her hand. She waved it over them, and they would not budge; she poked at the laggards with it, and they only hustled those in front of them. Then she clapped her hands, and hissed at them, and looked so pretty as she did this, that the Witch's son, who had no pity on her distress at all, cried to his retainers to bring her in.

All this time Karl stood waiting to address Braggy, and wondering what a prince should want with a goose-girl. He learned very soon, for no sooner had the men brought her in, than the Prince, who was fat and puffy and ugly, ordered her to kiss him.

"I would rather not," she said, a pink spot on either of her cheeks.

"What—not kiss his Highness?" said the men holding her.

The goose-girl looked at them with levelled eyes, and at Braggy, and her brows lifted a little, and her lips curled with scorn.

"I would sooner kiss a viper," she said.

The Prince was so incensed at this that he looked as if he would burst.

"You shall be whipped first and then kissed," he cried, and struggled up from his seat and put his fat lips to her face. Then as Karl doubted what to do, a small brown hand shot out and the goose-girl had hit Braggy on the cheek, a most stinging smack.

"Kill her," cried Braggy.

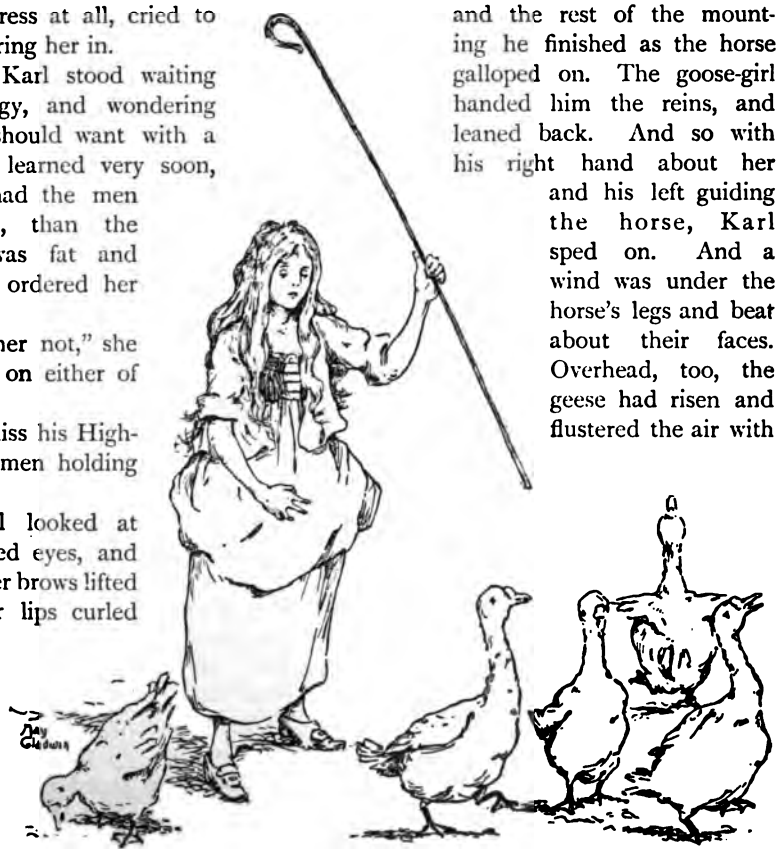
But Karl took her by the hand.

"Through the window—quick," he said. "Then mount the horse. I will keep them back."

He flourished his rusty axe so valiantly that for a moment they were all cowed. And while Braggy cried out for his mother, the Witch, to fasten Karl up by some magical spell, the goose-girl got on to the horse.

"Come!" she cried to Karl.

For a moment he hesitated, then turned and leapt through the window as she had done. One foot he got in the stirrups, and the rest of the mounting he finished as the horse galloped on. The goose-girl handed him the reins, and leaned back. And so with his right hand about her and his left guiding the horse, Karl sped on. And a wind was under the horse's legs and beat about their faces. Overhead, too, the geese had risen and flustered the air with



There came past the windows a herd of geese, driven by a goose-girl.

screaming flight, following their mistress. They went so fast, geese and horse alike, that the sounds of the pursuit which had been begun by the Prince's retainers, died away rapidly, and the goose-girl turned her head.

"Are you a prince?" she asked Karl. He shook his head, but she went on—

"Surely you are bound for Landamor to claim the hand of the Princess Violetta? They say some prince has freed her from the castle of the Wizard, who stole her away."

"I am not going," said Karl indifferently.

"They say that she is very beautiful, and that many princes would die to marry her."

"I am not a prince," said Karl, who had almost forgotten the Princess by now, "and I think you are more beautiful than Violetta."

"More beautiful than my mistress, whose geese I tend?" said the goose-girl.

Karl nodded, for indeed he thought that she was. She was sun-stained and ruddy, and he had his arm about her.

"Also," he said, "you are a goose-girl, and therefore more fit for me to marry than a princess."

"That is a matter of opinion," said the goose-girl, sitting up. "Do you love me?"

"I don't know," said Karl, though he felt that he did.

She laughed merrily.

"Then you are more fitted for a princess," she said. "For they sometimes marry without love, but I never will. But I must get down now."

"Get down!" echoed Karl.

"And attend my geese," she said.

"But we are still pursued," objected Karl.

"They are out of sight now," she said, "and if you will continue on your way to Landamor, they will follow and I shall escape—by your kindness. I fear I have not thanked you for it."

"But," said Karl, reining in the horse, "I do not know that I am going to Landamor."

"Perhaps the Princess will be kind," she said teasingly.

Karl was so annoyed by this that he let her get down, and the geese flew to her.

"I do not care for the Princess," he said, "and I think I love someone else."

Karl was too prudent to say whom. But the goose-girl only laughed again, and bade him ride to the Princess Violetta.

"But suppose I wanted to find the—someone else?" said Karl.

"What is her business?"

"She tends geese," said Karl.

"Oh," said the goose-girl, smiling, "in that case it will be an easy matter. To find a goose-girl needs only a goose." And she waved her hand and set off hastily, crying out "A wood-cutter should certainly keep his axe polished," until she disappeared in the distance. Then Karl got down off his horse and looked at the axe, and was ashamed to see how rusty it was. "I will polish the axe first," said Karl, "and then I will—I will——"

He did not know what he would do then. But he set to work polishing the axe, and it was well that he did so. For by the gleam of it he was made aware that Prince Braggy and his retainers were creeping up on his right, while above him the Witch flew on her broomstick, devising some horrid scheme for his destruction. Thereupon, Karl mounted his horse and gave it the reins. And the horse galloped over the moor and over the downs beyond, and brought Karl, still half-unwilling, to Landamor. Now the city lay spread out before him, and Karl hardly knew what to do. When he looked at the axe, it seemed to bid him go forward to the Palace of the King, but when he began to recall the Princess Violetta again, he felt shy of approaching so haughty a person. At last he came to the conclusion that he would go, at least, and try to get an audience with her, for he wished to ask her where he might find her goose-girl, whom, as he was sure now, he loved. And seeing that he had

done Violetta a great service in freeing her from the Wizard, she could not think it presumptuous in him to ask as reward the hand of her goose-girl.

And so, very bashful, Karl rode up to the Palace. He had lingered so long, thinking over this matter, that it so happened he arrived at the gates at the very same time as Prince Braggy came up with his retinue. But the Witch's son did not deign to recognise the wood-chopper now, even though he had followed so hard to be revenged on him. And Karl, who knew nothing of palaces or kings, was easily made to take a second place on entering. Indeed, it was not until Prince Braggy had passed into the throne-room, that Karl mustered up courage to ask if he too might be admitted.

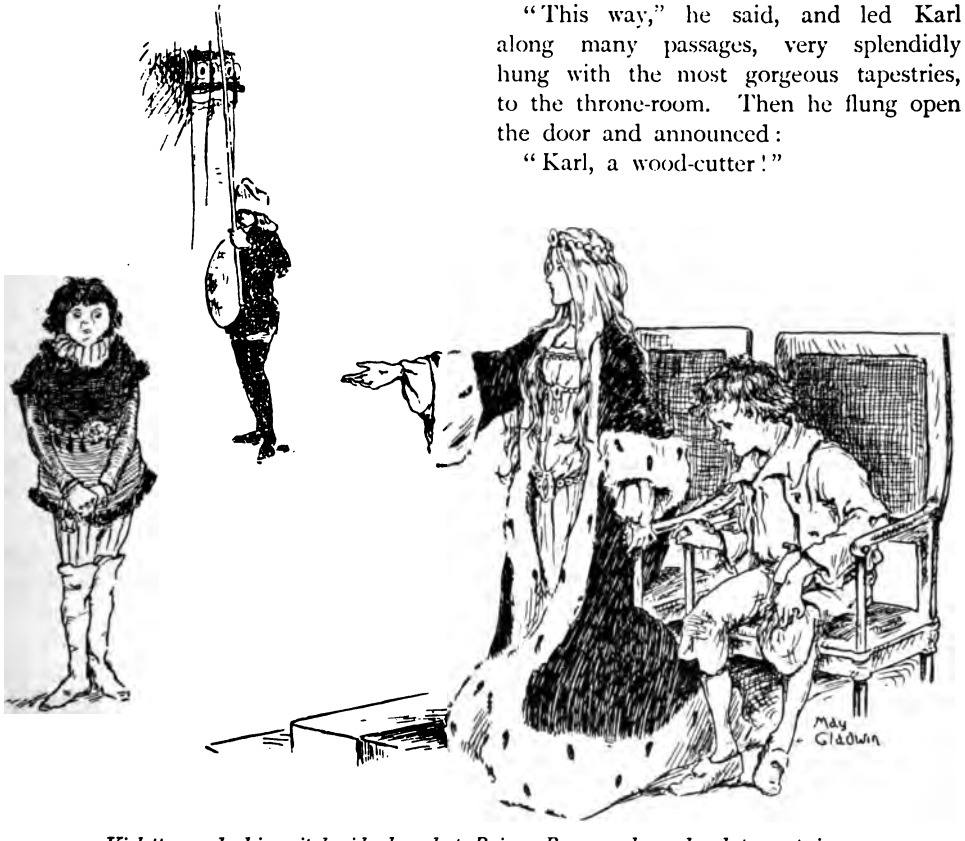
"For what purpose do you want to see the Princess Violetta?" the Court Usher enquired in an awful voice, and while Karl hesitated and stammered, he added: "She is only granting audiences to those princes who claim to have had a hand in rescuing her from the Wizard's castle."

"I am one of those," said Karl hastily. "At least, I am only a wood-cutter, but I rescued the Princess!"

The Court Usher stared, but was too polite to contradict Karl.

"This way," he said, and led Karl along many passages, very splendidly hung with the most gorgeous tapestries, to the throne-room. Then he flung open the door and announced:

"Karl, a wood-cutter!"



Violetta made him sit beside her, but Prince Braggy she ordered to a prison.

There, among her maidens sat the Princess Violetta, more lovely and more dazzling than before, so that Karl, who had only dared take a glance, had the greatest trouble to remember that it was the goose-girl and not the Princess, whose hand he had come to beg for.

"And who is Karl, a wood-cutter?" asked the Princess coldly.

Karl's heart sank, for if she had forgotten him (as for so long he had

forgotten her) there could be no hope for him at all.

Prince Braggy, who stood in the centre of the room, puffing, broke out into a hoarse laugh.

"This is some knave," he said, "who stole my horse recently."

"Is this true?" asked the Princess of Karl.

"No, madam," he said.

"Then Prince Braggy must be a knave?"

"Yes," said Karl.

"And how will you prove it?" asked the Princess Violetta.

"Madam," said Karl desperately, "I cannot prove it. Only I would ask you if you have forgotten the wood-cutter who rescued you from the Wizard's castle a little time ago by drawing a chalk line round your pedestal. And if—if you have not—I would ask you as a favour to allow me to marry your goose-girl."

"Is she more beautiful than her mistress," asked the Princess, "that my rescuer should pass me by for my goose-girl?"

She looked so supremely fair that Karl replied truthfully,

"No, she is less beautiful. I thought that she was more for a little, but now—now I don't."

And at that the Princess began to laugh in a way that reminded Karl exactly of the goose-girl.

"Oh, goose," she said, "look in your axe that you have made so bright again!"

When Karl looked, he saw to his astonishment that the Princess Violetta and the goose-girl were one and the same, for when Karl slept, and she fled from the Palace, she had changed dresses with a goose-herd, and had driven on the geese in order that she might get to Landamor unrecognised.

"So that twice you have rescued me, Wood-cutter Karl!" she said, "and neither time did you love me."

"But I did, both times," cried Karl.

"Then you shall marry both my goose-girl and me," said Violetta, and she made him sit beside her. But Prince Braggy she ordered to be taken out and put into a prison, from which he could never escape, because he was the son of a witch.

So it happened that Karl married the Princess Violetta, and when the King, her father, died, Karl succeeded to the throne. Every day he polished the axe, and never—people said—was a kingdom ruled more wisely; which caused this saying to be handed down, "All kings should polish their own axes."

From a Drawing by Charlotte Blakeney.

The English Illustrated Magazine

HOW THE PLAY OF "DANTE" WAS WRITTEN

Story of a Collaboration.

By M. T. BEAUGEARD-DURAND

THE tumult of acclaim which greeted Sir Henry Irving in *Robespierre* had scarcely died away when critics set themselves to speculate on the next play which Sardou, the Prince of Stage-craft, would write for the great English actor. They little thought, at the time, that the production of *Dante* had been practically decided; it was, indeed, by mere chance that Sir Henry did impersonate the Green-eyed Monster, before appearing in the character of the Florentine bard.

Photo by Guggenheim & Co., Birmingham

Sincerely yours
Laurence Irving

THE TRANSLATOR OF THE PLAY OF "DANTE."

After the production, in 1897, of *Madame Sans-Gêne*, at the Lyceum Theatre, Irving expressed a wish to impersonate Robespierre and Dante on the stage. "It would be ideal," he said to Sardou, "if you would write the plays for me." The French dramatist had thus *l'embarras du choix*. He hesitated for some time between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines and the Terrorists, and finally chose the latter. And so it came to pass that the production of *Dante* was postponed until this year.

In the meantime Sardou, according to his habitual way of working, collected innumerable notes and documents on the poet of the *Divina Commedia*, and secured the collaboration of his friend Émile Moreau, with whom he had jointly written *Cléopatra* for Sarah Bernhardt, and *Madame Sans-Gêne* for Réjane.

The two authors then set to work, gathering materials in dusty archives and ponderous manuscripts on the life of Dante, and discussing the many dramatic incidents which the chequered career of their hero affords. The scenario was then written, but it was not until a year ago that Sardou set himself to give the play its definite form. He

worked at it through the whole of last summer, at Montmorency Villa, his delightful country residence at Marly-le-Roi. "I look upon my house in Paris," he once said to us, "as only a resting-place: my real home is the Villa Montmorency. In Paris I only busy myself in classifying my ideas; but it is at Marly that I write." Many an interesting letter, illustrating the inner story of *Dante*, was sent to and from Marly. Here is a typical one from Sardou to Moreau:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your letter just after I had posted mine to you!

"We cannot find anything better for the prologue of the Inferno than the cemetery of San Miniato—night time—Dante disheartened, weeping on the tomb of Beatrice who appears to him and comforts him. Let us not bring in Virgil, 'Lasciate,' &c. As to le Valois! . . . . For goodness sake let us speak no more of him!—Guelphs, Ghibellines, Blacks, Whites—family and personal feuds under pretence of patriotism; the Uberti, the Abati, the Donati, and Corchi—I am sick to death of them all! It is a puzzle to me how these people managed to recognise each other and know which party they belonged to. At one time we see Dante, a Guelph—then, when the Guelphs are divided into Blacks and Whites, he is a White, and, as such, exiled by the Blacks for having upheld the independence of the country against the foreigner, le Valois. So far, so good. But some time after, the Emperor Henry of Luxemburg comes to besiege Florence, and whom do we find with the new foreigner? . . . Dante, now a Ghibelline!

"The average play-goer who knows but little more of Dante than his name, would imagine he was being fooled. The subject of our drama, moreover, is not to be found there.

"With best wishes, very sincerely yours,

"V. SARDOU."

Photo by Nadarz, Paris.

EMILE MOREAU, THE COLLABORATOR OF MONS. SARDOU.

Emile Moreau, on the other hand, busy with further historical researches, writes the following:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am impatiently awaiting your reply. In the meantime I am deeply plunged in Perrens.

"He states, volume ii., page 279, that during the war between Florence and Ugolino, Nello della Pietro, who caused the death of Pia, was at the head of an army!

"You see, we are historically correct.

"Cordially yours,

"E. MOREAU."

Whilst the work was thus progressing, Mr. Laurence Irving, who achieved, three years ago, such conspicuous success in rendering *Robespierre* into English, went to Marly-le-Roi to confer with Sardou anent the translation of the play and the various details connected with the *mise en scène*. Mr. Laurence Irving's scholarly knowledge of the French language and its niceties, his experience both as a dramatist and an actor proved of excellent service in the task of transfusing into English the thoughts, dialogues, and descriptive passages contained in the original text.

Photo by Benque, Paris.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

To the maëstro Xavier Leroux, a Frenchman born at Velletri, in Dante's native land, the composition of the incidental music was entrusted. This was a labour of love for the young composer, as we can judge by the following epistle addressed to Sardou :—

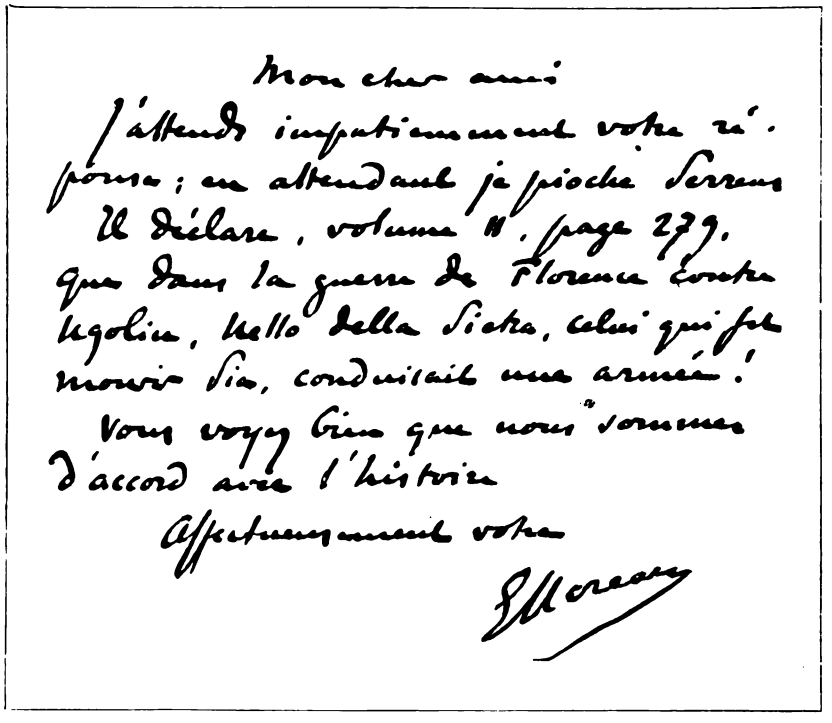
"MON CHER MAITRE,—I have just brought my pleasant task to an end, and finished my symphony of the Inferno. Had it not been for a frightful cold which confines me to the house and deprives me of my voice, I should have had the great pleasure to-day of submitting to you the composition inspired by your beautiful poem. In the meantime I continue to set the remainder to music, and as soon as I have recovered anything like a voice I shall come and see you.

"But you need have no fear, for I have worked hard. I hope your satisfaction will equal my joy in composing this music for you.

"Your fervent and affectionate admirer,

"X. LEROUX."

It may be mentioned here that the young maëstro, a pupil of Massenet and Théodore Dubois, is also the composer of the incidental music of Sardou and Moreau's *Cléopatra* and of other successful works, such as *Endymion*, a cantata; *William Ratcliff*, an opera; and *Evangeline*, a lyrical drama produced at the Theatre de la Monnaie, at Brussels, in 1895.

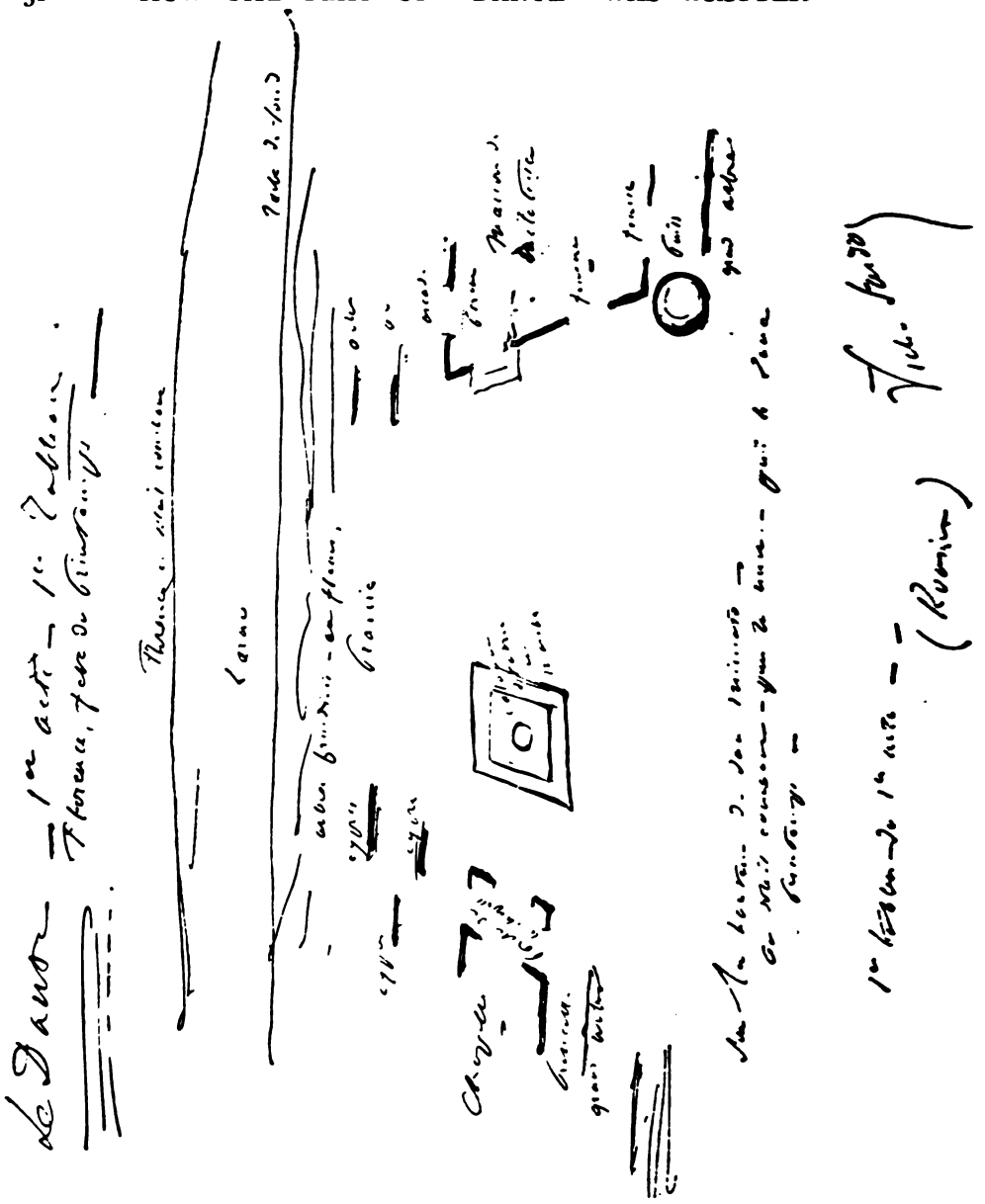

Mon cher ami
J'attends impatiemment votre réponse; en attendant je pioche Serrens
Il déclare, volume II, page 279,
que dans la guerre de Florence contre
Ugolin, Nello della Sietra, celui qui fit
mourir Sia, conduisait une armée!
Vous voyez bien que nous sommes
d'accord avec l'histoire
Affectueusement votre
E Moreau

AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM MONS. MOREAU TO MONS. SARDOU.

To complete the list of the various people who, by their artistic skill, have contributed to build such a magnificent theatrical work as *Dante*, mention must also be made of the painters. Carpezat, responsible for the scenery of the prologue representing the Tower of Ugolino, at Pisa; Amable, who

Photo by Window & Grove, London.

SIR HENRY IRVING.



FACSIMILE OF SARDOU'S SKETCH PLAN OF THE FIRST SCENE IN THE PLAY.

painted the picturesque landscape of Cecina, the Convent of Santa Clara (Act II.), and the Papal Palace of Avignon (Act IV.); and Ronsin, who designed the Spring Festival, near San Miniato, the residence of Malatesta (Act I.), the Campo-Santo and the five superb scenes of the Inferno (Act III.).

Having thus given the inner story of the play, of its conception, gradual development and execution, we shall now avail ourselves of the present opportunity to publish Sardou's own view of his drama and his reply to the criticisms that have already appeared on his alleged misconception of the true character of Dante.

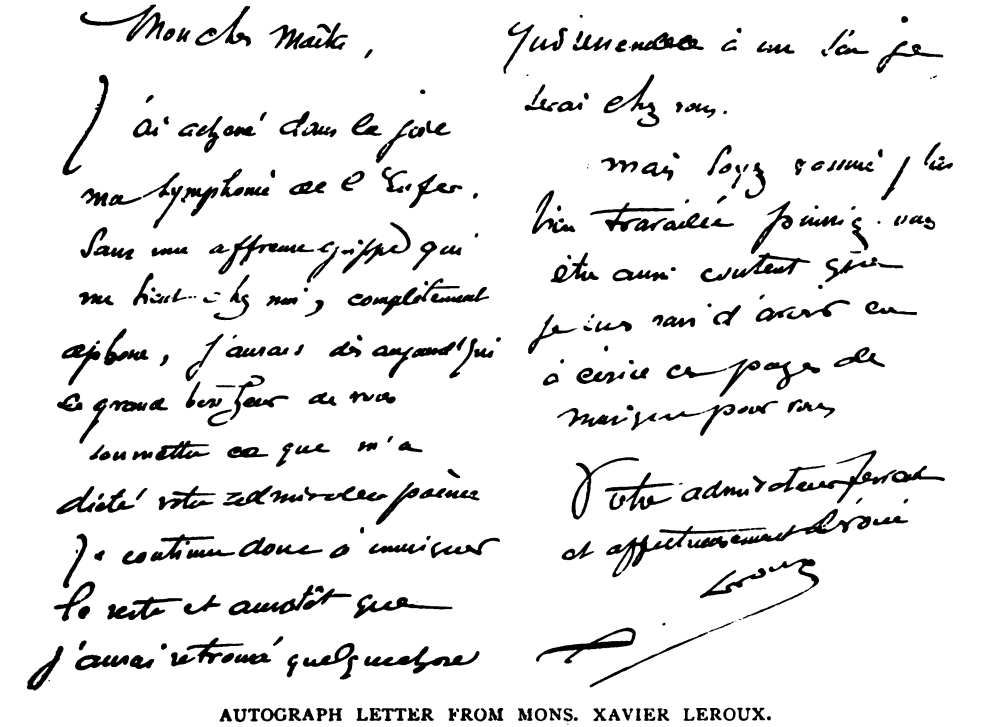
"The drama we have written," declared Sardou, "is purely symbolical and in harmony with the poetic tradition of the

Middle Ages and with Dante's own works, in which symbolism is to be seen everywhere. My friend Moreau and myself are well aware that Pia de Tolomei and Francesca da Rimini were not the great poet's contemporaries, that Ugolino's death does not coincide with the date of our prologue, that Francesca was not killed in Florence, and that Dante was not at Avignon when Pope Clement V. died there. But we never entertained the idea of writing an historical drama, strictly speaking, and never gave anyone to understand that such was the case with *Dante*. That which struck us most in the personality of the poet were the essentially human side to his character, his quick, impulsive nature ever ready for the extremes of love or hatred, and bursting with indignation at the sight of hypocrisy, corruption, and injustice. He whom we wished to depict on the stage was the man who thirsted for justice, though living in an epoch of crime.

Photo by Nadarz, Paris.

XAVIER LEROUX, COMPOSER OF THE INCIDENTAL MUSIC.

"We have purposely blended history and tradition, truth and fiction, and ignored Dante's



Mon cher Maître,

J'ai achevé dans la joie ma symphonie de l'Enfer. Sans une affreuse grippe qui me tient chez moi, complètement aphone, j'aurais dès aujourd'hui le grand bonheur de vous soumettre ce que m'a dicté votre admirable poème. Je continue donc à immiscer le reste et aussitôt que j'aurai retrouvé quelque chose qui ressemble à un son je serai chez vous.

Mais soyez rassuré plus bien travaillée puissiez vous être aussi content que je suis ravi d'avoir eu à écrire ces pages de musique pour vous.

Votre admirateur fervent et affectueusement dévoué

Leroux

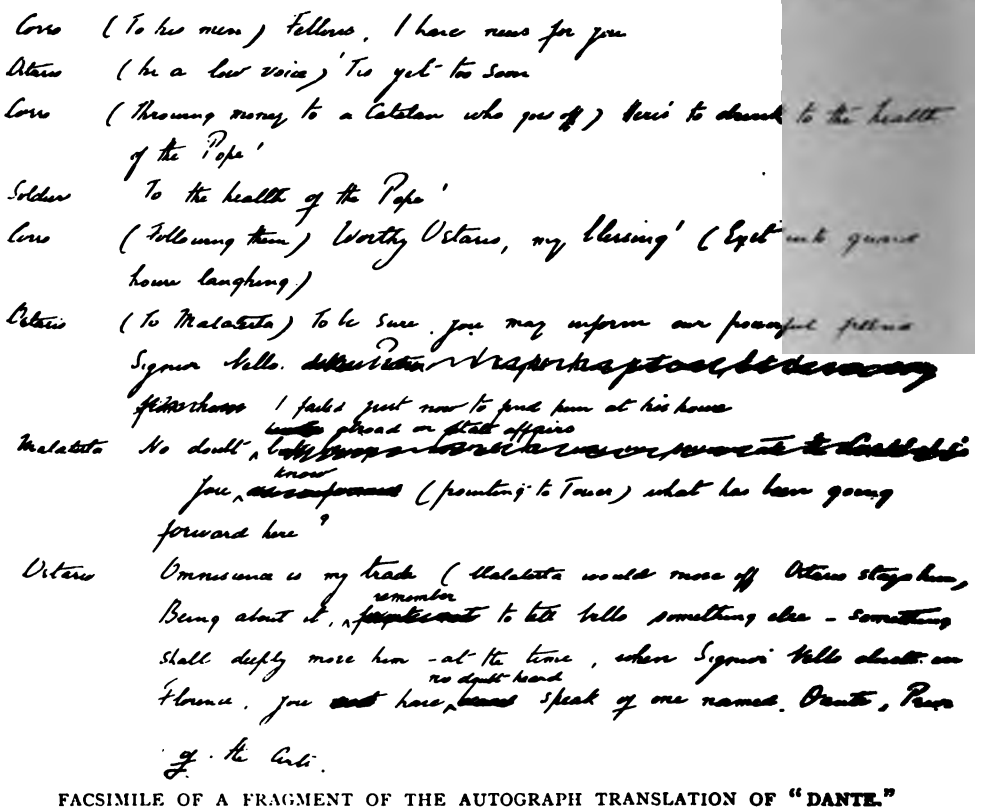
AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM MONS. XAVIER LEROUX.

marriage with a Donati, his matrimonial differences, and the obscure lot of his seven children. Of his political career and the feuds between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines we have retained but the supreme fact of his exile. For from this dates his fame.

"However, in order to put this great and striking figure on the stage it was necessary to find a strong dramatic situation, a synthesis, as it were, of his life and works. This we found in the *Divina Commedia.*

"We have represented only the most commonly known episodes of the poem, such as those connected with Ugolino, Francesca da Rimini, and Pia de Tolomei. Dante lives and moves in the drama, with all his violent passions, his dreams of universal love and justice crushed by the hard reality which surrounds him. His ideal is dead, and Beatrice is dead! And the poet prostrate at her tomb weeps less for the adorable woman he loved in his youth than for the ruin of his illusions. . . . In this moment of despair Beatrice comes to his aid. Whether dream or hallucination is left to individual opinion. The love of his youth appears, and whispers to the poet: 'You despair of life and humanity because you ignore the end of things. Injustice revolts you because you know not the punishment thereof.' And she presents Virgil to him, the gentle guide who will take him over the kingdom of souls.

"No, I repeat," concluded Sardou, "*Dante* is not an historical drama. We did not intend to evoke in the slightest degree the politician plunged in the discords of his country, and I defy any author to represent Dante in this light without showing him at a disadvantage, besides rendering him unsympathetic to an audience and impossible as a stage character. No, no, we sought something else in the poet's life! We attempted to bring into relief its purely human features.


Corso (To his men) Fellows, I have news for you
Ostaris (In a low voice) 'Tis yet too soon
Corso (Throwing money to a Catalan who goes off) Here's to drink to the health of the Pope'
Soldier To the health of the Pope'
Corso (Following them) Worthy Ostaris, my blessing' (Exit into guard house laughing)
Ostaris (To Malatesta) To be sure, you may inform our powerful friend Signor Vello. I failed just now to find him at his house
Malatesta No doubt, abroad on state affairs
You know (pointing to Tower) what has been going forward here?
Ostaris Omniscience is my trade (Malatesta would move off Ostaris stays him, Being about it, remember to tell Vello something else - something shall deeply move him - at the time, when Signor Vello elected in Florence, you have no doubt heard speak of one named Dante, Prior of the Arti.

FACSIMILE OF A FRAGMENT OF THE AUTOGRAPH TRANSLATION OF "DANTE."

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING FOR THE CAMPO SANTO SCENE IN "DANTE."

We sought in his works and the vicissitudes of his existence the actions and feelings which find an echo throughout all ages. Politics belong to their day and lose much of their interest with time; but the master idea of the poet's life moves us deeply: his haughty revolt against the injustice of men. Through the darkness of the Middle Ages we see shining in him a ray of the future light of civilisation."

Whether the judgment just expressed be right or wrong, it is, at any rate, corroborated by an eminent countryman of the poet of the *Divina Commedia*. This is what the Italian patriot Mazzini says:

"The thought that burned within the soul of Dante is the same that ferments in the bosom of our own epoch. Every instinct within us points to this truth. It is for this that we gather with new earnestness around his image, as if to place our wavering belief beneath the protection of the vast wings of his genius. . . . Dante was neither Guelph nor Ghibelline. Like every man bearing within him the sacred flame of genius, he pursued an independent path, having a higher aim in view than his fellows. He looked beyond Guelphism and Ghibellinism to the national unity of Italy; beyond Clement V. and Henry VII. he saw the unity of the world and the moral government of that unity in the hands of Italy."

And of the manner in which Dante's life and works should be treated on the stage we see, also, that Sardou's views in that respect are shared absolutely by Sir Henry Irving. The great English actor, with his keen and unerring instinct for discriminating between dramatic possibilities and impossibilities, is of the opinion that in a play on Dante "two pitfalls are to be avoided: the first being Beatrice; and the second, the mere political complications of Florence or, for that matter, Italy." When, therefore, Sardou and Moreau conceived Beatrice as only a spiritual element in their drama, and avoided to revive on the stage the party feuds of the time, they could not be in fuller harmony with Sir Henry's own views.

At this moment, the greatest English actor of the day can, standing from the height of his fame, contemplate the brilliant gallery of heroes he has impersonated. There is, we think, no doubt that he cannot but dwell on his creation of Dante as one of the most beautiful achievements of his distinguished career.

CHURCH ROW, HAMPSTEAD.

FAMOUS HOUSES AND TAVERNS OF OLD HAMPSTEAD

By C. WILKINSON

THE outskirts of London in nearly all directions present a rich field of historical and biographical interest. In this respect Hampstead is not only the most favoured and most beautiful of the Metropolitan suburbs, but likewise the most healthy. Rising to an altitude of 440ft. above sea-level, its atmosphere is pure, dry, and keen, being uncontaminated by the smoke-veil which enshrouds the City.

Writing in 1869, William Howitt says: "Every part of old Hampstead is distinguished by rows of trees, either lime or elm-planted along the broad footpaths in boule, vard style. . . . Its old, narrow roads winding under tall trees are continually conducting to fresh and secluded places that seem hidden from the world, and would lead you to suppose yourself far away from London, and in some especially old-fashioned and old-world part of the country; extensive old and lofty walls enclose the large brick houses and grounds of what were once the residences of the great merchants and nobles of London."

This description is true in essence to-day, though the last thirty years have wrought many changes. The old-world spirit of reposeful dignity still lingers, but shadowed on all sides by its mortal foe, Progress. The eighteenth century represents the heyday of aristocratic popularity; the "village" was then the summer haunt of learning and talent, fashion and folly. Literature, art, law, and politics have all contributed their "bright particular stars," to swell the long roll of eminent names associated with Hampstead.

At the end of the Spaniards Road, adjoining the tavern of that name, stands the residence of the famous advocate, Thomas, Lord Erskine, known as "Erskine House." But little is seen of the building

from the road, save the long portico entrance and the tall windows of its drawing-room which command a splendid view in the direction of Highgate. A high wall shuts in what little garden it now possesses, but in Erskine's time a fine garden on the opposite side of the road was connected with the house by a tunnel, long since built up; the land has also been taken into the Mansfield Estate. Here he entertained the leading men of his day; the apartment previously mentioned is said to have been designed as a banqueting-hall wherein to entertain George III. Erskine's first success, which laid the foundation of his career, was his defence of a Captain Baillie in a dispute with the magnates of Greenwich Hospital; that night "the all but briefless barrister went home with sixty-seven retaining fees in his pocket." Many anecdotes are told of his witty sallies and love of animals; of his dog attending his consultations, of the goose that accompanied him when strolling about his garden, and of his pet macaw and favourite leeches; these latter he always attended to himself, naming them after the two surgeons, Howe and Clive. Having been bled by this happy pair when dangerously ill he looked upon them as having saved his life. In his "Life of Eldon," Twiss tells the following anecdote: "On one occasion, in the neighbourhood of Hampstead Heath, a ruffianly driver was pummelling a miserable bare-boned hack horse. Lord Erskine's sympathy provoked him to a smart remonstrance. 'Why,' said the fellow, 'it's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?' And as he spoke he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the beast. Lord Erskine, excessively irritated, laid his walking-stick sharply over the shoulders of the offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked what business he had to touch him with his stick. 'Why,' replied Erskine, to whom the opportunity of a joke was irresistible, 'it is my own; mayn't I use it as I please?'"

ERSKINE HOUSE.

Erskine had as neighbours the two Law Lords, Mansfield and Loughborough, the former being the possessor of the Ken Wood Estate and Mansfield House. Though outside the Hampstead Parish, a word regarding this house is advisable owing to its connection with the "Spaniards" Tavern. Designed by Robert Adam in the reign of George III., the exterior, of yellow stone, is massive rather than elegant or picturesque, and of the pseudo-classical style prevalent at that period. At the time of the Gordon Riots, Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square was sacked and burned; inflamed by success the word was passed "To Ken Wood!" Mr. Prickett in his "History of Highgate" says: "The routes of the rabble were through Highgate and Hampstead to the 'Spaniards' Tavern, kept at the time by a person named Giles Thomas.

He quickly learnt their object, and with a coolness and promptitude which did him great credit, persuaded the rioters to refresh themselves thoroughly before commencing the work of devastation. He threw open his house and even his cellars for their entertainment, but secretly despatched a messenger to the barracks for a detachment of the Horse Guards, which, arriving through Millfield Farm Lane, intercepted the approach northward, and opportunely presented a bold front to the rebels, who by that time had congregated in the road, which then passed within a few paces of the mansion. Whilst some of the rioters were being regaled at the 'Spaniards,' others were liberally supplied with strong ale from the cellars of Ken Wood House, out of tubs placed on the roadside. . . . The liquors, the excitement, and the infatuation soon overcame the exhausted condition of the rabble, who in proportion to the time thus gained by the troops, had become doubly disqualified for concerted mischief; for, great as were their numbers, their daring was not equal to the comparatively small display of military, which, the leading rioters felt, would show them no mercy; they instantly abandoned their intentions, and returned to the metropolis in as much confusion as they quitted it."

The "Spaniards" is situated on the northern boundary of the Heath, and is said to have been built upon the site of the toll-gate keeper's lodge at the entrance to the Bishop of London's domain; the building on the left, facing the tavern, has the appearance of an old gate-house; the road is very narrow at this point. Opinions differ as to the derivation of its name; some say that the lodge was "inhabited by a family connected with the Spanish Embassy"; others, that the place was "taken by a Spaniard and converted into a house of entertainment." Later it came into the hands of a Mr. Staples, who "out of the wild and thorny wood, full of hills, valleys, and sand-pits, hath now made pleasant grass and gravel walks, with a mount. . . . These walks and plats this gentleman hath embellished with a great many curious figures, depicted with pebble stones of various colours." Evidently the enterprising Staples laid the foundation of the Gardens, which are still flourishing, but the "many curious figures" no longer delight the holiday maker, who finds solace for their loss in beer and skittles; a falling away from grace, since the days when the Spanish

"JACK STRAW'S CASTLE."

Ambassador to James I. occupied the lodge, and growled over the absence of sunshine in England.

Crossing the Heath by the Spaniards Road we come to "Jack Straw's Castle," situated on the most elevated spot in the Metropolitan area. Here, again, opinions differ as to the derivation of the name. We have it on the authority of William Howitt that "there is no evidence to show that the rebel of 1381 had any connection with the inn named after him. The Heath perhaps formed a rendezvous. In early times an earthwork occupied the site, which doubtless gave the name of Castle." He further adds "the title of 'Jack Straw' was probably borrowed from the real 'Jack Straw's Castle' at Highgate." As if doubtful of its right of name, this famous tavern bears upon its face, in bold black letters, a

"JACK'S STRAW'S CASTLE" PRIOR TO THE ALTERATIONS COMPLETED IN 1899.

double-barrelled title, of which the first is "Castle Inn." The present building was erected in 1822, upon the site of an older tavern which flourished in the eighteenth century, its garden being laid out in imitation of the prim Dutch style; nothing now remains at all suggestive of the old formal arrangement. In former times a racecourse existed behind the inn, but racing was suppressed about 1732, or perhaps died a natural death, as in that year only one race was run. Charles Dickens loved the Heath, and often found his way to "Jack Straw's." In a note to John Forster he says: "You don't feel disposed, do you, to muffle yourself up and start off with me for a good brisk walk over Hampstead Heath? I know a good house, where we can have a red-hot chop for dinner and a glass of good wine." Forster adds, "This note led to our first experience of 'Jack Straw's Castle,' memorable for many happy meetings in coming years." Public and private dinner parties and suppers have long been an "institution" at this snug inn. It even inspired the "minor poet" of eighty years ago to sing its praises:—

"With best of food—of beer and wines,
There may you pass a merry day;
So shall mine host, while Phœbus shines,
Instead of straw make good his hay."

Turning to the left on leaving the "Castle," five minutes' walk brings us to North End and the picturesque old "Bull and Bush." This typical roadside inn was in the first instance a farmhouse; later it is said to have been the country seat of Hogarth, the painter, who planted the famous yew trees in the garden. It ultimately became a "House of Refreshment and Ease," frequented by many of the most eminent men of the day. Here Reynolds, Gainsborough, Sterne, Garrick, Whitefoord, Bunbury, and Payne foregathered, bringing with them in the boot a Thames salmon, a brace of small turbot, and cock lobsters. Addison and Steele, Lamb, Coleridge, Cibber, Foote, and the antiquary Hone, are also said to have been frequent visitors at this "delightful little snuggery," as Gainsborough called it on one of his many visits to his favourite tavern. Behind the "Bull and Bush" is "North End House," now known as "Wildwood," but much altered since 1767, the time of its occupation by William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham; who there shut himself up in a small room, refusing to see anyone, his meals being conveyed to him through an opening in the wall having

double doors; he ultimately recovered from his "mysterious malady." The room remains practically intact.

Near by, on the edge of the Heath, is a quaint old red-tiled and weather-boarded farmhouse, once known as "Collins' Farm," now altered to "Wyldes"; one of the very few picturesque buildings remaining of this once rural hamlet. Here John Linnell, the artist, lodged for some years during the summer months from 1824. William Blake, that strange, visionary poet and painter, frequently stayed at this quiet little nook, also visiting Linnell on Sunday afternoons, as did many other friends, among them John Varley (the artist astrooger), Dr. Thornton, Mulready, Samuel Palmer, and Richter. Truly, Blake and Varley "were as strange a pair as ever trod this earth." If "walls have ears," surely this old farmhouse has heard the wildest and most bizarre ideas discussed with all the gravity of deeply rooted conviction.

It is not surprising that the charm of Hampstead has cast its spell about the greatest of our painters. Romney, Morland, and Haydon frequented it. Constable lived for many years at No. 40, Well Walk. In 1827 he writes: "This house is to my wife's heart's content. . . . Our little drawing-room commands a view unsurpassed in Europe, from Westminster Abbey to Gravesend." "I love," he said, "every stile, and stump, and lane in the village; as long as I am able to hold a brush I shall never cease to paint them." The house is only interesting in its association with our greatest painter of rural England; it is small, with narrow windows, but otherwise devoid of character. The "unsurpassed view" is blocked out, as this quarter of Hampstead has been largely built over during the last forty years. Clarkson Stanfield, the eminent marine painter, occupied the venerable red-brick house in the High Street at the corner of Prince Arthur's Road, named "Stanfield House."

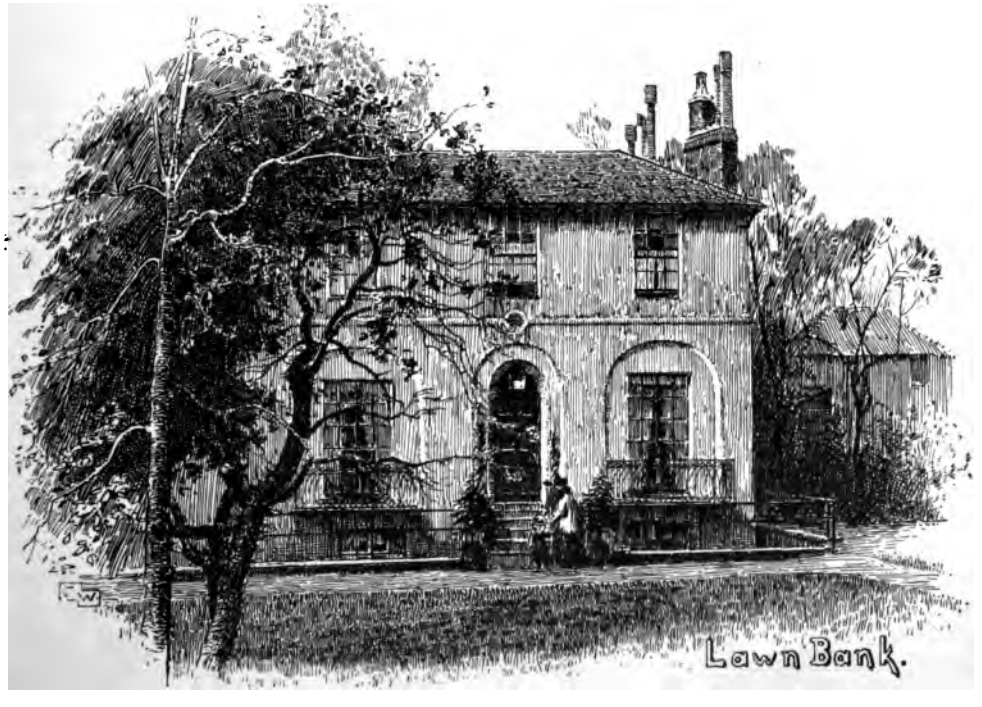
This digression among the artists has brought us into the town; we must retrace our steps in quest of another inn, "The Upper Flask Tavern," known at the close of the seventeenth century as the "Upper Bowling-Green House," situated at the corner of East Heath Road and Heath Mount, close to the White Stone Pond. In the old days this was the most famous of all the Hampstead inns, but for over a century it has been occupied as a private house. Comparing the building as it now stands with a print of about 1800, the

alterations it has undergone appear superficial; at that time there were only five windows on the side facing the road, and a door, then the main entrance, which has been done away with; the block remains intact. Here in the palmiest days of the Kit-Cat Club the members held their meetings in the summer months, and "Dicky" Steele not infrequently found himself "a little in drink"; but with such exhilarating companions as Addison, Congreave, Pope, and Vanbrugh, much may be forgiven.

"UPPER FLASK TAVERN."

(Now a private residence.)

To readers of Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe" the name of the old tavern will possess a familiar sound, as the pursuit of the unfortunate heroine by Lovelace and his tools, is connected with the "Upper Flask" and the immediate neighbourhood. In the latter half of the eighteenth century the house was bought by George Stevens, a wealthy scholar, known to fame as the annotator of Shakespeare; he lived here



until his death in 1800. The once renowned tavern is now known as "Upper Heath," and is typical of the class of house associated with the history of Old Hampstead, though Fenton House in the Grove is the most picturesque private dwelling in the town.

Foremost among the literary worthies who have resided in Hampstead stands the pathetic personality of John Keats. In 1817 he lodged at a house (since pulled down) next to the "Wells Tavern," but spent the last years of his life at Wentworth Place —now "Lawn Bank," John Street. In 1819 he took lodgings in Westminster, but soon returned to his old haunts. Here he wrote most of his Odes and "Hyperion." In the garden of this house the glorious notes of that "light-winged Dryad of the trees" inspired his beautiful "Ode to the Nightingale."

The Vale of Health, then both sequestered and picturesque, possessed a special charm for Keats; his favourite seat being a wooden bench, at the end of Well Walk. On this bench, long known as "Keats's Seat," the "Eve of St. Agnes" and the greater part of "Endymion" were written, and "whereon," says Hone, "I last saw poor Keats sitting and sobbing his dying breath into a handkerchief."

When Hampstead Wells were in favour as a fashionable resort, Church Row was the evening parade of the "quality," and these old houses with their "highly respectable" air, have witnessed many animated assemblies of beaux and belles, bright costume tableaux in a perfect, though formal, setting; for the "Row" of to-day is but little altered; even a few of the link-extinguishers remain. One noteworthy feature, the church, has vanished since those days, the present building having been erected in 1747. Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Johnson—the latter lived close by at Frognal—were in their time frequenters of the Row. Mr. J. Park, the antiquary and author of the standard "History of Hampstead," lived here, also Miss Lucy Aikin, the authoress of "Memories of the Court of Queen Elizabeth," "Memoirs of Addison," &c.; and here, or close at hand, lived Fuseli, the Royal Academician, and later J. R. Herbert, R.A.

The old churchyard is extensive, shaded by many trees, and most picturesque, a fitting resting-place for one of the greatest sleeping within its walls—John Constable —who raised our landscape art from the Slough of Tradition, infusing it with his own virility, veneration for truth, and loving appreciation of Nature. During the last few years Hampstead has lost two residents whose names are household words, George Busson du Maurier, who occupied "New Grove House," and Walter Besant, who lived at "Frognal End." The genial satirist of Society, whose death left so great a gap in the pages of *Punch*, lies in the upper churchyard under a yew-tree, in the corner formed by the last house in Church Row. His resting-place is marked by a Celtic cross of carved wood at each end of the grave, supporting a panel upon which is inscribed two simple lines, which reflect the spirit of an age in which old Faiths are slowly but surely losing their hold on the minds of men:—

> "A little hope that when we die
> We reap our sowing, and so good-bye."

THE WITCHFINDER

By RALPH HAROLD BRETHERTON

RICHARD TURNBULL was married to Margaret Yeoland in the parish church of Little Overbury, on September 3rd, 1646, as the register shows. Turnbull was a young yeoman farmer, whose farm, Ham Leaze, lay just outside Little Overbury, under the shadow of Hurst Hill, a wooded height to the north of the village. He was a steady young man, who paid every attention to his stock and his crops, and his farm prospered and brought him in a very comfortable income, so that he was enabled, not only to live well after his moderate tastes, but to put by a considerable sum yearly. His wife was a healthy, sensible, capable, good-looking girl, the daughter of Thomas Yeoland, of Shortlands Farm, in the neighbouring parish of Chagsby, and she and Turnbull, who seemed most happily mated, were respected by all their neighbours. In the beginning of the year 1648 a child, a girl, was born to the couple. The child was christened Margaret, after her mother.

For more than eight years the Turnbulls enjoyed great popularity among the people of the district. They were an exceedingly hospitable couple, and scarcely an evening passed on which some of their neighbours did not come up for a chat, or maybe a pipe and a glass of ale, in the cosy parlour of the farm. A frequent visitor was the vicar, the Rev. John Barker, a simple-minded, mild-mannered old man, who thoroughly enjoyed the homely fare and comfort of Ham Leaze. Another person who frequently honoured the Turnbulls with his company was Mr. Roger Hall, the bluff old bachelor squire from the Grange, on the borders of Cl[illegible] This gentleman greatly respe[illegible] Turnbull's advice on all things agricu[illegible] and spent many an evening at [illegible] Leaze, discussing the weather and the crops. It was, too, popularly said at Barmingford and Sladbury Markets, where he attended weekly, that there was not a straighter man in all the Midlands than Richard Turnbull; and Margaret Turnbull was always spoken of as a kindly, sensible woman who was as capable a housewife as any in the county.

It is recorded that on March 3rd, 1655, William Thompson, a labourer, was driving a score of pigs which had been purchased from his master, Mr. William Green, of Overbury Compton, through Little Overbury, to their purchaser, who lived six miles beyond Chagsby, when, at the point where the road ran close to the house of Ham Leaze, two of the pigs suddenly fell dead. Half jokingly it was suggested that the pigs had been bewitched, and when, a week later, the squire's horse stumbled at the same point and broke a leg, throwing the squire himself into a rheen and bruising him considerably, the place came to be regarded with superstitious awe by the people of Little Overbury. It is probable, however, that little would have been thought of these two incidents had not a man been discovered, two mornings later, lying unconscious by the hedge at the very point of the road where the two pigs had fallen dead. This man was a carpenter, living in Chagsby. He had spent the evening with friends in Little Overbury, and left the "Wheatsheaf" in that village at about half-past nine to walk to his home at Chagsby. Of what happened to him after leaving the inn he remembered nothing, when first questioned. He had not, however, received any very serious hurt from his misadventure, and his mind cleared slowly, and, when questioned further, he confessed to a vague recollection of "a black form and a whirring sound." Before the day was out it was

reported both in Chagsby and Little Overbury that the carpenter had seen a witch riding on a broom-stick pass over his head, and that the witch had put out her hand and touched his forehead, causing him to drop insensible. A large bruise on his forehead marked the place where he had been touched by the witch. Thompson now stated that a cudgel as thick as a man's arm had appeared in the air, and, wielded by some invisible power, had struck the two pigs, which fell dead. It was also said that the squire declared he had felt the rush of a mighty wind, caused doubtless by the swift passage of a witch through the air, when his horse stumbled and broke its leg.

The neighbourhood was now in a state of panic. There was not a man, woman or child who dared alone to walk that part of the road where this series of accidents had occurred. Farmers feared for their flocks and herds, which at any moment might be bewitched, and mothers kept their children indoors and eagerly sought charms which might save them and their families from the evil influence of the witch. Three persons died in Little Overbury that night, and, though each of them had been long bed-ridden, there could be little doubt that the witch had hastened their ends.

The vicar was as much frightened as anyone in the parish. He knew from the Scriptures what power the Evil One had, and what mischief he could do when he chose to enter into a human being, and the good old man was most anxious that the witch should be discovered and duly punished before much harm came to his congregation. Accordingly he consulted with the squire, who was a magistrate, and with the churchwardens, Henry Yatton, a wheelwright, and Mark Virgo, a farmer, and other men of standing in the village, as to what should be done to rid the village of the great danger that overshadowed it. It was decided that William Hunt, of Charlton St. Olaf, a witch-finder of great repute, should be sent for. The squire offered himself to pay Hunt's fee.

The next morning the squire and Mr. Barker rode over to Charlton, and in the afternoon returned with Hunt. Hunt was a tall, gaunt, sour-faced man, who was dressed in sombre black. He said not a word as he rode back with the squire and the vicar to Little Overbury. Nor did his companions venture to draw him into conversation. They, in common with the whole country-side, feared and respected this man who had been successful in finding more than two hundred witches, and they excused his surly demeanour as a sign of his greatness. Of Hunt's history little is known. He is said to have been a Scotchman, whose real name was Macdonald. Coming to Charlton in 1644 to discover the witch who had caused such a heavy mortality among the lambs and ewes of that year, he had settled in the place, and, though he was ostensibly pastor of a small dissenting community, he practically lived by the fees he received as a witch-finder. His reputation as a successful layer of witches was not merely local, but extended throughout the neighbouring counties, and his aid was often sought in places many miles from Charlton.

When he had refreshed himself at the Vicarage, Hunt asked that he might be conducted before dark fell to that point of the road where the witch had been seen. Accordingly, he went with Mr. Hall and Mr. Barker along the Chagsby Road to the corner where it ran round the buildings of Ham Leaze. Here he stopped, and in silence examined the road. Presently he looked up and asked suddenly:

"Who lives in yon house?"

"Master Turnbull and his wife," answered Mr. Barker.

"What sort of woman be Mistress Turnbull?"

"A right comely woman," said Mr. Hall.

"An honest, kindly body," added Mr. Barker.

"The witch lives in yon house."

"Nay, but you do not think it's Mistress Turnbull," cried Mr. Hall and Mr. Barker together.

A frequent visitor was the Rector.

"I cannot say, but the witch lives in yon house," repeated Hunt, "and I shall find her. Stay here until I return."

He went in through the barton gate, and, crossing the barton, entered the house, without knocking, by the first door to which he came. He found himself in a low-ceilinged room, wherein the dark was already heavy. In the big fire-place a bright fire burned, and in front of the fire a child, a little girl of about seven, sat on a stool, looking into the flames.

"Well, pretty one," said Hunt softly.

The child looked up, and, seeing him, rose from her stool, and curtsied gravely.

"Mother at home?" he asked.

"Nay," said the child, "I am all alone 'cept for old John and Martha the maid. Father has gone to Barmingford Fair, and will not be back till Saturday. Mother's over to Mistress Quant's for the afternoon, but she will be back by six."

"I want to see your mother. She and I knew each other once. May I wait?"

"Oh, yes," said the child.

He came away from the door, and seated himself in the big chair by the hearth. The child sat down again on her little stool. The man held out his hands to the cheerful warmth of the fire.

"You're a fortunate child to have so lovely a mother," he said.

"Yes," the child answered proudly.

"A lovely mother, a good mother, a happy mother, a merry mother, who can always make her little girl laugh—eh?"

The child nodded assent.

"There never was such a merry mother in all the world. Always making you laugh, isn't she? Ever seen her riding on a broomstick?"

"No," said the child doubtfully.

"Oh, come little one," said Hunt; "You must have seen her riding on a broomstick. All mothers do. Have you never heard the rhyme?

"Mother rides on a broom-stick;
Mother rides from home.
Mother, tell your darling
Whither away you roam?
Mother rides on her broom-stick,
Rides away from me;
Mother rides on her broom-stick,
Rides the stars to see.
Last night I saw my mother
A-riding on her broom,
Last night I saw my mother
A-riding to the moon.

"And you laugh when you see her on her broom? It's so droll—eh?—and you can't help being merry."

He laughed, and the child laughed too, and sang:

"Last night I saw my mother
A-riding on her broom,
Last night I saw my mother
A-riding to the moon."

"Didn't I say so, little one?" said Hunt; "of course you saw your mother riding on a broom. And weren't you amused? You laughed as if you would never stop."

He laughed again, and so did the child. She clapped her hands together delightedly, and repeated:

"Mother rides on a broom-stick,
Mother rides from home;
Mother, tell your darling
Whither away you roam?"

"And where did she ride to last night?" asked Hunt.

"To the moon," said the child.

"Suppose she had never come back? What would you have done?"

"I don't know."

"But she always comes back?"

"Yes."

"That's because there's nothing in the moon so nice as you are. Mother can't do without her little girl—eh?"

Hunt leaned over towards the fire, still warming his hands.

"You know good Mr. Barker and Mr. Hall, child?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the child.

"They are without. Will you ask them to come in?"

The child went to the door and out into the barton. In about a minute she returned with Mr. Barker and Mr. Hall.

"Well?" asked Mr. Barker.

"I have found the witch," said Hunt. "It is Mistress Turnbull."

Mr. Hall and Mr. Barker looked at each other, but, whatever their thoughts, they dared not contradict Hunt.

"The child hath confessed it," said Hunt. He beckoned the child to him "Repeat," he told her, "what you said to me just now."

The child was frightened. She came to Hunt, but stood dumb, although he made a threatening gesture because of her silence.

"Repeat what you said to me just now," he said again. "Mother," he prompted.

"Mother rides on a broom-stick," began the child glibly, now understanding what was expected of her. She would have gone on with the rhyme, but Hunt checked her.

"You hear what she says?" said he to Mr. Barker and Mr. Hall.

"But is it true?" gasped Mr. Hall.

"You saw your mother riding on her broom-stick last night?" Hunt asked of the child.

The child hesitated. She was confused. She did not know why this man asked all these questions, and she was frightened.

"There is nothing to fear, child," said Hunt. "You have only to answer me what I ask you." He looked steadily at her, and his eyes compelled her to answer him.

"Yes," she said reluctantly; "last night I saw her riding to the moon."

Mr. Barker held up his hands in horror.

"Mistress Turnbull a witch!" he exclaimed; "and I thought her a good woman. She to sell herself to the Devil! It's inconceivable, impossible!"

"We can't believe the child," cried Mr. Hall. "She does not know what she says. She's too young to know the importance of her words."

"I do not ask you to believe her. It may be that what she says is true, or it may be that it is but a childish fancy. Until I have seen Mistress Turnbull and have searched her for the witch mark, I cannot tell. I must see Mistress Turnbull, and have you two gentlemen as witnesses that I searched her for the mark. If the mark be found, then before God and man she is proved a witch."

Hunt strode up and down the room, his head thrown forward, and his hands clasped behind his back.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the Lord has given me power to find the mark. If this woman hath dealings with the Devil, I shall know it, I shall know it!"

Mr. Hall and Mr. Barker said nothing. They believed thoroughly in Hunt and his power as a witch-finder. It was hard to think that Mistress Turnbull was a witch, but if Hunt proved her to be one they could not doubt him.

"Hush!" cried Mr. Barker, starting.

The latch clicked, and the door opened. Mrs. Turnbull entered, her pretty cheeks flushed with the keen March air. The child ran towards her to receive the kiss that the woman stooped to give her. Then Mrs. Turnbull saw the three men.

"Good evening, Mr. Barker; good evening, Mr. Hall," she said, curtsying. Her eyes fell questioningly on Hunt. She came farther into the room, expecting that Mr. Hall or Mr. Barker would give her an introduction to this stranger.

Hunt held out his hand to stay her.

"Keep back, vile woman!" he cried. "Come no nearer."

Mrs. Turnbull stopped, amazed. She was too startled to say anything.

Hunt advanced towards her, and she shrank before his fierce gaze.

"Ah!" cried Hunt, "you are afraid of me. You know who I am, and that your doom has come!"

The woman gave a cry of horror, and backed away from him.

"See! Mr. Hall; see! Mr. Barker," Hunt shouted; "she cowers before me. She knows the Lord has sent me to be her undoing."

Mr. Barker and Mr. Hall looked on, not knowing what to say or to think. Unmistakably the woman was afraid of Hunt. The child set up a piteous sobbing. Hunt took a sudden step forward. He dragged the woman's cloak

from her, and, seizing her gown at the neck, ripped it down the back, laying bare her shoulders. Utterly bewildered and overwhelmed by brute force, she sank to her knees. Hunt held her neck between the finger and thumb of his left hand, and with his right hand drove a long pin into the fleshy part of her shoulder. The pin sank in for half its length, and yet she did not wince, nor cry out with pain. He drew the pin out, showing the shoulder to be uninjured. There was not a sign of blood, nor even of a scratch.

"Look!" he cried triumphantly. "No blood, not a scratch. I drove the pin in, but cannot hurt her. 'Tis the witch's mark."

He drove the pin again in her shoulder, and again no blood was drawn.

Mrs. Turnbull struggled to her feet.

"Why do you do this?" she asked wildly. "Who are you? What are you? Mr. Hall, Mr. Barker, why do you let him treat me so?"

Mr. Hall and Mr. Barker stepped back from the woman. What their eyes had seen they must believe. Hunt had found the witch's mark, for with their own eyes they had seen him drive two inches of the pin into her flesh without doing her hurt.

"Speak not to me, woman!" cried Mr. Barker. "I fear you, for you are a witch."

The woman gave a half-laugh, half-sob.

"A witch! 'Tis some jest, and one unworthy of you all. I don't understand," she said.

"Nay, 'tis no jest," said Hunt. "You felt not the pin, for I drove it into the witch's mark. Before the Lord I say you are a witch. Your own child hath seen you riding on a broomstick."

"Little Margaret says so?" gasped Mrs. Turnbull.

"No, no, no!" sobbed the child.

"Ay, but she did," cried Hunt. "Here, child, tell us what you saw."

The child clung to her mother, but Hunt caught the mite by the arm and drew her away.

"Tell us what you saw," he said.

The child only sobbed, and struggled to free herself from his grasp. He stamped his foot.

"Tell us what you saw," he cried angrily.

> "Last night I saw my mother
> A-riding on a broom,
> Last night I saw my mother
> A-riding to the moon,"

the child gulped between her sobs.

"Margaret, Margaret, my own little Margaret!" cried Mrs. Turnbull in fear and amazement. What did the child mean? What awful accusation had her little daughter brought innocently against her?

"You may well be afraid," sneered the witch-finder, "now that your evil practices are discovered. You know the punishment a witch receives."

The woman fell to protesting that she was no witch, that she had had no dealings with the Devil. She called upon Mr. Barker and Mr. Hall to witness that she was an honest woman. But her protestations were in vain. Hunt would not listen, and Mr. Hall and Mr. Barker were afraid of her, believing that they would endanger their own souls if they interposed for her. Hunt had a rope fetched, and he directed two farm hands to bind the woman tightly. Mrs. Turnbull was then half-dragged, half-carried to the church, and was locked in the belfry. She struggled violently for her liberty, so that her bonds cut her cruelly. But she was helpless in the hands of strong men, whom fear and fanatical superstition had made merciless. They struck her when she tried to speak, and drew her bonds tighter when she stirred to free her hands.

The news quickly spread through the village. Mistress Turnbull was the witch who had caused the series of accidents which occurred at the turn of the road at Ham Leaze. Many perhaps were secretly sorry that the witch should prove to be Mistress Turnbull, but all were unfeignedly glad that the witch who had troubled the neighbourhood was

Overwhelmed by brute force, she sank to her knees.

found. It occurred to no one to doubt the genuineness of Hunt's search and discovery. To doubt Hunt was dangerous, for he was powerful, and held the countryside in a reign of terror. It was never known on whom he next might find the witch's mark. Had he not found it on the Reverend Michael Stanton, the late Vicar of Chagsby, who had so strongly preached that there were no witches? There were many in Little Overbury who had witnessed the hanging of Mr. Stanton, six years ago, at Barmingford, for witchcraft, and their respect for Hunt was not without an element of fear.

At dawn a large crowd assembled at the foot of the church tower, by the little door that opened on the stairs to the belfry. Above, in the belfry, the woman could be heard calling frantically for help. It was an awful sound, that caused one or two tender-hearted women to shed tears, but many believed that she was calling on the Devil to help her, and, fearing that she might gain her liberty and so be free again to wreak her evil powers upon the village, hardened their hearts against her. In the crowd was Anne Burditch, the wife of William Burditch, the blacksmith, with her little crippled daughter, Mary, a child of twelve. Mary had been born with her left leg withered and useless, and she was unable to walk without a crutch. Mrs. Burditch now recounted how, about a month before the birth of her child, she had gone up to Shortlands' Farm, where Mrs. Turnbull, then Margaret Yeoland, a young girl of about sixteen, had seen her and fixed her with her eye. Mrs. Burditch remembered how she had been frightened by Margaret Yeoland's glance and had gone home feeling ill and dispirited. She did not doubt that Margaret had bewitched the child, who was born a cripple just four weeks later.

Other persons had other recollections of Mrs. Turnbull's dangerous influence. A farmer named Standish remembered that one day, about three years ago, he had seen the woman cross his fields by the path that led to Hurst Hill, and the next morning he had found a dozen of his sheep lying, mangled and dying, close to the path. He thought at the time that the sheep had been worried by a dog, but now he knew they had fallen under the spell of the witch.

The crowd grew indignant. Little Mary Burditch was brought forward, and she beat upon the door with her crutch. Presently Mr. Barker arrived with Hunt. Mr. Barker unlocked the door, and the two went up into the belfry. Margaret Turnbull crouched, exhausted, in a dark corner. Hunt went to her, and untied her bonds. She stood up, panting.

"Why do you do this?" she asked. "Let me go, I say, let me go."

She would have darted for the door, but Hunt restrained her.

"Confess, woman," he cried, "that you sold yourself to the Devil."

"I will not," she answered. "It is untrue. I am no witch."

"Mistress Turnbull," said Mr. Barker, quaveringly, "I exhort you to confess."

Hunt thrust the woman back into the corner. He took off her shoes and stockings. With the rope he bound the thumb of each of her hands to the big toe of the opposite foot. He then raised her to her feet. The rope was not so taut but that she could walk stumblingly. He drove her towards the door.

"If she will not confess," he said, "we must have double proof that she be a witch."

He followed Mrs. Turnbull in her stumbling down the stairs. Mr. Barker, his good heart sorely troubled, came behind. When the crowd saw Mrs. Turnbull, they raised a fierce shout. As she came haltingly out from the little door, they closed upon her, and beat her with their hands, cursing her and calling her the Devil's servant. Little Mary Burditch, with her crutch, struck the woman across her face, bruising her mouth, so that her lips bled, and the blood ran down her chin.

"To the pond," cried Hunt.

Angry hands seized on Mrs. Turnbull, and she was dragged and hustled to the pond on the village green. The same

hands eagerly swung her far out into the water. If she floated, bound as she was, she was undoubtedly a witch. If she sank, she would be drowned, and the village saved from all possibility of danger in her.

Mrs. Turnbull floated, and, half-drowned, she was taken from the water. When she had sufficiently recovered her breath, Mr. Barker again exhorted her to confess her sin. This she obstinately refused to do, and she was dragged back to the church tower, and there securely locked in. She was now half-famished, and shivering from the chill of her wet clothes. Mr. Hall suggested that she should be given some food and a change of clothes, but Hunt said that cold and hungry she would be more ready to confess her dealings with the Devil. The sooner the confession was wrung from her the better. Towards evening, Mr. Barker and Hunt visited her again. Mr. Barker earnestly entreated her to tell them everything.

Though weak and racked by a fierce fever which had been caused by the rough handling she had received, she still stubbornly protested that she was no witch. She implored Mr. Barker to let her go free, to let her return to her home. She swore before God that she was no witch, that she had never made a compact with the Devil.

Mr. Barker only shook his head sadly. He read to her certain passages from the Bible, hoping to quiet the demons that possessed her soul. Mad with hopeless misery, she tore the book from his hand. (Hunt declared afterwards that, when she touched the book, he saw blue flames dart from her fingers.) She flung the book across the belfry, and fell, sobbing wildly, on the floor. She cried to God to help her, to open the eyes of these two men and show them the injustice they were doing her. Mr. Barker shuddered.

"Come away," he said to Hunt, "she blasphemes."

"Ay," said Hunt; "but she'll confess to-morrow."

The next morning, about eight o'clock, the woman was fetched forth from the tower. She was too ill and weak to walk, but Hunt took her up in his arms, and carried her down to the village green. Here she was set in the stocks, and the whole village gathered about her to see her shame and discomfiture. Weeds, tufts of grass, and sometimes stones were thrown at her; mischievous children tickled the soles of her cold bare feet, and caused her to rasp her restless ankles in the stocks; and now and again a woman would spitefully pull her hair.

Hunt looked about him, and signalled out two men. With them he went into the smithy, and they brought out a number of iron bars. Hunt had these bars carried to the stocks. One by one he laid them across the woman's legs. When he laid the fifth bar on, the woman shrieked out in agony.

"Take off, for mercy's sake take off," she cried, "or my legs will break."

Hunt lifted off one of the bars.

"Tell us, are you, or are you not, a witch?" he said.

She remained silent for some seconds, and he made as if he would put back the bar he had just lifted up.

"Yes, yes," she cried in despair, "I am a witch. I confess it, I confess it."

Hunt lifted off the bars, and she told how, when a child, she sold herself to the Devil for sixpence, with which to buy a new doll at a Michaelmas Fair.

This confession made, she was taken back to the church tower. Food was now given her, but it was little that the fever allowed her to eat. Preparations were made to convey her next morning to the gaol at Barmingford.

That evening, Turnbull returned home from Barmingford. He knew nothing of what had occurred, and started when, on entering the "Wheatsheaf" to rest his tired horse before riding up the hill to Ham Leaze, he saw Hunt there.

"What!" he exclaimed, "more silly witch stories! Well, you are fools one and all in Overbury. To catch a witch, you bring the Devil himself. I don't doubt

that that man there," he pointed at Hunt, "will unearth the witch. He never failed yet, for each witch means a sovereign in his pockets."

The sneer was not lost on Hunt, but he was prepared to give more than he received.

"The witch has been found," he said; "she is your wife."

"Ay," said one of the company, "Master Hunt has found the witch mark upon her."

"And she hath confessed," said another.

Turnbull stared round the room.

"And you believe him when he says he hath found the witch mark?" he cried.

"Mr. Barker saw him drive the pin into her shoulder. It went in two inches, but drew no blood."

"That is a trick in the pin," cried Turnbull. "The fore part slides back into the hind part, like a sword into a sheath. It does not enter the flesh at all. Oh! you fools, to believe this man. Would you hang my wife, whom you all know to be good and honest and all that a woman should be, on this man's word?"

"She hath confessed," said someone.

"He would wring a confession from anybody." Turnbull strode forward to Hunt. "You would make my wife out to be a witch," he cried, "you would get her hanged, and all for a sovereign. But show me that pin, you devil!"

"I shall not," said Hunt. "For what I do or what I say I am responsible only to the Lord, Who gave me the power to discover witches."

"Give me that pin. I'll show the world what a vile trickster you are."

Turnbull held out his hand.

"Very well," said Hunt. He drew the pin from his pocket; he held it out as though he would give it into Turnbull's hand; then in a flash he had struck the pin against Turnbull's face.

"See!" cried Hunt, "he hath the witch mark too. The pin enters his forehead, but no blood comes forth. He is his wife's accomplice. Seize him ere he does us harm."

Such was the power that this man had that the very men who had once been Turnbull's friends now fell upon Turnbull, bearing him to the ground, and gagging him with a cloth. They knew nothing against Turnbull, but Hunt's pin had proved the man to be a witch, and a witch was a person of whom the neighbourhood must be instantly ridded, lest serious harm befell the people. So a rope was brought from the stable, and Turnbull was bound hand and foot. Later he was taken to the church and put in the belfry, where his wife still was, now a raving, demented creature. Next morning the two were driven over in a cart to Barmingford gaol to await their trial there for witchcraft. The people of Little Overbury forgot that the day was Sunday, and, instead of attending the morning service at the church, followed the cart, jeering at the occupants and occasionally throwing a stone at them. It is said that some followed as far as Danemoor Hill, a distance of twenty-five miles. In the afternoon a public thanksgiving service was held in the church for that God had opened the eyes of His servant, William Hunt, so that he discovered the Devil that dwelt in Margaret and Richard Turnbull, an ungodly couple, who would assuredly meet their just punishment, not only at the hands of God, but also at the hands of man; and on the morrow, William Hunt left Little Overbury with two bright sovereigns that the squire had given him, in his pocket.

Richard and Margaret Turnbull were convicted of witchcraft at the Assizes held at Barmingford a month later. The evidence was very clear against them both. In the case of the woman Mr. Barker and Mr. Hall, of position and repute, could swear that they had seen Hunt find the witch's mark on her body, and the woman's own child had confessed to Hunt and these same two gentlemen that she had seen her mother

The whole village gathered about her to see her shame and discomfiture.

riding through the air on a broom-stick. There was Mrs. Burditch's testimony that Mrs. Turnbull had long possessed an evil eye, and there was the tale of accidents just outside the house of Ham Leaze. Finally, there was the woman's own confession that she was a witch. There was no evidence against the man except that Hunt, before the eyes of a dozen or more of Little Overbury's most respectable men, had discovered the witch's mark upon him. This, however, was sufficient to convict Turnbull, and both he and his wife were sentenced to be hanged. The execution took place at the Market Cross at Barmingford on April 22nd, 1655, when a large crowd assembled, which cheered lustily as soon as it was known that the tragedy was complete and the Turnbulls were dead.

So died, execrated by the whole country-side, a couple who but a few weeks previously had been respected by everybody. Hunt himself was hanged twelve years later. Just before his death he confessed that he had no special power which enabled him to find witches, but had pretended to find them solely for the sake of the twenty shillings which the discovery of a supposed witch brought him.

OLD OCEAN

By C. H. St. L. RUSSELL

WHERE shall the maiden, who has learned too late
That love and honour are not bound in one,
Find transient respite from relentless fate
Before the days of youth, of life are done?
Here with faint footsteps let her softly creep
To some still cavern opening on the sea,
Mourn to the music of thy waves, and weep
Her long, lone woe to thee.

Where shall the lover, who has known at last
That maids, once kind, may some time prove untrue,
Wear down the myriad memories of things past,
And on the wide world rise to look anew?
Here, where the far horizon melts in haze
And o'er broad waters the light shadows flee,
Here on some foreland let him stand agaze,
Wonder, and worship thee.

Photo by J. Palmer Clarke, Cambridge.

THE PEPYSIAN LIBRARY, MAGDALENE COLLEGE.

SAMUEL PEPYS

By EDMUND GOSSE

IF the age in which Pepys lived could glance at the sections devoted to itself in the histories of English literature which we publish to-day, it would find several matters for surprise. It thought itself critical and careful, not like the reckless Jacobean and Elizabethan ages which had preceded it. It thought it understood very well who were its principal writers. It had Waller and Cowley, who were its Tennyson and Browning. It read Fuller with immense delight, and the two Boyles, Roger and Robert. Listening to sermons by Tillotson and Barrow was its intellectual treat, and it was beginning to observe that Dryden in verse and Temple in prose had something very sympathetic about them. But if the critics of the Restoration had glanced at our histories, they would have been scandalised at seeing the name of Milton ranked so high; they would have suggested that this must be a slip of the pen for Flatman. They would, for various reasons, have understood nothing of the claims of Bunyan and Halifax and Locke. But the one name which would have absolutely bewildered everyone of them would have been that of Samuel Pepys. "What Pepys is this?" they would have asked. "Is he of the family of our excellent friend, the Surveyor-General of the Victualling Office. Had he not an uncle named Mr. Apollo Pepys?" And then there would have been a chuckle at the notion that so useful a public servant could have any other relation than this so

any of the Muses. It would be as though, centuries after our own age, and when it is almost forgotten that Mr. Ritchie was ever Chancellor of the Exchequer, his name should survive as that of the most exquisite writer of pastorals in the later Victorian period. "Worthy, industrious, and curious Mr. Sam Pepys among the great authors of our polished age?" they would have ejaculated. "Nonsense!"

The tremendous secret was kept, as we know, for a century and a half, during which time extraordinary changes occurred in the conditions of popular taste. The "Journal," as Pepys called it, in which he wrote down from day to day his multiform, brightly-coloured and eminently vivid impressions, his cinematograph, as we might call it to-day, of the movement of life before him, was begun on the 31st of December, 1659, when he was in his twenty-seventh year; and he suddenly grew tired of it, and closed it, on the 31st of May, 1669—"I being not able to do it any longer, having done it now as long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand." He recovered his eyesight and lived on, a very active and useful citizen, until 1703. The "Journal" was kept, with incredible neatness, in six handsomely bound volumes, which are now among the glories of the library of Magdalene College, Cambridge. The first person who ever seems to have noticed them there was Peter Leicester (a direct ancestor, I believe, of the late distinguished poet Lord De Tabley), who in 1728, nearly sixty years after the close of the Diary, wrote to tell the Lancashire stenographer John Byrom of this curiosity, a shorthand journal of Mr. Pepys. Nearly a hundred years more passed, however, before an attempt was made to decipher it, the original adventurer being an undergraduate of the college, John Smith, who, with infinite trouble, finished a transcript of the six volumes by the spring of 1822.

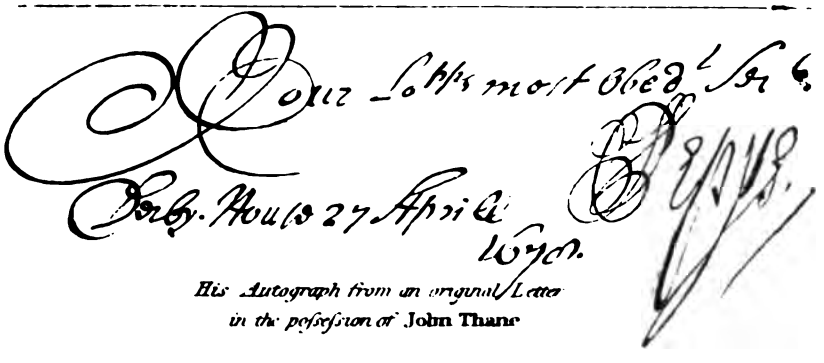
THE FAMOUS DIARY IN SIX VOLUMES, PRESERVED AT MAGDALENE COLLEGE.

Three years later Lord Braybrooke published the first—imperfect—edition of the text, and since that time successive editors, and particularly Mynors Bright, another scholar of Magdalene College, have increased our knowledge of it. All these publications, however, are now rendered obsolete by the magnificent text presented to us with a profusion of erudite care, and with a most loving fulness, between 1893 and 1899, by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley. To the enthusiasm of Mr. Wheatley we owe a complete revelation—or as complete as any clean-minded person can ever wish to possess—of the experience of our inimitable Pepys, and it is merely common honesty to attribute to this admirable antiquary the production of one of the finest editions of a British classic which this age of editors has seen. It is difficult to believe that future students of Pepys will ever gaze at his intellectual portrait through any frame but that which Mr. Wheatley has supplied.

Pepys has come into his own as one of the important writers who make up the roll of English literature. His delay in doing so has, in all probability, not been to his disadvantage. He escaped the eighteenth century altogether, with its precise and elegant instinct for purity in prose, its academic reserves, its categories of what

Samuel Pepys Esqr. *Secretary to the* Admiralty.

From an Original by Sir Godfrey Kneller.



His Autograph from an original Letter in the possession of John Thane

From an Old Print.

Photo by C. van Noorden.

PEPYS' HOUSE AT BRAMPTON.

was not, at any price, to be written down. It would not have been to the advantage of Pepys' loose grammar and unbuttoned phrases to have been submitted to eighteenth century taste. "I lodged the money with Mr. Shepley, and bade good-night to Mr. Moore, and so returned to Mr. River's, and there supped with them, and Mr. Pierce, the purser, and his wife and mine, where we had a calf's head carboned, but it was raw, we could not eat it, and a good hen, but she is such a slut that I do not love her victuals." Who is such a slut? Pooh, we know very well, and love to hear our excellent Pepys "run on," as country people say. But can the wrath of Warburton and the "remarks" of Hurd be conceived, if such a sentence had been presented to them about the year 1755?

The apparition of Pepys was delayed, very happily for him, until the arrival of a romantic age in which he could be valued for his own merits, without being measured by an academic standard. As soon as he was revealed he took his place at once, almost without a dissentient scruple on the part of the critics. It is true that to the generation of Southey and Lockhart this extraordinary mass of memoranda seemed to possess historical and social, rather than literary value. To Macaulay it seemed a treasure from heaven, expressly sent down to help him to local colour in the first volume of his "History of England." Coleridge, with his amazingly penetrative first instinct about anything he read, or merely glanced at, made the earliest really searching remark about the mind of Pepys when he said, "He was a pollard man without the top, but on this account more broadly branching out from the upper trunk." This luminous illustration has not, to this day, been surpassed in the criticism of Pepys, and to an illustration of it, and to an elucidation of what Coleridge's meaning in it probably was, I propose to dedicate these few pages.

It is, in the first place, obvious that in the pictures Pepys gives of his own mind, in the incessant notation of small passing events, he reveals himself as being, in Coleridge's phrase, "without the top," that is to say, without the soaring and independent intelligence or imagination which lifts a

Photo by C. van Noorden.

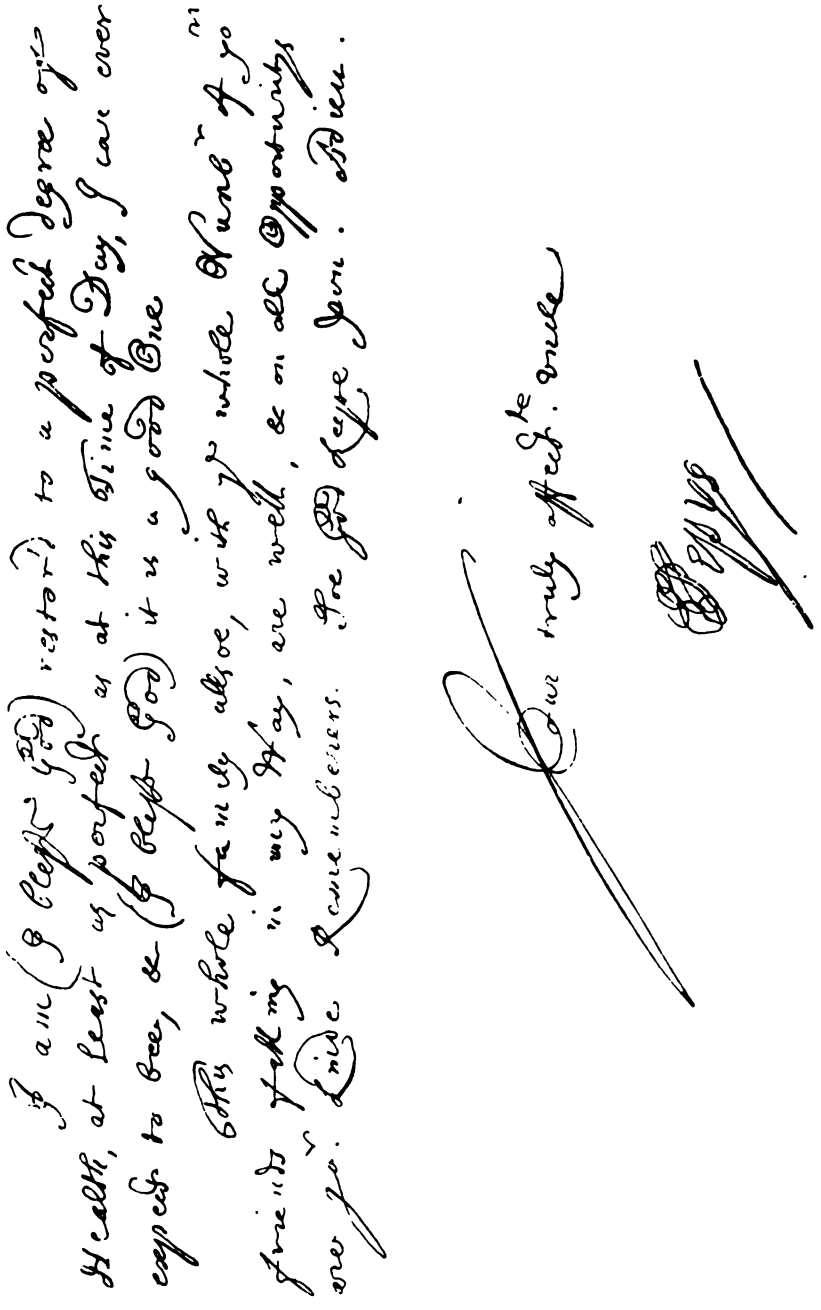
VIEW OF PEPYS' HOUSE AT BRAMPTON, FROM THE ROAD.

man above all his fellows, up into ethereal regions of philosophy. Ideas appealed to him "by symbols," in their sensuous envelopes; they did not make an "immediate" advance upon him. We may understand this better if we consider who there were among his contemporaries who really rose to a "top." It was an un-uplifted age, resolutely "pollard," as a rule, with common sense, and moral reaction, and the fatigue which followed a long and savage constitutional struggle. But Bunyan with his striving after holiness and Locke with his penetrating examination of experience rose above the forest; and so did Purcell with his music, and Grinling Gibbons with his sculpture, and Dryden with his satires. These are the men with whom we have to measure Pepys, and by their side his nature seems polled or cropped, making up by densely-spreading lateral branches for what it lacks at top.

The men whose names have been mentioned as those of trees that soared in the Restoration forest were in their several ways inaugurators, innovating creators. They were, in their essential work, independent of the bias of taste and thought around them, and led that bias or escaped from it altogether, holding their own position, and outtopping the intelligences around them. Pepys is the very type of the man who does not do this, who is part of the ebb and flow of contemporary sentiment, carried up and down upon it without resistance, like a shell in the sea. Evelyn says that Pepys was "a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation." Those last words may take an emphasis which Evelyn did not intend, since it was almost essential that Pepys should "have the conversation" of anyone to take any vivid interest in what he did. He was no solitary figure in the world of thought; he was so gregarious that we can scarcely think of him save in a crowd, and his admirations, his judgments, his aversions were those of a multitude of persons against whose wits he daily sharpened his own. It would be hopeless to look to Pepys for an appreciation of anything not commonly admired in his time.

Photo by C. van Noorden

GARDEN ENTRANCE TO THE BRAMPTON HOUSE.



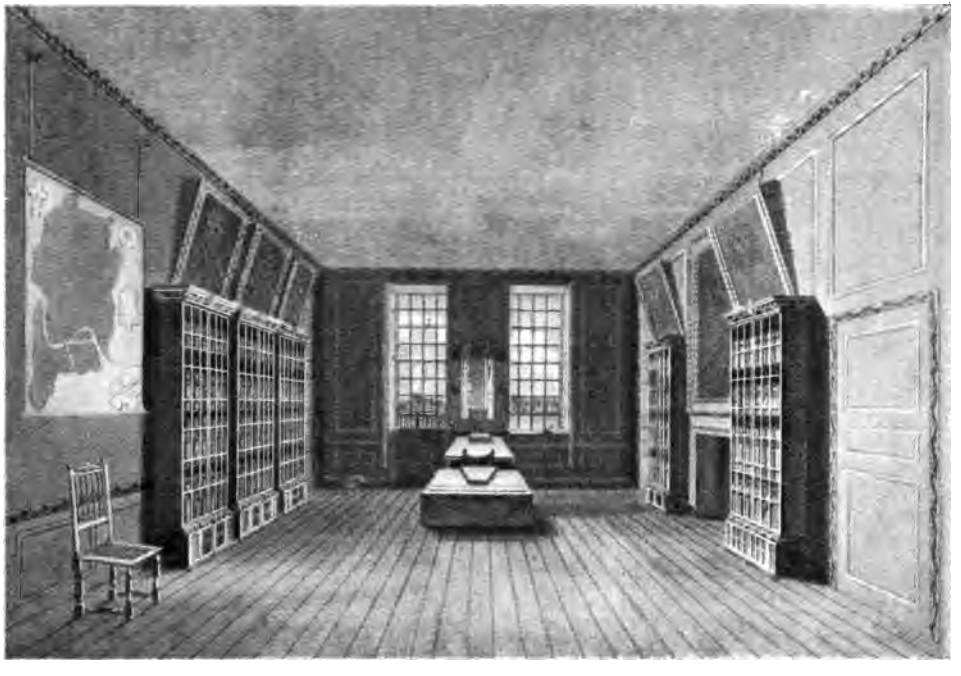
FACSIMILE OF THE USUAL HANDWRITING OF SAMUEL PEPYS.
Dated Clapham, July 1, 1700.

If people were not talking about it, Pepys would have been not thinking about it, and we need not wonder that he lived in London by the side of Milton all those years and yet never mentioned his name in the "Journal."

On the other hand, no greater injustice has ever been done than to call Pepys a Philistine, if by this vague term of offence it is intended to suggest that he was of poor or narrow intelligence, or a man in whom, if we met him to-day, we should recognise a blunt and dull person, or one running stupidly in a narrow groove. Mr. Wheatley very judiciously reproves the indolence of readers who abuse the scrupulous

honesty of the diarist, and call him, patronisingly, "poor old Pepys." He was, on the contrary, a young man of extraordinary energy and vivacity of character, interested in a wide circle of subjects, perfectly competent in public business, and far indeed above the average of the well-to-do citizens of his London. The man who straightened out the tangles of the Tangier Committee, who was a prominently successful Secretary to the Admiralty, who presided for years over the Royal Society, who was exceeded by none in England in knowledge of the Navy, this man is not to be called, especially in his early years of manhood, "poor old Pepys." We do not begin to understand the "Journal," and its peculiar sincerity, until we realise that it is the diary of one of the most brilliant and most prominent young officials of the reign of Charles II.

But, with all his gifts, and fortunately for us, since it makes him the better diarist, the mind of Pepys is "pollard." His opinions on every conceivable subject are given with the greatest firmness, but always, and at their best, they are a sublimation of the views of the average man. It may be amusing to endeavour to follow Pepys in some of his judgments on intellectual matters, and to observe how closely they parallel the judgments of active, prominent men in every generation. If we could gauge the inmost thoughts of our living Under-Secretaries of State and of our leading advocates, of our fashionable physicians and of our most instructed millionaires we should unquestionably find on the surface of their highly trained intelligences opinions on matters of literature, art, and philosophy extraordinarily similar to those written down with so placid a *naïveté* by Samuel Pepys. The views of the diarist are nowhere an expert's views. It is this absence of training in any particular direction, combined with sensitiveness and sympathy in a score of directions, which makes the mind of Pepys so typical. It is not that he was a Philistine, or a man of poor attainments, or, as some have been dull enough to think him, a mere booby, but that, with a sincerity that is unexampled, he



SAMUEL PEPYS' LIBRARY.

From an Old Print.

put down on paper the sort of impressions which very clever and active people are in the habit of forming in a vacuum of inexpert knowledge.

Pepys on Shakespeare is very instructive. It must be remembered that there were no manuals of literary history in those days, no extension lectures, no volubility of professors and teachers, no organised effort to browbeat the public into pretending to admire what they naturally hate. Shakespeare had to rest on his own attractive powers, without exterior aid. It is, therefore, a tribute to the irresistible force of Shakespeare that his plays, though wholly opposed to the fashions of 1665, recur oftener in Pepys' "Journal" than those of any other writer. He was drawn to go to see them whenever they were acted, although his criticism was fearless. Like most educated people in the present day, Pepys mainly regarded a play as a vehicle for the art of a particular actor. For instance, in 1666, he pronounced *Macbeth*, "a most excellent play in all respects," and in April, 1667, "one of the best plays for the stage." But this was largely because the principal part suited Betterton so well, and when, a little later, the rôle of his favourite tragedian is taken by Young, Pepys is prejudiced against the whole play of *Macbeth*.

What really did irritate him beyond bearing was Shakespeare in the romantic vein of richly ornate and mellifluous poetry. This infuriated Pepys as similar people are enraged by Ibsen now. On Michaelmas Day, 1664, he went to see *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life. I confess I saw some good dancing and some handsome women, which was all my pleasure." *Romeo and Juliet* he describes as "the worst play that ever I heard in my life." *Twelfth Night* (the enchanting, the adorable *Twelfth Night!*) seemed a burthen to him on the first time he saw it; "a silly play" on the second time; and on the third "one of the weakest plays that ever I saw on the stage." On the other hand, *The Tempest*, which is a little more regular in form, and less violently in opposition to French taste than the pieces just mentioned, struck Pepys as having "no great wit, but yet good, above ordinary plays." He saw it often,

The Navy Office in Broad Street.

ELIZABETH, WIFE OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

After the Painting by Hales [illegible]

and he grew to like it very much. *The Taming of the Shrew* was "but a mean play"; but perhaps the most amusing of all his comments was that he had esteemed *Othello* "a mighty good play; but having so lately read *The Adventures of Five Hours*, it seems a mean thing."

No modern critic has had the courage to praise *The Adventures of Five Hours*, the play which so completely took the wind out of the sails of *Othello*. It was written by Sir Samuel Tuke, a royalist colonel of the Civil Wars, and it is a strange, and, as a [illegible] [illegible] out of [illegible]. In May, 1663, [illegible] book of it and [illegible] and in August, 1666, [illegible] was still engaged upon it, "which the more I read, the more I admire." Some ingenious young critic

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, 1666.

The gateway of Ludgate, St. Paul's Cathedral occupies the middle distance, to the right of which [illegible] the Tower of St. Mary [illegible]

From an Old Print.

might develop a comparison between *The Adventures of Five Hours* and *Othello*, so as to bring out what the element was which Pepys enjoyed so much in the former. It was probably what he called its "vigour," and we should call its "bustle"; it offered strong parts for his favourite actors. And it is worth noticing that the *Macbeth* which he thought "a most excellent play in all respects," was not *Macbeth* as Shakespeare left it, and as we possess it, but as it was altered by Sir William Davenant, "being dressed in all its finery, as new clothes, new scenes, new machines as flyings for the witches, with all the singing and dancing in it,"—a very gay affair, in short, half opera, half pantomime. Of *Hamlet*, which he saw many times, he speaks with constant approval, but merely as a part for Betterton to display his genius in: he mentions it exactly as people used to do when it was acted at the Lyceum, as if *Hamlet* and Sir Henry Irving were synonymous.

These opinions about Shakespeare, which seem so odd to us in the mouth of an extremely enlightened man like Pepys, need not surprise us. They are, probably, not a whit more eccentric than would be the sincere private judgments of many eminent men of affairs in the present day about Tolstoi, or Brahms, or Burne-Jones. As regards Pepys, the point to be emphasised is that they were not peculiar to himself, nor yet directly imitated from any one. They were indicative of the trend of inexpert taste, led by a general code of aesthetics unfavourable to romantic poetry. There was no authority, in 1663, which was insisting on the merits of Shakespeare: a little later, Dryden lifted up his voice in praise, and if Pepys, or a public man of the same class, had written similar confessions twenty years later, he would not have dared to call *Twelfth Night* a silly play, though he might still have thought it one.

If we briefly examine Pepys' attitude to other forms of literature, we find exactly the same characteristics. There is no soaring "top," but thickly-spreading branches. He is mainly interested, practical man of business that he is, in what goes on around him. His faith was quite firm on one point; like all persons of taste at that time, he thought that England possessed three great living poets, Waller, Cowley, Davenant. Pepys was greatly scandalised at Captain Cooke, the musician, for criticising Davenant's versification. One did not say such things in 1663. Pepys was never tired of praising Davenant's opera, *The Siege of Rhodes*, extraordinarily successful both as a book and on the stage; it "is certainly the best poem that ever was wrote," says Pepys. Posterity has sided with the frivolous Captain Cooke. Milton Pepys never mentions, and Marvell he knew only as a satirist, whose lampoons made his "heart ache to read, being too sharp, and so true." Waller and Cowley were not in Pepys' set, and his interest in them was, therefore, reduced to the impersonal. But he knew, of course, that they were the greatest writers who had ever employed the English language; nobody contested that. He read Waller's verses while Mrs. Knepp, the actress, was dressing, because "I had no other pastime." When Cowley's *Verses upon Several Occasions* appeared in 1663, Pepys read the book as he walked home from Deptford, with intelligence and curiosity, exactly as the Solicitor-General to-day might, on a railway journey, read a new volume by Mr. Swinburne, quite sure that it would be the right thing for him to read. One night in 1665 Pepys sat up reading Cowley in order to soothe his head from business. How one recognises the old, unchanging view of the best poetry used as a safe narcotic!

In my opinion, we lose a valuable opportunity of comprehending the principles which regulated Pepys' taste, by the circumstance that the "Journal" closes too soon to enable us to observe his attitude to Dryden. In no case is his criticism more sound than in the few and late instances in which he dwells on this poet, who was only tardily coming into prominence when Pepys closed his confessions. My own conviction is that Dryden appealed to Pepys' taste more exactly than any other writer did, and it is possible that the Secretary's outlook on literature may have been modified later on

by the influence of the great poet and critic. This is conjecture, but Pepys' few references to Dryden are very interesting. He loathed *The Wild Gallant*, and what he says in censure of it is perfectly just. Yet when Dryden published the *Annus Mirabilis*, Pepys was one of the first to recognise that this is "a very good poem." He was extremely fond of *The Indian Emperor*, with its gorgeous scenes and mellifluous versification, and he saw it acted over and over again with never-failing gusto. He thought *The Maiden Queen* was "one of the best plays I ever saw," and indeed, in that artificial class, it is an exquisite thing. But Pepys very justly could not bear *The Mock Astrologer*, although Dryden was now famous and a favourite at Court. He blamed the play for its thinness, and for the facile way in which the plot was borrowed, and he was perfectly right. It appears to me that Pepys was accurately attuned to appreciate and to follow the genius of Dryden, and it is unfortunate that his record stops at the very threshold of the poet's great career. His comments on it would have been cordial and acute, and they would have been sincere as well.

The sincerity of Pepys, indeed, is what endears him to us all, and it is part of his delightful mental honesty to be ready to set down, against himself, whatever passes through his thoughts. It would be an injustice to represent him as self-satisfied about his literary taste; he was merely conscious that he liked some things and disliked others, and it was not in him to pretend to like what he disliked. Never was a man more free from intellectual snobbishness. But he was prepared to regret his own defects of taste, if you insisted upon it, and once he said a fine thing about contemporary literature:—"Good writers are not admired by the present age, because there are but few in any age that do mind anything that is abstruse and curious . . . . the generality of mankind pleasing themselves in the easy delights of the world, as eating, drinking, hunting, and fencing." To this class the barbarians—our active, capable, far-spreading Pepys certainly did not belong. But unless books and authors came close up to him, within the

From an Old Print.

circle that his daily duties brushed, he had not much to say to them. And if we pursue our observations, this time among the great prose-writers of the age, we come upon some odd revelations. Wilkins' sermons made no impression upon Pepys at all; after hearing him preach, Pepys goes a second time, "I having never heard him," he says, forgetting the previous occasion, and it is long afterwards, as a man of science, not as a divine, that Wilkins begins to impress him as a force. The great rhetoricians of the past generation are nothing to Pepys; even Jeremy Taylor is not mentioned once. But "the famous Tom Fuller" is a favourite, because Pepys knew him personally. Yet here his independence asserts itself. He evidently thought Fuller a garrulous old soul; there is a touch of contempt in his report of their conversations. But he recognises his great literary merit; he buys Fuller's books, and reads them aloud in the evenings.

EDWARD MONTAGUE, EARL OF SANDWICH.

After the Painting by Sir Peter Lely. From an Old Print

Pepys was pre-eminently an objective man. He was almost abnormally sensitive to visualised ideas. He looked eagerly out upon the coloured show of life—looked out upon it as a near-sighted man does, bending forward, and making a close inspection of each object as it passes within the range of his vision. It is thus that we see Pepys leaning out of his window, "every day bringing in a fresh sense of the pleasures of my present life." It is often said that he shows no sign of literary ambition. This is not quite true. When he was at Cambridge, in 1654, he wrote a romance, called *Love a Cheat*; this was no doubt inspired by the French novels of chivalry, which were then just coming into fashion. In 1664, he read the MS. over, and tore it up, although he still "liked it very well, and wondered a little at myself at my view at that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try." This may be called the very negative of ambition, but in the winter of 1668, Coventry proposes to him to write a "History of the late War with Holland," and this, Pepys says, "suits

Photo by C. van Noorden.

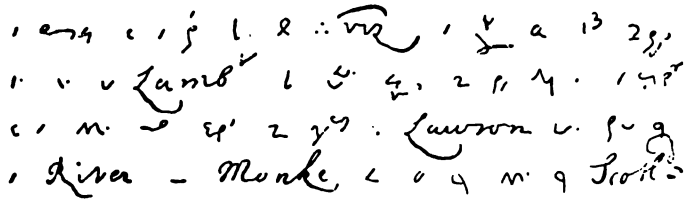
THE OLD INN AT BRAMPTON, MENTIONED IN THE DIARY.

mightily with my genius." By and by we find the scheme has become modified, and in March, 1669, he is diligently making researches for a "History of the English Navy." He is still doing this to the end, and it adds to our annoyance at the premature close of the "Journal" that we do not know how he is getting on.

But, even here, it is less as a professional author than as Clerk of the King's Ships that we find Pepys making these interesting investigations; after all, too, they came to nothing more than a collection of memoranda "relating to the state of the Royal Navy," a specimen of which appeared anonymously in 1690. The extreme curiosity which the character of Pepys awakens has not yet encouraged anyone to print his "Navalia," in which even the Admiralty seems to take but a languid interest. "The History of the Royal Navy" is, in short, to be added to the list of those masterpieces which men are supposed to be producing all their lives, and at their deaths are found not to have begun. Mr. Wheatley has admirably defined the attitude of Pepys when he says that he was an "intelligent inquirer whose business was the public service, but whose amusement was general knowledge." In this capacity, moving with appreciation and curiosity among people who were writing solid books, it was convenient and amusing for Pepys also to be supposed to be preparing something for publication. It was like a badge or a ticket; it admitted him to the best mental society. But we must not suppose that it was anything more than a decoration.

And so we come back to what Coleridge said, that Pepys was "a pollard man." We have examined a few of his pronounced opinions upon literature, and we have seen how thoroughly they justify the symbol. They present to us a man without a top, that is to say, without exceptional and superlative gifts of imagination, which lift him above his fellows, but broadly-branching out and densely-leaved "from the upper trunk," that is to say a peculiarly rich and sensitive and full example of the ordinary culture of his day, superimposed on an energy and a practical capacity which were extraordinary then and would be rare at

any epoch It is by estimating his qualities at their right value that we prepare ourselves best for the delightful privilege of accompanying this entertaining diarist in his variegated experiences. To do this, so as to get the maximum of profit from them, we ought to recognise that our companion is not a man of exceptional genius, soaring above his fellows, nor a man who is to be described as in any sense ordinary or humdrum or a Philistine, but a very brilliant and sympathetic specimen of the rank and file of public men immersed in the conduct of affairs, yet indifferent to nothing which is recognised as being part of the intellectual ornament of life.



(The condition of the State was thus, viz., The Rump after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert, was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the Army all forced to yield—Lawson lies still in the River and Monk is with his Army in Scotland.)

FACSIMILE OF A PARAGRAPH FROM THE DIARY WRITTEN BY PEPYS IN SHORTHAND.

THE LEPRECHAUN

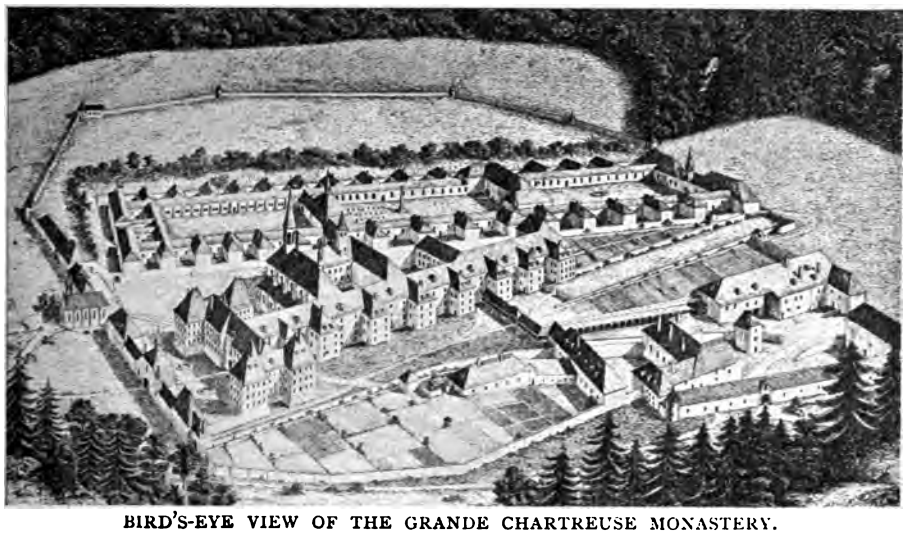
By NORA CHESSON

O HAVE you seen the Leprechaun at darkling of the moon?
O have you seen the Leprechaun a-clouting fairy shoon?
Beneath the sacred thorn-tree he sits and labours long,
And not a bird in Ireland can better him in song.
His eyes are changeful-coloured as any opal stone,
His mouth is sly and wistful with wisdom all his own;
His ears can hear the grass grow a hundred miles away,
He's younger than to-morrow, more old than yesterday.

If you can catch the Leprechaun and keep him in your hold,
He'll show you where lies buried a crock of fairy gold;
But you must never lose your grasp whatever wile he tries,
Though you see your cabin flaming before your very eyes.
But if you let him 'scape you, some wisdom you'll have won
By holding wisdom in your hand beneath the moon or sun;
Though t'were only for a moment, and suddenly withdrawn.
O have you ever met him, the red-capped Leprechaun?

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY SONG.

[illegible] A. L. W. B.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE MONASTERY.

THE MONASTERY OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE

By EDWARD LEGGE

The Illustrations to this article are from "La Grande Chartreuse," by a Carthusian Monk, published by Auguste Côte, at Grenoble, in 1884.

*** *The Associations Law gave the Monastic communities—otherwise known as "the Congregations"—the choice of two evils: either they might "seek authorisation" to remain in their Monasteries under new and stringent conditions, or quit France and abandon their properties to the State. Very few of the Orders elected to "opt" for the new régime. The large majority submitted to confiscation and expulsion, and many sought refuge in England and other countries. The Monks of the Grande Chartreuse locked themselves in their fortress and awaited expulsion by force. This took place on the 29th of April last. The "General" of the Carthusians published the amazing statement that he had been "approached" by the representative of certain political groups with the offer to secure for their Order immunity from the new law in consideration of a payment to the groups of £80,000! The author of the following pages describes his personal experiences of life as it was lived, until April 1903, at the celebrated Monastery, which is easily reached from Aix-les-Bains and Grenoble.*

IT is raining hard as the "Touristes des Alpes," chartered at Aix-les-Bains, on a dull May morning, clatters into St. Laurent-du-Pont. Here, we exchange the heavy carriage for a smaller one, and are soon skirting the Guiers-Mort, the sister-stream of the Guiers-Vif, which waters the other slope of the Chartreuse Mountains. We are scarcely *en route*, ere we are undeceived as to the actual locality of the manufacture of the renowned liqueur, which is distilled, not, as many imagine, at the Monastery, but at the large farm owned by the community at Fourvoirie, some seven miles from the Grande Chartreuse itself. Its manufacture dates only from the second or third decade of the last century. In 1830, it seems to have been somewhat of a curiosity in Dauphiny; in Paris, and even at Lyons, chartreuse was hardly known. At Fourvoirie, three different kinds of liqueur are made—green and yellow chartreuse, and what is termed the "elixir." One of the Monks superintends the distillation, but the work is actually done by artisans of the neighbourhood, each of whom has his *spécialité*, knowing nothing about the proportion of the various ingredients

employed, and being ignorant of the secret of the manufacture. The brandy necessarily used in the distillery, at the entrance of the Désert, is never less than twenty-five years old; and this is said to be the main reason of the excellence of the "*vraie*" chartreuse. An ex-Monk set up a rival establishment at St. Laurent-du-Pont some years ago, having, it is said, obtained a copy of the recipe by a *ruse*: but, good as his liqueur may be, it is not the "chartreuse-du-couvent." The duty paid to the State annually, by the Monastery, amounts to something like two million francs (£80,000). Although the sales of the liqueurs are enormous, no actual benefit accrues to the Monks therefrom, as they are bound, by statute, to distribute the whole of the profits in charity.

Quitting the carriage, and tramping through the half-frozen slush to the ruin of our boots, we have soon left our fellow-travellers so far behind as to be quite out of sight, when, turning sharply to the right, we skirt the walls of the Brobdingnagian pile nearest the road, and halt at the great entrance-gate which forms a portion of the principal façade of the Monastery. One cannot imagine a more thoroughly isolated life than that which the Carthusians lead up in these Dauphiny fastnesses. As you stand humbly at the massive door, you look around in vain for the sight of a human being, or even a beast or a bird. From some tree or bush comes the vesper-song of a thrush, but in the intervals of this carolling not a sound disturbs the silence. Yet it is here, well-nigh surrounded by mountains, whose jagged and rugged slopes are clad in the dark-green pines, that, for close upon nine centuries, those who deemed the world full of evil, and (as it seemed to them) void of good, have found supreme solace and consolation in the daily—nay, hourly—worship of the Creator of all things! *Cucullus non facit monachum.* It may be so; but who will venture to affirm that a man's surroundings do not greatly tend to shape his life? The story of St. Bruno, and of those who have submitted themselves to his rule since, in 1084, the pioneer-Monk and his handful of companions, led by St. Hugues, Bishop of Grenoble, traversed the deserted mountains until they reached "a wild place called 'Chartrouse,' or 'Chartreuse,'" is one of the most perfect examples of self-abnegation with which even Church records have furnished us; and that the *culte* of St. Bruno (if we may so phrase it) has gone on increasing "down the ringing grooves of Time," this mammoth religious House surely affords ample proof.

But, conquering our not altogether unnatural diffidence, we give a vigorous rap at the Monastery knocker; we hear the jangle of keys, the heavy door swings inward, and we are confronted by the jovial-faced, cheery Monk who performs the duties of porter at the Grande Chartreuse. The brown-garbed Brother smilingly and courteously listens as we explain that we are merely the vanguard, the *avant-coureur*, of the little company of pilgrims (the word *pèlerins* seems to strike him as facetious, perhaps *un peu prétentieu*), whose arrival may be looked for in a quarter of an hour or so; then turns the heavy lock again, summons another Brother by clang of bell, and bids us follow him across the courtyard with its fountains, whose plash sounds grateful and musical at this sunset hour. He escorts us through corridors until we are finally deposited in a spacious apartment, which, even at the first glance, promises well, for there is a big stove, which, though closed, is a cheerful object in this glacial atmosphere, and we note with unconcealed delight a long table covered with a dazzlingly white cloth, whereat we feel sure that supper will presently be served. We are in the Hôtellerie, which has for its presiding spirit a ruddy-faced Monk whose portly, comfortable aspect would have delighted the painter of "Bolton Abbey in the olden time."

It is the "Salle de Bourgogne" in which we are assembled, and we are forthwith assigned our dormitories—tiny cells, numbered, and offering little in the shape of comfort. Returning to the Burgundy

Hall, we note this interesting placard affixed to the wall:

J M J
Salle de Bourgogne.
Les jours ordinaires le déjeuner à 8 hrs.
Les dimanches et jours de fête à 7¾.
Le dîner à midi.
Le souper à 7 hrs.

Le nombre toujours croissant des visiteurs ne nous permet pas de les garder au delà de deux jours, à moins qu'ils ne veuillent faire une retraite.

CURRIÈRE, IMPRIMERIE DE L'ECOLE DES S.-M.*

On est prié de ne pas fumer dans l'intérieure de la maison.

"Messieurs les voyageurs, le souper est servis!" With appetites sharpened by the exhilarating mountain air, we want no further invitation to attack the soup, the fish (carp, or tench, taken out of the Monastery pond that afternoon), pudding, custard, and cheese, with wholesome red wine, and the "yellow" or "green," supplied *ad lib.* There are two refectories for the occupants of the Monastery—one used by the lay-brothers (*Frères-Convers*), the other by the Monks. During their meals, the latter do not exchange words with one another, but listen to a Latin "reading," recited by a "religious" in one of the "tones" used at Matins.

THE DESERT, NEAR FOURVOIRIE; ON THE ROAD TO THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

The Carthusians take their meals in common only on Sundays and on certain Festivals. After supper on Sundays, the

* The Monks' School for Deaf-and-Dumb children (*Sourds-Muets*), at Currière.

Monks go to the refectory door, *comme des mendiants du Christ*, and receive a small loaf from the "Reader," who says to each of the Fathers, "Requiescant in pace!" the Monks' reply being "Amen!" The loaf is a two days' allowance of bread; and the custom of distributing it on Sunday evenings dates from the foundation of the Order. Originally, the Monks prepared a portion of their meals in their cells, receiving on Sundays from the *Frère dépensier* a few vegetables, after "Nones," and their bread, after "Vespers."

The cell of each Monk consists of three rooms, one containing a fireplace, a relic of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when, as we have said, the Brothers did a little cooking for themselves, a regulation finally abrogated in 1276; another apartment serves as a bedroom; while between these two chambers is a Lilliputian study. The bed is in the form of a press, and until the end of the eighteenth century had wooden shutters instead of curtains. The paillasse is of coarse canvas; there is an ordinary bolster; there are linen sheets, and woollen blankets have replaced the sheep-skins formerly used. On one side of the bed is a small oratory, embellished by the simplest "ornaments," before which the occupant of the cell recites his "Office," not even omitting the numberless ceremonial details observed in the Church. A bell rings, and lo! the whole Monastery is instantaneously metamorphosed into a huge church; the Monks, although separated from each other, simultaneously send up to Heaven their praises and their prayers. Could the visitor peep into the "study" he would see nothing but a table, a desk, and a few books borrowed from the Monastery library. We had almost forgotten to mention that in the *rez-de-chaussée* there is yet another and a larger room divided into two—one part serving as a receptacle for logs of wood, and the other as a *laboratoire*, fitted with a lathe and a carpenter's bench. There is also a corridor, in which the Monk takes exercise when the weather is too bad to allow of his working in his little garden, which he cultivates assiduously. St. François de Sales records that he saw written up in the cell of Dom Alphonse de Richelieu, at Pierre-Châtel, near Belley, these two lines from Tibullus, in praise of the solitary life:

> Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
> Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

Many curious details are to be found in a "Kalendarium" of the Grande Chartreuse; and among the founders and donors figure Popes, Emperors of Germany, Kings of France and of England (the latter including Henry II., Richard Coeur de Lion, and Henry III.), Princes of the Houses of Lorraine and Savoy; French, Italian, and Spanish Cardinals; German prelates; *grands seigneurs*, like the Guises, the Montmorencys, and the Farnèses; Presidents of the Grenoble Parliament, ecclesiastics of all ranks, "the domestic of an English Chartreuse, John Sage, a servant at Shene (*sic*), near London"; and the working mason before alluded to, one Jean Merle, whose anniversary is on the same day as that of the "très haut et très illustre Seigneur Pierre de Tolcdo, vice-roi de Naples."

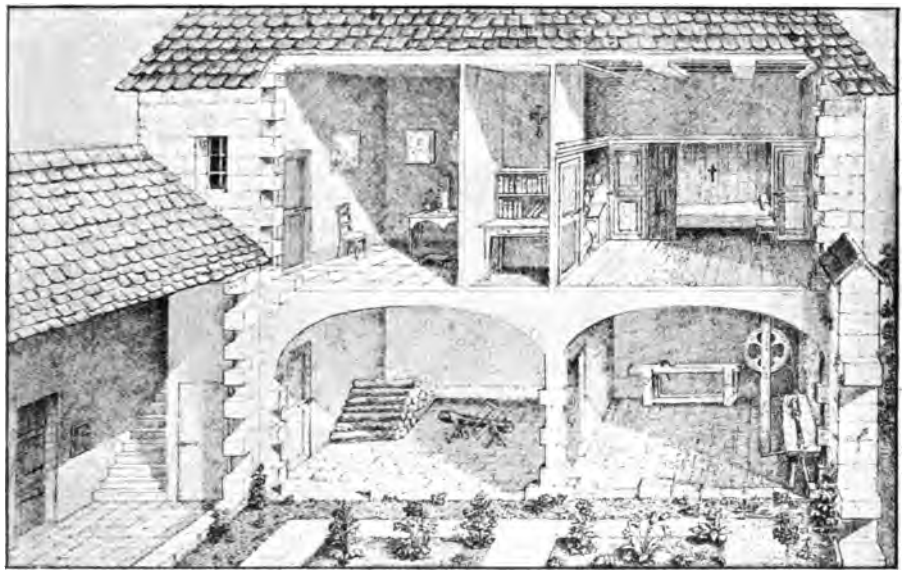
The rule which forbids smoking within the Monastery buildings may, perhaps, to some ardent devotees of the "weed," appear rather arbitrary; most people, however, will be inclined to regard the regulation as a wise and wholesome one, and the more so, inasmuch as you may smoke to your heart's content in the courtyards up to nine o'clock, when all are expected to retire to their bed-chambers.

The little cell to which you are consigned has whitewashed walls, rather suggestive of a prison. There is a tiny strip of carpet on the floor (which is *not* a wooden one) by the side of the bed, but that is the one and only indication of comfort in the apartment. Of course, one does not look for luxurious accommodation in these out-of-the-world regions; but, oh, for a little warmth! We naturally doffed our clothes, not recking of the glacial temperature, but speedily donned them again, and made a desperate effort to compose ourselves to slumber. The Fates were against us; and not only the Fates, but the mattress (stuffed with birch leaves), and the clinging sheets

("damp" is an inadequate description of them), and the icy air (which poured in through an open casement), and the plash, plash of the fountain in the courtyard below. And then came the rousing-up about eleven o'clock; though, in this connection, we can truthfully affirm that on no account whatever would we have missed that weirdly mysterious Midnight Service, so fascinating in its drear monotony, and so impossible to describe. If you have desired to be called, you are aroused by a thunderous knocking at door after door all along the corridor; and if you have the curiosity to peep out into the gloom, you will see a lay-brother, lantern in hand, waking the sleepers in this rough-and-ready fashion. Your best plan, then, is to put on your warmest overcoat, slip into your boots, and, candle in hand, hasten through the vaulted corridors until you arrive at the gallery reserved for the sole use of guests, a "tribune" of equal size, overhead, being allocated to the domestics of the Monastery, and others.

There is not a soul in the Church, ourselves excepted. It is pitch dark, save for the ruby gleams cast by two hanging lamps, one at either end of the building. We see a number of figures hurrying along the sanctuary, each carrying a lantern; and that is all. In the choir are fifty-two stalls, the division between each completely isolating the good Brothers—a practice peculiar to the Chartreux.

The "religious" prepare themselves for the performance of the Office by a few moments of meditation; then the service begins, one Monk after the other, standing up in his stall, taking his turn at chanting the Proper Psalms for the Day, throwing back his hood at the "Gloria Patri et Filio," which is recited in unison, all bending low. The "Gloria," it may be pointed out, as a striking peculiarity of the chanting in the Monastery Church, is taken more slowly than the other verses. After the chanting of every two or three Psalms, a Monk ascends the little pulpit in the nave and reads aloud one of the Lessons for the Day, during which the others draw a slide over their lanterns and listen with the greatest attention to the words which they know by heart.



INTERIOR OF A CELL IN THE MONASTERY, CONSISTING OF A SITTING-ROOM, BED-ROOM WITH ORATORY, TINY STUDY, AND WORK-ROOMS BELOW.

The first part of the service ("Matins") ended, every light is extinguished, or, rather, disappears, and all prostrate themselves in their stalls in humble and profound adora-

tion. This is the most striking part of the service. A silence as of death reigns, and the veriest Philistine is more or less moved by the character of the scene, so different to anything he can possibly have witnessed before. For quite five minutes not a sound is audible; one seems to be "alone, alone, all-all alone" in the darkness. And then you hear, and are a little startled by, a series of sharp clicks, betokening the shooting back of the lantern slides; once more the pale rays of light gleam; and the second part of the Night Office is commenced — the chanting of "Lauds," followed by the reciting of the "Angelus."

Peering through the gloom, we have observed that the Monks have chanted the Psalms out of a folio volume (they call it the *Antiphonaire*), large enough for three to recite from; and what has surprised us is the absence of music, for the Monks have no organ. The Liturgy in use is that of the eleventh century; and Guigues, in his *Coutumes*, notes that the Carthusian rite is, in the main, the monastic rite, "cum ceteris monachiis multum, maxime in psalmodia regulari, concordes"; while much of it has been borrowed from the "Lyonnais," and the "Mass" is almost entirely taken from the old "Grenoblois." Simplicity appears to have been the great object aimed at, with an emancipation from cut-and-dried formularies, very remarkable when we remember that the Monks are slaves to tradition in so many other particulars. Whatever may be its precise

THE GREAT CLOISTER OF THE MONASTERY, OVER 1000 FEET LONG.

technical character, the outside world will, like ourselves, regard the Carthusian chant as very similar to the "Gregorian plain-song," so much favoured by English Ritualists.

But the Monastery clock strikes Two, and the Midnight Service is over. There is a general exodus, each Monk, lantern in hand, speeding to his cell; not to sleep, however, until he has recited several prayers in his little oratory. If we could glance into those comfortless rooms, we should see their occupants lighting a small fire, and stamping up and down the ice-cold chamber, in the desperate endeavour to thaw themselves. This three hours' service is so trying that it affects even the most robust, and produces pains and aches which too often develop into incurable stiffness of the joints, rheumatism, and other maladies, not seldom shortening the lives of these zealous religionists.

A week would be too short a time to remain at the Monastery for those who desire to have more than a flying glimpse of all the beauties of the vicinity, and of all the things of interest within the Grande Chartreuse, the most notable of the latter being the Library, the Chapel of St. Louis, and the *Salle du Chapitre*. The former contains some six thousand volumes, as against 3,580 mentioned in the inventory of 1790. The fire of 1676 destroyed innumerable precious manuscripts, the work of the patient Monks century after century; and those which Dom Le Masson collected subsequently to that catastrophe were removed to the Grenoble Municipal Library, of which they now form the most conspicuous feature. Historical interest attaches to the portraits of the Superiors-General of the Order, sixty-five in number at the date of our visit, of whom two were Germans (St. Bruno and Jean de Griffenberg), five Italians, two Spaniards; one was a Swiss, one a Belgian, and two were Dutchmen—all the others being French In the *Chapelle des Morts* there are two pictures which English visitors will view with painful interest, for they represent the tortures inflicted upon the Carthusian Monks in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The community suffered severely during the Great Revolution. The National Assembly decreed their expulsion on the 13th of September, 1792. The date fixed for the evacuation of all the religious houses in France was the 1st of October; but an exception was made in the case of the occupants of the Grande Chartreuse, who were accorded a fortnight's grace. That brought them to "the morrow of the octave of the festival of St. Bruno," and on that date the last Mass was sung, the "Office" being that for the 19th Sunday after Trinity. Very touching is the story of this final service. At the moment of the "Post-Communion" the Monks raised their voices, exclaiming in unison, "O God, Thou hast commanded me to observe Thy laws perfectly. May the path that I am about to follow lead me to the complete fulfilment of Thy holy will!" With this "the books were closed, the voices were hushed, and, for the first time since 1084, the solitudes of the Chartreuse ceased to echo with the praises of the Lord. After the Mass, Dom Marcel Liottier and Dom Michel Poncet donned their monastic garb and took the road to Lyons. A holy friendship had united them in the cloister: misfortune could not separate them on their return to the world, and they walked together to the scaffold on the 5th of April, 1794." Dom Pierre Brisard was drowned at Nantes. Six other Chartreux were guillotined at Lyons. Dom Antelme died of grief and misery in his dungeon on the 12th of January, 1794; nevertheless, his body was taken to the place of execution and decapitated.

THOMAS HARDY

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

TO compare the man who has created such poignant scenes of pity and terror as the meeting of Troy and Bathsheba over Fanny's coffin, or the discovery of Tess at Stonehenge, or Knight clinging to the sea-pinks upon the cliff without a name, or Jude and Sue turning back unmarried from the altar—to compare such a writer with so undramatic a poet as Wordsworth may seem strange, but the comparison is inevitable. The resemblance has little to do with the obvious love of both for the face of external nature, and their intimate knowledge of all her aspects in beneficence or desolation. It is not here their secret lies. In spite of their country life and country themes, neither of them has any connection with idyllic art. To them nature is not the home of prettiness and rustic peace, and their men and women have nothing whatever in common with nymphs and swains. Both love the mankind that lies close to the breast of earth, and is as truly sprung from her as the grass and trees. In speaking of mankind, they never lose sight of this ancient world, so full of strange history, so full of unconscious influences and associations, which for generations have nurtured the children of men and form the setting of their lives. But nature without man to them is valueless and unmeaning, and even among men of low estate it is for the aristocracy of passion that they are ever seeking—"the aristocracy of passion," to use Pater's fine phrase for the true patent of nobility.

In all Thomas Hardy's work there is something of the grave simplicity of places, like his Wessex, where man has lived long in close relationship to earth and the seasons. Most of his characters have grown to be what they are by slow and gradual changes, like the woods or the surface of the downs. They are deep-rooted in far-off traditions of the generations which have passed and left them there. At first sight they may appear rather emotionless, or at least stoical, as well as solid. Their interests and difficulties lie in the normal lot of mankind, as it was in the beginning and is now. They have the half-unconscious humour and deliberate speech of men who have time to observe the hours, and to whom the world has not been narrowed by journeys and removals through hurriedly-shifted scenes. Amid all their drama of events, we hear singularly little exclamation of joy or sorrow, and hardly any wailing or excessive grief. Little fuss is made over birth and death and the fortunes that may come between. The earth turns upon her ancient round, man appears upon her surface to run his course, and the eyes of the trilobite that died millions of years ago stare from the rock into the eyes of the dying.

"Go quietly," says Old William to the choir in the darkness of Christmas Eve. "Go quietly, so as to strik' up all of a sudden, like spirits." And it is by the very quietude of their surroundings that Hardy secures success when the spirits of his creation strike up all of a sudden. For into this quiet atmosphere of ancient life he loves to introduce a soul touched from its birth by something alien, something that reaches out into a world of different experience, whether for delight or spiritual need Deep in such souls lies some trace of precious but perilous substance, like the thin vein of gold which is not used for its own sake, and spoils the building-stone for use. In all the four great tragedies we find it so—in "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Return of the Native," "Tess," and "Jude"; and so it is in "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," and "The Hand of Ethelberta," which come but little below those other four. As Lionel Johnson said in his "Art of Thomas Hardy" (that model of great criticism written by one so young and so soon to die): "The one characteristic scene is the great down by night, with its dead in their ancient graves and its lonely living figure." No writer has so penetrating a sense of place; the earth and sky which surround his men and women claim them as bone of their bone; but, nevertheless, it is in that lonely living figure that the interest centres. Lonely, not merely in the face of nature, it moves, but lonely among its fellow men, impetuously seeking its true kin and its true star, time after time mistaken and beguiled, and seldom finding what it seeks, or finding it too early or too late.

With a strength of construction that has been rightly called architectural, Hardy shows us the development of a soul like this. Character is fate, and link by link from its small beginning we see the fateful chain of character wrought out. The end is often sorrow, and the finer the workmanship, the deeper the gravity, and latterly

Photo by Elliott & Fry

THOMAS HARDY.

Born June 2nd, 1840.

the gloom. The tendency to the tragic side is nearly always felt, and it is noticeable how often the shadow of the gallows falls across the fields, like a cruel makeshift for some eternal justice. But part of Hardy's honour is that he disdains to put us off with any fool's-paradise of easy solutions to life's problems. No Englishman since Wordsworth has heard the still, sad music of humanity with so fine an ear, and none has regarded the men and women of our country with a compassion so profound and yet so stern as they pass with tears and laughter between the graves and the stars.

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OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—VIII.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

MADAM SARAH GRAND.

Birthday June 10th.

SARAH GRAND

SOME fifteen years ago, there arose in our midst a type of womanhood which at once provoked discussion and opposition. The name given to the type by both friends and enemies was "The New Woman," and the note of this lady's being was revolt against the dominion hitherto exercised by man. She claimed the right to live her own life in her own way, and she gave practical effect to her claim by her words and deeds. She said and did many wild things, but she gained notable victories. Wisely or unwisely, "the man in the street" for a long time regarded Mrs. Grand as the leader of this revolt. She certainly obtained the credit for all the foolish acts committed by her followers, and she herself has complained in public that she has been misrepresented by the newspapers as thinking "all men objectionable, all marriages failures, all English girls unmannered." We believe it is an historic fact that Mrs. Grand once said that a certain type of man ought to be slapped, and a very slight acquaintance with her novels will convince the reader that she is fighting only a type and not the sex itself.

The woman question dominates her novels; she is possessed with a message on the subject, and she is a preacher first and a story-teller only for the purpose of her mission. One sees quite plainly that it is her sense of wrong and injustice that has made her a story-teller, and not her interest in and love for human life as a whole.

Mr. Birrell once said that when the good Whig sat down to read Macaulay's History he knew it was going to be a bad time for the Tories. "It is like the old days of W. G. Grace's cricket. We went to see the leviathan slog for six, and we saw it." So when we take up a novel of Mrs. Grand we know it is going to be a bad time for the people who hold conventional views on education, courtship, and marriage. We know we shall see some tremendous slogging, and the batting will have a certain style about it as well as power. "The Heavenly Twins," the book which established Mrs. Grand's reputation, is a text book for the rebel woman who is seeking release from the standards of life and conduct fixed for her by man, and as art it ranks higher than any of her other works. She has written nothing better than "The Tenor and the Boy" interlude in that story; it is a piece of fantasy, grandiose and overloaded with sentiment, but nevertheless full of power and fine phrasing. The precocious child is a favourite subject with Mrs. Grand, and she returns to it in "The Beth Book" and "Babs the Impossible," but not with the same success. The delicate fancy which made the exaggeration tolerable in "The Heavenly Twins" is absent in the later works, and the particular children are neither attractive nor credible. We simply want to whip them.

Mrs. Grand has satire in abundance, but it is wanting in delicacy: it is too often violent and unrestrained; she laughs, but it is the laughter of derision, not the smile which springs from pity and sympathy. Her arrows are pointed enough, but a suspicion that the tips are poisoned affects our appreciation of the skill of the archer. One can scarcely detect in any of her stories the humour so akin to pathos that the reader hesitates between a smile and a tear. She holds her characters up for our ridicule, and she seems to expect us to be angry with their follies, and not to be amused. She creates a character like Daniel Maclure in "The Beth Book," and she loads him with vices and failings in order to provide her with opportunities to air her own social theories. He is unpleasant enough in all his dealings with women; why was it therefore necessary at the end of the book to show him up as a vivisector as well? There seems an evident purpose in the exaggeration; Mrs. Grand is an anti-vivisector, and wants to preach a social sermon on the subject. And she uses her rebel women, such as Evadne, Angelica, Beth, and Babs the Impossible, to represent her own views on life, and they are all incarnate Sarah Grands.

But while we cannot justly describe Mrs. Grand as a great artist in fiction, we may admire her courage, her fearless treatment of delicate subjects and situations, and her fine championship of her own sex. She represents the fighting element in "The New Woman Movement," and her blows have made a lasting impression on the old walls of convention and superstition. She has interpreted for many women the aspirations they have hitherto cherished in silence, and she has stirred up in the minds of not a few men an uneasy dissatisfaction with things as they are.

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THOMAS HARDY.

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WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

By F. SIDGWICK

"IRELAND, where all has failed." These words are used by Mr. Yeats in one of his books, which alone is sufficient to disprove his statement. The recent output of literature from Ireland has been one of the events of the last twenty years; and there is still a prophet to be found who says that the next literary giant of our islands will be one of the fast-vanishing race of Irish Celts. Especially in poetry and folk-song is Ireland rich. Headed by Mr. Yeats, the list includes many well-known names: Dr. Douglas Hyde, Lady Gregory, Mr. George Moore, "A. E." (Mr. George Russell), T. W. Rolleston, "Moira O'Neill" (Mrs. Skrine), Miss Norah Hopper (Mrs. Chesson), Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson), Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Shorter), and others.

Mr. Yeats' literary activity, since he gained a name for the charm of his writing, has been no less remarkable than his versatility. Poems, plays, prose; criticism —literary, artistic, and dramatic; the gathering of folk-tales, the compiling of anthologies, and the editing of other poets —in each he has done good work.

Beginning with poems contributed to periodicals in Dublin in 1892, Mr. Yeats published "The Countess Cathleen," which first drew the attention of a larger public than is environed by the shores of Ireland. This book contains the little drama that gives its name to the book, and which has since been acted in Dublin—with thirty policemen in attendance to preserve order! —and the book also contains a few of Mr. Yeats' most beautiful lyrics, notably, "When you are old and gray and full of sleep," and "The Lake-Isle of Innisfree." In the next year, 1893, besides writing "The Celtic Twilight," a book of strange and beautiful legends, the tenor of which may be guessed from the title of the book, Mr. Yeats found time to edit in two forms the works of William Blake, mystic, seer, and poet, whose splendid symbolism and strange philosophy Mr. Yeats has not only elaborated and explained, but largely adopted for his own. Indeed it is hard to find five pages of any of Mr. Yeats' critical work which do not contain some apt quotation or illustration from William *Blake.*

"The Land of Heart's Desire," "The Secret Rose," "The Wanderings of Oisin," "The Wind among the Reeds," "The Shadowy Waters"—the very titles of Mr. Yeats' books are suggestive of their peculiar charm, and symbolical of the curious vague longings and dreamy desires which are characteristic of the Celtic temperament. And, as Rossetti said of the five handmaidens of Mary, the Irish names with which Mr. Yeats peoples his books are so many "sweet symphonies"—Aodh, Dectora, Oisin, Oona, Maive, Forgael, and Cuchulain. This poetry of sound, typical of the sweet Irish tongue, is part and parcel of all Mr. Yeats' own work in prose or in verse. Read the concord of sweet sounds in the poem referred to above, "The Lake-Isle of Innisfree," or read this sentence, chosen at random from the later edition of "The Celtic Twilight": "I love better than any theory the sound of the Gate of Ivory turning on its hinges, and hold that he alone who has passed the rose-strewn threshold can catch the glimmer of the Gate of Horn." Old Hobbes says in the "Leviathan" that words are the counters of wise men and the money of fools; which means that the wise man utters nothing base. Mr. Yeats uses his counters with consummate skill and charm.

Lately some of his shorter prose plays have been acted in London, under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society, by members of the Irish company that originally produced them in Dublin for the Irish National Theatre. "Cathleen-ni-Houlihan," which has been published in London for English readers, is an allegory in one act of the power of love swayed by Cathleen-ni-Houlihan—an ancient poetic name of Ireland herself—over her sons; wherein a young man on his bridal-eve is called away to fight for his country. *The Pot of Broth* is a comedy, showing how a beggar obtained his supper by tricking a miserly old peasant woman. *The Hour Glass* might be called the Irish *Everyman.* It is a morality, showing the terror and repentance of the wise man, who on a sudden receives a divine message of approaching death, and the pains of purgatory, if he cannot find one who believes, in the short hour ere his death. Pupils, wife,

OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—IX.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

Born June 13th, 1865.

children—he has taught them all to believe not what they see not; but a poor fool who has begged pennies of him believes, for he has spread nets on the hills to catch the feet of angels.

Before these lines appear, there will have been issued two new books by Mr. Yeats: "Ideas of Good and Evil," a book of essays, some collected from magazines, some new; and a prose five-act play, "Where There is Nothing." It is a curious tale of an Irish landowner who, from utter weariness of artificiality, gave up the life and laws of society, and joined first a vagrant band of tinkers, and afterward a brotherhood of monks.

The drama, indeed, has of late occupied much of Mr. Yeats' thoughts. He seeks to reform not only the writing of the plays, but scenery, acting, and speaking. Mr. Yeats' theory of scenery is simply the massing of colours; and we must certainly praise any effort, such as Mr. Gordon Craig's first attempts, to replace the gaudy, eye-distracting impossibilities which now cause a play to be described as "richly mounted." And amongst all our serious actors and actresses there is scarcely one —excepting perhaps certain past and present members of Mr. F. R. Benson's company—who knows how poetry should be spoken. We sincerely trust that Mr. Yeats and his supporters, including Mr. T. Sturge Moore, himself a writer of poetical drama of excellent merit, will yet do much to reorganise the prevalent methods of speaking, of acting, and of scenery, three reforms of which the modern stage stands in great need.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE SHADOW OF GOD

THE disturbing incidents of the day, the rash decision which Grant had announced, the half sleepless and wholly anxious night, and too many strong cigars consumed in my hours of meditation, combined to upset me on the following morning. I had a fit of depression accompanied by that exceedingly unpleasant presentiment of impending calamity which comes sometimes from a disordered liver, and sometimes, one is tempted to think, from far subtler causes.

I wished the Greek at the bottom of the Ionian Sea, and could easily have found it in me to curse the arts and beauty which had cast a spell over Grant great enough to blind him to anything like a true appreciation of the course he meant to take.

Nor were matters improved when a special messenger from the Palace came to summon Grant to an audience with the Sultan at noon.

Noon was the time we were to have gone to Maraboukh Pasha, and the interview with him was accordingly postponed until the afternoon; and as we drove to Yildiz Kiosk, I saw that Grant was not in a much better frame of mind or body than I. I was always present at these audiences with the Illustrious One as dragoman, or interpreter—an interpreter being necessary because of one of the idiotic fallacies of the most extraordinary Court in the world. This particular fallacy was that His Majesty could speak no language except Turkish or Arabic, whereas, as everybody knows, he is in reality an excellent French scholar.

Neither of us referred to the events of the previous day; and, indeed, beyond a few speculations as to what the Sultan wanted to know, we scarcely spoke at all.

Yildiz Kiosk is probably the most beautiful prison, or palace, whichever you please to consider it, that a coward ever built for his own protection. Palace it is by name, but prison in fact, for the ruler who has more personal power over his subjects than any living monarch is so abjectly afraid of assassination that he never stirs out of it except on certain State occasions, when he is guarded by a host of soldiers, and is careful to rush through the ceremony at headlong speed so as to be away as short a time as possible.

The grounds of the Kiosk are some 20,000 acres in extent, covering one of the most beautiful sites in the world, on the heights of Yildiz, sloping down to the banks of the Bosphorus; and as the various buildings house several thousands of people, there are a great number of them, large and small, linked together by terraces and gardens and bridges. The palace itself is surrounded by three rows of walls, and between each pair of them are kiosks inhabited, some by officers of state, and others by servants. There are three large barracks with some 5,000 soldiers, the flower of the Turkish army. The Hareemlik, the women's quarters, is beautifully situated in flower gardens within the park; and the Selamlik, or men's quarters—the place whither we were going—is another fine square mansion with innumerable spacious rooms and broad staircases.*

It is in this building that His Majesty receives ambassadors, other notabilities, and privileged visitors, and when we had proved our right of entry to the grounds at the Kultuk Kapu—that one of the three gates which is open all day long—we drove to the Selamlik, and amidst the salutes of the sentries, the salaams of the servants, and the profuse ceremonial which prevails, we were ushered into the August Presence.

I had been, as I have said, a number of years in Turkey, but I had never been admitted to a sight of the Sultan until Grant's arrival. I could not, therefore, know much about him; but he impressed me always not only as a man of exceptionally winning and courteous graciousness, but also as gifted with exceptional ability, tempered and oppressed, however, with a never-absent timidity. But for that constitutional fear he would be a great man.

There is a flattering proverb in Islam that "Time stands still for the Padishah," who therefore never grows old; and to play up to the part it is a cardinal point of his etiquette to dye his hair and beard a deep black. The effect, in the case of any other man, would be incongruous and ludicrous; but there is that in his personality and surroundings which makes against any incongruity.

In other respects—and indeed in that respect too—he is like many another European old gentleman of suave manners and dignified bearing. He dresses almost always in the frock coat of modern cut, with his breast ablaze with orders, and, as Grant used to say, he is almost as easy of access as the American President himself.

With any guest of distinction or favour —and Grant was one—he was the embodiment of perfect courtesy. He placed him on the sofa beside himself, lighted with his own hands a cigarette and handed it to Grant, took another, and then disposed himself to listen or to speak, as the case might be. Such attendants as were present he waved away out of hearing, and indeed treated Grant with as much suavity as if he had been a fellow sovereign.

The only formality was the use of myself as dragoman; but even this was helped out of the way by a suggestion which Grant had made at the first interview, that he and I should speak French, not English, so that His Majesty himself should understand every word that passed between us, although etiquette required that he should appear ignorant. Simple thing as it was, I believe it had much to do with winning the Sultan's confidence, while it certainly suited his convenience, because it gave him time to consider his reply while I was getting through with the translation.

Grant's opinion of Abdul may be worth mentioning, perhaps. He considered him a man the key to whose life was fear. Ability to judge he certainly had, between good men and bad, between good policy and bad policy, between right and wrong; but pluck to back his judgment was utterly lacking. He knew perfectly well when he ought to say yes or no with all the autocratic power that went with either decision; but courage to say the right thing had not been given him. He would listen to any and every counsel of fear that any one could get a chance of offering, and whoever drew the most fear-compelling picture had the "Shadow of God" in his

* The reader is referred to the article on "The Sultan's Private Apartments," pages 307 to 314 inclusive, in this issue for numerous views of the Yildiz Palace and grounds.

His Majesty was the embodiment of perfect courtesy.

pocket. In every word spoken to him, every proposition made, and every act and deed suggested, his one instinct was to estimate what he had to fear from it. In the twenty years of his reign this feeling had grown and been nurtured until it had become a ruling passion on which the favourites, parasites, and other innumerable court hacks around him could play so as to produce any harmony or discord they pleased. And in that lay the secret of the fearsome acts of horror, oppression, massacre and foulness which have made some portions of his reign read like a phantasmagoria of blood.

On the occasion of this visit, the audience was a very short one. His Majesty wished to have an account at first hand of the progress of matters, and he listened attentively while Grant told in French, and I translated into Turkish, the various steps that had been taken.

"Then if they tell me you are at a standstill, they are mistaken?" asked His Majesty, and I translated.

"Tell His Majesty," said Grant, with a smile of abounding contempt for the tale-bearers, "that Americans are never at a standstill. I have already spent millions of dollars upon the preparations."

"And when do you leave Pera for the Western Province?"

"In a sense, we have left already," was Grant's reply; "for much of my work here is finished, and already my agents are taking possession, landing stores, organising arrangements, sending out surveying parties, and starting in to work on the spot"; and this was the preface to a glowing description of the benefits which His Majesty's province would derive from the undertaking.

"Yet you have critics in some of the Embassies who are almost enemies. But I trust you, Mr. Grant; you are a man of your word! I trust you; and I shall support you through all, whatever may be said against you."

I could have wished that His Majesty had omitted that expression of confidence, for it made me feel uncomfortable as I thought of the new turn of Grant's plans; and Grant himself did not like it any more than I.

"It made me feel real mean," he said, with a frown, when I referred to it.

"Why do you think he took the trouble to send for you to the Palace just to say that?" I asked.

"He wanted to know what progress we were making."

"My dear Cyrus, you will never know the East. The very fact that he plunged headlong into the question of the progress, listened so attentively to every word you said and was so profoundly interested, shows that that was not his motive for the audience. He has heard something, and he sent to put you on your honour. Now, what can he have heard?"

"I don't think so. No, no; someone's been talking down the plan and me, and he wanted to know the truth. That's all."

"It's more comfortable to think so, I daresay, and I hope you're right. Don't you think his spies can keep him posted as to our progress? It is not that they know too little in that direction, I fear, but that they know too much in another, and may have given him a hint. That's the best of this delightful land—it is so consistently not just what you think it is. But what can he have heard, and how, and from whom? Frankly, I don't like it."

"No one knows anything except you and me—and one other."

There was a momentary hesitation in speaking of the Greek.

"Plenty know who are inmates of the White House." He shook his head and frowned irritably.

"Well, I'm not responsible for the plot, and my chief part in it will be to save his life."

With a man who could talk sophistry of this kind in order to quiet his own thoroughly live judgment it was no use to argue; so I made no reply, and for the rest of the drive back gave myself up to my thoughts.

Grant went straight to Haidée, I think, and told her what had passed at Yildiz Kiosk, and he must also have told her the pith of my interview with him on the

preceding day, for when I was sitting in my office waiting for the hour of the interview with Maraboukh Pasha, I was not a little surprised to see her enter the room.

"May I come in?" she said, with a smile. "I wish to speak to you, Mr. Ormesby."

"Certainly; why not? Let me put you a chair," and I rose and did so, taking care that her face should be to the light.

"You will think this a strange step of mine?" she asked as she sat down.

"Pretty women do strange things with impunity, mademoiselle."

"Ah, you do think it strange then, and stranger, no doubt, that I wish to speak to you of Mr. Grant's sister?"

"I should very much rather you did nothing of the kind," I said firmly.

"But I want you to help me in making peace between brother and sister." She spoke with the utmost sweetness, and with a little gesture to indicate her pain and regret for what had occurred.

"That I would do very willingly, but unfortunately I have already tried and have failed. Your influence with Grant can, however, succeed, I am sure. Shall I ask him to come here?" And I rose as if to summon a messenger; but she checked me so quickly that I gathered this was a pretext for the interview and not her real object. I made a little further experiment. "I think it's awfully sweet of you to take in this way an insult so publicly offered and to forget what most women would consider a bitter humiliation." I emphasised the terms insult and humiliation, and although she controlled her features so far as to smile, her eyes flashed angrily and her hands clenched. My experiment answered. I know how a Greek usually forgives an insult.

"Miss Grant dislikes me," she said. "I do not know why. I have done her no harm."

"She does not like your influence with her brother, mademoiselle, and the change in the plans here which you have made."

"And you?" She was not so good an actress as I thought. She was too impulsive; and the eager tone of the flashing question told me very easily that this was the reason of the interview. I saw no cause for misleading her.

"I do not like it either. I believe it will ruin my friend's plans."

"And why?"

"We have kept free from plots and politics so far—the only safe course, in my opinion, for men of business in this country."

"But you do not understand. This Abdul Hamid will break faith with you; you are not safe for an hour in the hands of a man who does to-day the very things he vowed yesterday should never be done, and will exile or execute to-morrow the favourite of to-day."

"We have not found him so, mademoiselle, and hitherto we have acted on our own judgment."

"And now Mr. Grant is acting on mine, you think?"

"Grant commands here," I answered, generally.

"And don't you believe things will be far better under Rechad Effendi as Sultan, than under Abdul?"

"Grant didn't start this thing in order to play Sultan-making."

"But you yourself; you know this wretched country and all the horrors it has endured under Abdul—what do *you* think?"

"I do not think about it in that way. If I were an Ottoman subject, I might be restless and discontented; and if I were a Greek or an Armenian with half your wrongs to remember, I might harbour a love for revenge. But I am not; and a policy of vengeance or of revolt won't run smoothly with our plans."

"Then you also dislike my influence with Mr. Grant? I like to know who are with and who against me."

"It's very good of you to have come and put the question straight to me," I said equivocally.

"But you have not answered it?" she retorted.

"You are a very beautiful woman, Mademoiselle Patras, and as charming and able as beautiful, and you are going to be the

wife of my closest friend and chief; and I trust I shall never have to do anything which would make you think I am against you in the sense you mean."

"But you are already in opinion against our plans."

"Do not many men work loyally in causes they dislike?"

"Then you are going to work with us? You speak in riddles," she cried, with a gesture of impatience.

"I have been in Turkey some years, and the habit grows on one here."

She got up with another gesture, of irritation as well as impatience this time.

"Mr. Grant trusts you so entirely," she exclaimed.

"That is a habit bred more in the West than the East, mademoiselle."

"You will make me regard you as an enemy, Mr. Ormesby," she declared, now quite angry.

"When Grant shares that view, no doubt he'll send me packing"; and she seemed to read the words and the look as a kind of challenge.

"I think you had better not see Maraboukh Pasha to-day, if those are your views. If he were to suspect your enmity to the cause, the consequences might be very serious for all."

The dominant note in this annoyed me; it was almost as if she had taken over the command, and was issuing her orders.

"I was going merely as an interpreter; but if you think you had better cancel Grant's arrangements, I, of course, can have no objection." She bit her lip, and saw she had gone too far, and was angry with herself for the mistake, and with me for having noticed it.

"I came to you as a friend, Mr. Ormesby."

"As peace-maker, mademoiselle," I corrected, with a glance. "And you leave as —what?"

"As an——," she commenced, vehemently, but checked herself with a shrug of disdain: "It is not necessary to say."

"Curiosity, even on such a matter, is not one of my weaknesses," I answered, with a bow and smile, as I opened the door for her.

"Nevertheless, it may interest you to learn that I read your thoughts sufficiently to understand you have labelled me dangerous;" and with that passing shot she went away.

It certainly required very little intuition on her part to make that discovery; and the only interesting query was why she should have thought it necessary to warn me by stating it so plainly. Perhaps she was angry and, therefore, theatrical. Angry women, even clever ones, often make that mistake.

I had labelled her dangerous—very dangerous indeed; but it struck me as a very foolish step for her to have come to sound me, or pump me, quite so openly. And when clever women take foolish steps, and apparently needless ones, there is sometimes a much deeper reason underneath.

Could there be such a reason here? Was I in any kind of personal danger? Could someone have warned me against her so that she came to test me in order to satisfy that someone? It was possible —but then, all things are possible in such a business. And then, by a trick of ideas, Stephani flashed into my thoughts. Was I to look for his hand in this?

CHAPTER VIII.

MARABOUKH PASHA

MARABOUKH PASHA was a man who had had a very varied life, having pushed his way up by means of those qualities which stand for so much in Turkey. He was cunning, capable, subtle, without a shred of scruple, a fawning sycophant to those above him, and a brutal bully to his inferiors.

He was a Turk of the old school, as it is termed; a strict Mohammedan, a very Moslem of Moslems, indeed, with a vigorous contempt of reforms, and a hatred deep, bitter and intense of Europeans.

He had begun life in the Karagheuz, those obscene puppet shows which, in the days when he was young, were a byword

for their astounding indecencies, and had gradually risen, as men can rise from the gutter in Stamboul, by clinging to the skirts of greater people, until he had amassed wealth, become powerful, attracted the attention of the Sultan, and obtained the command of a province and so became Pasha.

His administration of his province had been a scandal even for Turkey, where notoriously the provincial governors are left to their own devices for extorting money out of the unfortunate peasants, farmers and traders. Knowing their term of office is uncertain, and may be very brief, the Pashas bleed the unfortunate people under them unmercifully to fill their own pockets with the least practicable delay. Maraboukh had proved a past master in the work, until the whole province being in all but open revolt, he was recalled, and a less callous tyrant put in his place.

He took his recall to heart, and came back to Stamboul to plot against the Government. He had been instrumental in pulling down many men—most of them among those who had helped him in old times, that being his principle of gratitude—but he had never succeeded in lifting himself; and on this he brooded. He saw men promoted who were his inferiors, both in capacity and rascality; and this rankled until his pique and jealousy drove him to handle the dangerous and inflammable materials of the plot to depose the Sultan and put his brother, Rechad Effendi, with whom Maraboukh was believed to have influence, in his place.

How Haidée Patras became associated with him I do not know, but he had apparently persuaded her that he could revenge her wrongs—if the tale she told us were true and she had any—although it was much more probable that he would make use of her so long as she was useful, and sacrifice her when she ceased to be so, as he did everyone.

We did not know all these things about him at first. He was a man who knew how to hide his acts behind many veils, and very different representations were made to Grant. When we found out the truth, it was too late; and as I was the head of our secret intelligence department, I must accept the responsibility for the mistake.

I went to the interview with him, despite the Greek's intervention, but throughout it I was a mere onlooker, as the conversation was carried on in French. My services as interpreter were thus not required, a fact which was to turn out fortunate.

The Pasha lived in a large, square, ugly house in Stamboul, and the interior was, like that of nearly all Mohammedan houses, untidy, ill-kept, dirty, and slovenly. The afternoon was wet, and as we drove up through the splashing pools of the vilely-kept roadway the two servants who were stationed, as sentinels are stationed, on stools, outside the houses of ministers, made us salaams instead of military salutes, and ushered us into a large hall, sloppy with the footmarks of people, to the number of a dozen or so, who were lounging and squatting there gossiping.

We were escorted to the foot of a broad staircase, where a servant came forward and took our goloshes. Upstairs we were shown into a spacious ante-room, a fine apartment with large high windows, but frowsy and dirty to a degree. The curtains to the windows, like the cushions and coverings of divans, were of rich and costly silk, but soiled and begrimed with dirt, the ends all ragged, and filthy, and squalid.

There we were kept some minutes and an attendant brought us coffee, which it is ill-manners ever to refuse; and I was amused to see that it was served on a cheap common brass tray which came from much nearer Birmingham than Benares. The servants were dressed in ill-fitting shabby frock coats and baggy trousers; and looking at them one could readily appreciate the report that the Turks now buy up all the second-hand clothes of the Continent and wear them whether they fit or not.

Grant soon grew very impatient at the delay in reaching the Pasha's presence; and I could see he shared my belief that we were being kept waiting intentionally, in

order that we might be more convinced of the Pasha's importance.

We were shown in at last, however, and Maraboukh came forward, and with the customary elaborate salutations greeted Grant and made little of me.

"I have been kept waiting a long time, your Excellency," said Grant, in French, haughtily, whereupon the Pasha, a short, thick-set, unctuous, wily man, spread himself into apologies, and his black, beady, cruel eyes were fixed on his visitor, greedily reading his looks, as he thought what line he had better adopt. In the meantime I placed myself well in the background. Grant accepted the apologies, and waving his hand to two men, dressed in Oriental costume, who stood like statues on either side of the door, said:

"Our interview is to be private."

"They are merely mutes, monsieur, deaf and dumb"; and he touched his mouth and ears to signify that the tongues of both had been split and the ear drums pierced, after the gentle fashion of the East. They were the Pasha's personal guards.

I saw Grant shudder at this confirmation of what I had once told him was still the custom in the houses of Ottomans of importance.

"And your attendant?" said the Pasha, shooting an inquisitive glance at me.

"He is in my confidence, and is with us. He is my interpreter."

"That is well," was the reply, with a bow and wave of the hand, dismissing me from consideration. "Well, then, Mademoiselle Patras has told me that you have decided to throw in your lot with us, monsieur, to my infinite pleasure," said Maraboukh in his quiet suave voice, "and that you desire to have guarantees from us as to the future."

I noticed that throughout the interview he dropped all the circuitous, flowery methods of speech, which no doubt he would have used in speaking Turkish. He felt instinctively that plain straightforward language would appeal more directly to an American.

"I have made one condition, your Excellency. There must be no violence, and also no bloodshed. The life of His Majesty must be inviolate."

"Violence, bloodshed!" exclaimed Maraboukh, with a gentle laugh as of astonishment. "Of what use would either be? What violence need there be? Fifty, or perhaps twenty, years ago such a condition might have been necessary, but to-day is to-day—and I hope we Ottomans have learnt enough from the West to change our Government without it."

"Some twenty years ago, there was an accident to Abdul Azid, which the world outside read as murder, your Excellency," said Grant bluntly.

"Misread, monsieur—misread entirely."

"Well, there must be no 'accidents' now;" and again the Pasha spread out his hands and shrugged his broad shoulders in deprecation.

"There shall be no accidents either, Monsieur Grant; I swear it to you by the beard of the Prophet."

"I am glad to hear it, because at the first sign of violence I shall withdraw, and throw what influence I have on the other side."

"I should be with you, monsieur, on my honour," declared the old Turk, impressively, as if he was painfully shocked at the bare idea.

"Will you tell me, then, exactly what your plans are?"

"You give me your assurance that you join us, and that every word uttered now is in absolute confidence?"

"I give you my word on both points, subject to the condition I have named."

"Certainly, subject to that condition. Well, I need not tell you now the grievances of our people—they are, alas, common knowledge. The country stands on the verge of ruin, of public bankruptcy, indeed. The army is not paid, the officials from top to bottom are not paid, the navy is rotting from mismanagement, the people are ground to the earth by taxation. Turkey to-day, alas! is bleeding to death internally, and has not a friend left in Europe. And what is the cause, except misrule? The reforms which twenty years ago were putting new blood into our veins

Grant dragged the document out of the Pasha's hand.

have been stopped. By whom, and why? Our land is one of magnificent natural resources; and these by peace and good government could be developed, until we should be ten times as strong as in the strongest years of the Empire. Who leaves them neglected, nay, who prevents their development, and why? There is but one answer to these questions. The cause of all, and the curse of all, is the present Sultan and his madness."

"His madness!" echoed Grant in a tone of surprise.

"It is his madness that spells the hopelessness of his subjects. The secrets of Yildiz Kiosk are well kept; but not so well as to prevent those, who have means of gaining information, knowing of his fits of madness. His mind, like that of his ill-fated brother, Murad, has given way under the strain of the wild fear of assassination that ever possesses him. All we propose, therefore, is that, like his brother, he shall be set aside, confined, treated gently, as you know we Easterners always treat the infirm of mind, and that his place shall be taken by Rechad Effendi, a man just, upright, broad-minded, and liberal. And that will be done."

"Your Excellency pledges yourself for his personal safety?"

"Absolutely. We do not war with the insane; but we cannot be misruled by them to ruin and national bankruptcy—and that is Turkey's one alternative."

"I can join such a scheme freely," said Grant, in a tone of unmistakable relief.

As he spoke my eyes were on the Pasha, and his face lighted with satisfaction and triumph. But he lowered his eyes directly, and began to finger some papers on his desk.

"Nothing can prevent our success, monsieur," he said, a moment later. "Most of the influential men in the country are on our side, and we have but to pay the army their arrears for every officer and soldier to be with us too."

"Are you in want of the money for that?"

At the question, I saw the Pasha start quickly, as though with surprise, at some fresh turn of thought it suggested. He paused, while his fingers still played absently with the papers before him.

"Is it possible you would have found it?" he asked then, slowly. "I had not thought of you in such a connection; and it is now too late."

"Too late?" echoed Grant, struck, as I was, by the words, and much more by the curious tone in which they were spoken. If ever the voice of a man had in it a note of intense and overpowering regret, Maraboukh's had then. Yet what cause could he have for such a feeling? I distrusted him so entirely that his every word and look and gesture were objects of suspicion to me.

"I mean, merely, that our arrangements are made, monsieur, and I fear cannot now be altered." His manner was all that of a man dismayed by some sudden discovery, and the expression of his face as he looked at Grant, presented a baffling puzzle. "I had no conception you would join us so wholeheartedly. However, there it is," he added, throwing off the feeling with an evident effort, and shrugging his shoulders. "Had I known, the advantage should have been yours. The money will be a mere temporary loan, of course! but to those who find it great concessions will be made, and I would gladly have seen them in your hands." Whatever his real thoughts were in the matter, he had himself under control now, and he spoke in his usual tone. "Rechad Effendi himself would, of course, have confirmed them."

"But I thought Rechad Effendi was a close prisoner in the Tcheragan Palace?" asked Grant.

"Our friends are everywhere, monsieur," answered Maraboukh, with a smile, and a wide-spreading lifting of the hands. "And we are in close touch with His Highness; his very attendants are our men, as indeed are more than half of the officials of Yildiz Kiosk itself;" and he enlarged at considerable length upon these ramifications of the plot, and the certain success awaiting him.

To me he seemed overplaying his part, and I half guessed that he was conscious of

having made a slip and was anxious now to cover it and redeem the position.

"In any case, monsieur, you will be a great gainer by the change," he concluded. "As I have said, your present concessions will be confirmed, and in place of the present vacillating, suspicious, treacherous Government, you will be dealing with one that is stable, sympathetic, and reliable. Should a way open for you to help the Government further, of course corresponding returns will be made to you."

"I am taking plenty of risks as it is, your Excellency," answered Grant, "and presume that some guarantee of all this will be given me in advance."

"That will be easy, monsieur. Indeed it is arranged already. Your position and attitude have been considered, of course; and in preparation for this interview I have provided myself with a document from Rechad Effendi, signed by His Highness's own hand." He turned over his papers, selected one, and held it up for Grant to see.

"It is in Turkish, I suppose," said Grant, bending forward as if to read it.

"In Turkish, of course," was the reply with a smile. "I have to get a copy made of it." Then Grant did a shrewd thing. He took hold of one end of the paper, and leaning forward to look at it, pushed his chair from under him as though it had slipped away, and clutching at the table to save himself, dragged the document out of the Pasha's hand.

"I beg ten thousand pardons for my awkwardness, your Excellency," he cried, with well-assumed confusion, as he picked up his chair and sat down. He had the paper now, and made a pretence of examining it. "I do not read Turkish, but I will have this examined," and to my great pleasure and the old Ottoman's obvious dismay, he put it in his pocket.

"Your interpreter here could examine it now," said Maraboukh.

"Not to my satisfaction," answered Grant, quietly and firmly. "Your Excellency need have no fear: I shall keep it safe, and will see that you have a copy. It means everything—to me, of course."

"I am in your hands, monsieur," said the Pasha, with a smile, which did not, however, hide his chagrin.

"There is only one other question I would put to your Excellency. If I should desire an interview, you could arrange it?"

"It would be difficult. We are surrounded by spies, as perhaps you know. Have you never seen His Highness?" The question was asked casually, but the sharp old eyes were very much in earnest.

"Never, but it might be necessary."

"Well, I would do my best to secure you an interview; I think I can," and there was a clear note of relief in the reply. "His Highness knows of you and of your work."

"Then that's all," said Grant, as he rose. We bowed ourselves out, and each took a keen look at the two silent, motionless figures by the door, although I was careful to keep my face turned from them and from the Pasha, as much as possible.

"What do you think of it all, Mervyn?" asked Grant, as soon as we were in the carriage; and it was easy to tell from his manner that he was in high spirits, and had been favourably impressed. "You see your fears about violence were all moonshine."

"I shall say more when I have had a look at that document which you annexed," said I.

"If they mean to go straight, it will be just the making of things," he declared, and for the moment I did not see how to contradict him. So I held my tongue.

When we reached the White House I proposed that we should at once examine the document which the Pasha had handed him, but he declared that Mademoiselle Patras would be very anxious as to the result of the interview, and that he would come to me the moment he had seen her.

"She will know in an instant whether it is all right," he said, and he did not ask me even to be present at the examination. Knowing his feelings for her I ought not to have been surprised, perhaps; but it was the first time since we had been associated together that he had preferred anyone's

judgment to mine on such a matter, and I admit that I was chagrined.

It seems a strange thing to blame that unreasonable anger of mine for what happened: I say unreasonable, because a man under the spell of a woman will do anything: but I have often blamed myself bitterly for not having pressed my point and made it difficult for him to refuse me a sight of the document there and then. So much would have been different.

Instead of doing that, however, I turned away, feeling huffed and hurt; and I changed my clothes and went out and spent the evening with an old friend. I did not return to the White House until late at night, to find myself face to face with a startling development in the grim drama which was now threatening to overwhelm us all.

CHAPTER IX.

"CYRUS HAS BEEN POISONED"

AS I was turning in to the great gates I met Lord Angus Markwell rushing out in a condition of breathless excitement.

"Is that you, Mr. Ormesby?" he cried, as he all but ran me down. "Where the deuce have you been?"

"About my own business," I answered, curtly, anything but pleased by his inquisitiveness.

"I've been looking for you in every bally place in Pera I could think of."

"That's very interesting."

"There's the devil to pay here."

"Then pay him. Good-night," I said, in a surly tone, and moved on.

"Wait a second. Grant's been taken ill, and Miss Grant sent round for me to try and hunt you up. I'm positively done up."

I did not wait to hear him out, but dashed on up to the house.

"What has happened, Stuart?" I asked my own servant, who always waited for me in the hall when I was out.

"Mr. Grant was taken suddenly ill this evening, sir, and Miss Grant has been asking most anxiously for you. I have been out looking for you, but——"

"Tell her I have come in," I interrupted; "and ask where I can see her. Bring me word to my room."

"I beg your pardon a moment, if you please, sir," said Stuart, in a low voice. "Something has happened in your private room, and thinking you might wish to see it for yourself, I locked the door. Here is the key." I took it and hurried to the room, and the instant I entered I saw something that caused me intense surprise.

A number of papers which I had left on my table in their usual order had been disarranged, and in the middle of them lay a small heap of ashes as if some of the papers had been burnt, and close to the heap was a half-smoked cigar.

I was staring at all this in bewilderment when Stuart came to say that Enid was waiting for me in the drawing-room.

"Get your mind quite clear about this, Stuart," I said, waving my hand towards the mess on the table; "and tell me presently exactly what has occurred." I locked the door behind us, and went off to Enid.

"Oh, where have you been, and why were you away at such a time?" she cried, in a tone of distraction. She was ashen pale, and wringing her hands. "Thank God you have come. Cyrus has been poisoned by that Greek woman."

"You must be calmer than this, and not make such wild, random assertions," I said firmly.

"Calm! Would you have me calm when my brother has been murdered?" She was almost hysterical and spoke in high-pitched, excited tones.

"Please tell me all there is to tell, Miss Grant, so that I can judge what to do. You are only making bad worse by this." I spoke very sharply.

The collapse came then, and she broke down, and falling into a chair commenced to gasp and sob vehemently and wildly. I called Stuart, sent for restoratives, and then, after some minutes, she recovered; the shedding of tears seemed to have given her relief, and she soon grew calmer.

Then she told me with many breaks and interruptions what had occurred so far as she knew. Grant, it appears, had been with Haidée for some time after our return from Maraboukh Pasha, and had then asked for me, to learn, of course, that I was absent. He and Mrs. Wellings and Haidée Patras had dined together, Grant being apparently in very high spirits. Enid had dined by herself in her own rooms, as after the scene on the launch she and the Greek had not met. After dinner, Grant had gone to my room for some purpose Enid did not know, and very soon afterwards a servant had came rushing to her to say he had fallen down in a fit.

She had gone to him at once and had taken command; acting very promptly, but in one thing with amazing indiscretion. She had Grant carried to bed, sent for a doctor, Dr. Arbuthnot, and despatched Stuart for me with orders to get Lord Angus Markwell to join in the hunt. Then, having done so far very well, she had lost her head and launched into a violent denunciation of the Greek, and given the servants peremptory instructions not to allow Mademoiselle Patras near her brother's room, asserting her belief that Grant had been poisoned, and that the Greek was responsible. After that she had waited in feverish impatience for my return.

It was a nice cauldron of troubles, and womanlike she finished with the extremely unfair reproach that it would probably not have happened had I been at home.

"What does Dr. Arbuthnot think?" I asked.

"I don't know. He won't say it's poison; but I know it is. He's with Cyrus now."

"Then I'll go up and see him," and we went up together.

Grant certainly looked so ill that I thought he was dying. His face was grey, the lips were livid, the closed eyelids were almost purple, as were the sockets; he was bathed in most profuse perspiration, and his breathing was short, fearfully laboured and stertorous, while now and again his limbs twitched under the bedclothes, and his huge frame shuddered spasmodically.

Mrs. Wellings and a nurse were assisting the doctor, who did not take our intrusion at all kindly.

"Miss Grant, if you remain here I shall have two patients instead of one," he said sharply; "and you, Mr. Ormesby, can do no good here. I don't like the room crowded."

"One word, doctor," I returned, as I drew him aside. "Will he recover?"

"I hope so, now. I think so. He is a very powerful man, fortunately."

"What is the cause?"

"Apoplexy, Mr. Ormesby," he answered, loudly enough for the rest to hear, but giving me at the same time a significant look, and whispering, "I'll see you when I come down. Take Miss Grant away, please." Then he went back to the bedside.

Enid was standing at the foot of the bed staring fixedly at her brother with a strained look of pain and distress; through her eyes, her very soul was speaking of her love and fear for the sick man with an intense and consuming passion of sorrow. I touched her arm.

"Dr. Arbuthnot would rather we did not stay here," I said.

"For Cyrus' sake or mine?" she asked, her eyes hungry with desire to stay.

"For your brother's sake, Miss Grant," said the doctor, who had caught the whisper.

"Then I will go. Oh, if he should die!" It was a whisper to herself, and she sighed heavily and trembled.

"He will not die," said the doctor again, quietly.

"Thank you, doctor," she answered. "I can go now." She went to the bed head and kissed her brother, and then came away with me. As soon as we were outside the door she stopped, and leaned for support against the wall, her white face the very presentment of anguish.

"Wait one moment," she said; and I stayed in silence, marvelling. How I had misread her! I had never conceived that this depth of feeling lay beneath the even surface of her usual bearing. It was a revelation, and helped me to understand

her passionate treatment of Mademoiselle Patras. "How weak you will think me," she said, presently, with a faint wan smile; and then we went on down to the drawing-room.

I was anxious to hear what Stuart had to tell me and to go to my room, but I did not see how to leave Enid. She sat with clasped hands, in an attitude of deep dejection, her head bent, and her eyes fixed on the floor, listening, as I guessed, for the footsteps of the doctor with news from the sickroom. I watched her very anxiously, wishing I could do or say something to ease the strain, and yet unable to do anything; and, presently, she raised her head quickly, listened, and then sprang up and looked eagerly toward the door.

"The doctor, at last," she cried, and a moment afterwards the door was opened.

But it was not Dr. Arbuthnot. To my consternation, Mademoiselle Patras entered, looking not a whit less distracted and anguish-riven than Enid herself. On seeing the Greek, Enid started, and drew a deep breath, while a flush of pink rushed into her pale cheeks. The Greek on her side was equally moved, and the two stood for a space facing each other in silence. Then Haidée closed the door and turned to me.

"What is this terrible news I have just heard, Mr. Ormesby? Is Mr. Grant ill? Where is he? I wish to go to him."

"That you cannot do; you shall not," said Enid, instantly.

"Mr. Ormesby, I implore you to tell me the truth."

Enid laughed, a little, scornful, scoffing laugh.

"You act well, mademoiselle, but we were not all blind here. I can understand your anxiety. You have done your work, and now are anxious to know that it was well done; and, but for the blessing of God, you would have succeeded."

"What do you mean?" asked the Greek, turning then to her, and speaking in a low tone of pain.

"Mr. Grant has been taken ill suddenly," I began, when Enid interrupted me almost fiercely.

"My brother has been poisoned, Mademoiselle Patras, poisoned by you, and he is now battling for life."

"Poisoned!" It was no more than a whisper, and for a moment she reeled and had to clutch the back of a chair to save herself from falling. I made a step forward to help her; but with a great effort she rallied her strength. "Holy Mother of God, it cannot be true!"

"Cyrus is not here to see you act, mademoiselle," said Enid, in the same hard scornful tone. "Is not this a little—superfluous, this emotion?" But Haidée appeared too overcome by the news to heed Enid's scorn.

"It cannot be true; surely it cannot," she murmured in her own tongue. "What can it mean? My God, can it have come to this?"

"Mr. Ormesby understands your language. You should be careful," said Enid in the same tone.

"Can I not see him?" asked Haidée in English.

"No. You shall not go to gloat over your work. I have given the servants orders that you shall not be allowed to see him."

"Oh God, how cruel you are!" came like a cry from the Greek's heart.

I confess I was deeply moved; and to me her anguish had all the look and ring of genuine feeling. But Enid was untouched.

"You had better return to your rooms, mademoiselle," she said, coldly. "Unless you would prefer to leave the house while the way is still open."

"I must see him, I must," cried Haidée. "I know he would have me go to him, if he knew."

"If he knew, mademoiselle!" retorted Enid, catching her last words and repeating them with pungent significance. "If he knew, you would never have the chance to do this."

Anger began now to come to the Greek's aid as the first sharp sting of the blow abated. She met Enid's scornful look firmly, and taking a step or two nearer to her answered in a tone of concentrated feeling.

"I supplicate you here on my knees before you—do not deny me!"

"Do you dare to charge this terrible thing to me?—to me, who love your brother with a passion that would make death for his sake welcome?"

"He is not here to listen to you and be cheated, and I understand you too well."

"And you are his sister? His flesh and kin; born of the same mother; nurtured at the same breast; and yet are—this!" Her indignation was almost magnificent as she drew herself to her full height and flashed her eyes, all ablaze with anger, upon her accuser. But as if perceiving suddenly the futility of any anger, she changed in a moment to a tone of suppliant entreaty. "Ah, do not heed my anger. I call back the words. I am sorry I spoke them, but you goaded me. I would not anger you. You are his sister, and you must have a heart. See, I am overwhelmed by this fearful thing. Holy Mother of God, what can I say to touch your heart, and make you feel something of the tempest of grief in my own? I love him so! I love him so! I must go to him."

The scene was getting past bearing.

"He is quite unconscious, mademoiselle," I said; "and your going——" but Enid broke in upon me again.

"Is impossible. She shall not see him," she declared, vehemently, stamping her foot; and then to the Greek: "It was a pity to interrupt you. You would appeal to my heart, you say. I will answer the appeal. I love my brother with a love you do not understand, perhaps; and the very depth and strength of that love it is that fills me with passion against his—murderess."

"Ah!" Anger, indignation, protest, pain—all were in that one exclamation, and Haidée winced and shrank as from a blow, until with a strength of will that surprised me, she crushed back all feelings in the one consuming desire to gain her end. Knowing the fiery temperament of the Greek, her passionate resentment of insult, and the impatience of restraint and control which was the dominant note of her character; and believing as I did that she hated Enid and harboured a love of revenge for the former insult, her conduct seemed a supreme effort of self-restraint. If acting, then surely magnificent in its consummate realism.

"If you believe your own cruel words—oh, so deadly cruel—how can I hope to prevail with you?" she said, her voice vibrating with intense feeling. "But I would forget your cruelty; my ears would be deaf to your charge; I would have you think what you would suffer were you in my place, if the man you loved, if love you do, lay dying and you were kept from his side. You are a woman, and you know how a woman's heart yearns to succour the man she loves in the hour of darkness, suffering, and pain. It may be but little we can do, but how gladly is not that little done; what comfort it gives us to do it; what heart-rest there is in the mere acts of ministering! I urge you, therefore; I beg of you, nay, I supplicate you here on my knees before you—do not deny me," and throwing herself on her knees she tried to take Enid's hand, and when that was hastily withdrawn, to clutch her dress.

If this was not genuine feeling and grief, surely it was a marvellous presentment of sincerity; and the motive must be powerful and absorbing indeed which could drive a woman of such self-strength, courage and pride, to abase herself in this way. But Enid remained, outwardly at least, unmoved. She drew back from the kneeling urgent woman, and in a voice as firm as before, said:

"I do not wish you to kneel to me, Mademoiselle Patras. If this sorrowing of yours is genuine, it will give you the measure of my own suffering. And so long as I can prevent it, you shall never see my brother. You have done harm enough."

"God knows it—God knows it, I fear I may!" And she rose from her knees and stood, one hand on a chair, looking at Enid, like one half distracted, as she sought to think how she could prevail. "I am not guilty of what you think, but how can I make you believe this. You look so hard and unyielding, as though I were an outcast. I have abased myself to you as I never dreamed to do to any

one of God's creatures on this earth—and you are like a stone. I do not appeal to your pity; of that you have none, or you would understand me. I cannot touch your heart; for that you have hardened against me with hatred and despising. But you may not be deaf to justice: you cannot be, for you are of the the West, where justice is the air you breathe, and the highest attribute of the God you worship—the God we both worship in common, for I am no heathen, but a Christian like yourself; even as I am a woman like yourself; while we have that in common which should make us close friends and not enemies—our love for the man who has been thus dealt by and lies battling for his life, as you say. Do at least justice to me then; let me help to unravel this mystery, if mystery there be; join hands with me, and I swear by all I hold sacred that I will help loyally, earnestly, and if need be, with my life itself."

"Thank you, I do not seek and do not need your help, mademoiselle," said Enid, in the same calm, clear-cut, measured tones. The Greek half raised her hands as if in protest or entreaty, but let them fall again instantly, sighed and shook her head slowly with a gesture of utter despair. Some moments passed in a silence, which I found infinitely trying. Then Enid broke it.

"This scene has lasted too long already, mademoiselle. May I ask you to retire?"

"I have urged every plea that I could think of to try and make you understand my feeling and suffering, and you answer by sending me from your room. Do you think what it may cost you to do this? If the man I love and who loves me recovers, will he thank you, do you think, for having accused me of being his would-be murderess?" Her voice was stronger now, and her manner hardening.

"You have already used your influence to turn my brother against me, and would no doubt use it again. Do so."

"It is you who make me your enemy."

"I would rather have your enmity than your friendship."

"Do you mean that?" The question was asked fiercely, and almost threateningly.

"I do not fear you in the least," said Enid, proudly.

"Yet you may have bitter cause to regret your acts and words of to-day."

"Your empty threats have no more weight with me than your false entreaties. There is no more truth in one than the other. Mr. Ormesby, I wish you would see Mademoiselle Patras to her rooms. These theatrical displays tire me." And with an ostentatious shrug of contempt, Enid turned away, and threw herself on a chair with her back to the Greek.

Haidée winced, and trembled with rage at this last act of contemptuous insult, and I looked for a violent outbreak; but it did not come, on fire though she was. She paused, still trembling with her passion, and then said:

"As you please, but remember it is your own act and choice that makes us enemies, and we Greeks do not forget." The tone was one of concentrated, vengeful passion, in full accord with the look of hate she directed at Enid. Then after another pause she turned to me: "Mr. Ormesby, you are Mr. Grant's secretary, and I am his affianced wife. I demand, in his name, that you show me to him. I will see him. I have every right."

"Mr. Ormesby," said Enid, instantly, "you know the instructions I have given to the servants. No one is to see Cyrus, and certainly not Mademoiselle Patras."

"I have the right, and will see him, Mr. Ormesby."

"I am not a court of appeal from Miss Grant, mademoiselle," I answered. "I have neither the right to take you to my friend, nor to keep you from him; but if I had, I should not let you see him at present."

"I expected some such answer, for I know you are no friend of mine," replied the Greek, haughtily; "but, remember, that I made the request, and you refused it."

"I am not likely to forget it." I had felt genuinely sorry for her, but this overbearing tone of hers was more than I could stand complacently.

"I shall see him, sir, nevertheless," she said, angrily; and so, indeed, it proved. For at that moment, just as I had opened the door for her to leave, Dr. Arbuthnot came downstairs to us.

"How is Cyrus, doctor?" asked Enid, excitedly. "Can I go to him?"

"I'm glad to tell you, much better. The crisis is over, I believe, and he will recover."

"Is he conscious? Has he asked for me?" she cried, eagerly.

"He is quite conscious, but I regret he has not asked for you. He wishes to see Mademoiselle Patras."

The blaze of triumph in the Greek's eyes was a sight to see.

"I am Mademoiselle Patras," she said. "Will you take me to him, Sir?"

The doctor glanced in turn at her and at Enid, and then looked questioningly to me for some explanation.

"Mademoiselle Patras is engaged to Mr. Grant," I said quietly.

"And has tried to poison him, doctor, remember that," said Enid, interposing in a cold cutting tone that bit like an acid. "His life may not be safe if she goes near him."

The doctor was sadly disconcerted for a moment.

"I have only to deal with the medical aspect of the case, of course," he answered after a pause. "Mrs. Wellings and the nurse are there, and I am afraid I must say that in my opinion it would be highly inadvisable not to comply with his request. Of course, nothing must occur at the bedside to distress or excite him unduly, or I cannot answer for the consequences in so critical a case."

"Then I will go as well," declared Enid.

"I am deeply pained, Miss Grant," said the doctor, interposing, "but I regret to say my patient expressly asked that you should not go to him for the present."

Poor Enid. The blow must have struck right to her heart; but she would not flinch nor show a sign of vexation. Haidée, however, was almost brutal in her triumph, and cried with a sneer:

"That is good. It shows indeed how completely Mr. Grant has recovered. Will you take me, or shall I go alone, doctor?"

"Can I see you the moment I come down, Mr. Ormesby?" whispered the doctor.

As Haidée left the room she turned a last glance of smiling triumph on Enid who met the look firmly, taking her defeat without the least outward discomposure. But as soon as the door closed, she threw up her clenched hands high above her head and let them fall with a long-drawn, half-suppressed cry of bitter mortification and suffering. Then her quick ear having caught a sound, she stopped abruptly as she was in the very act of throwing herself despairingly on a couch, and coming to me, said in a quiet natural voice and with a smile:

"Is it not splendid that Cyrus is better?"

I did not understand until, hearing the door softly opened behind us, I turned and saw the Greek look in.

She had come back to feast her eyes on her antagonist's humiliation, and Enid, hearing her, had vamped instantly this little bit of by-play and so cheated her of her moment of triumph.

Need I say I was glad?

THE SULTAN'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS

By GEORGE A. WADE

This account of the Private Apartments of Yildiz Palace (formerly known as Yildiz Kiosk), the residence of the Sultan of Turkey, with the accompanying illustrations, will have a special interest for readers of Mr. Marchmont's story, "The Snare of Love," now running in this Magazine.

PERHAPS of all the monarchs of Europe, the personality of the Sultan of Turkey is most mysterious to many people, and thus is very attractive to the average man and woman, who dearly loves anything or anybody connected with what is strange and little known.

Many circumstances have combined to make the Sultan of Turkey live a more retired life than any other Continental ruler; into these several circumstances we need not inquire at any length here. Suffice it to say that the great Sovereign of the immense Ottoman Empire is virtually a prisoner within a very small radius; that his home and environment are but little known, from the interior point of view, even to his own subjects in Turkey, much less to people as remote from that land as England is; that most accounts of how he spends his time, of the work he does, are all more or less simply irresponsible gossip, and not obtained from official sources.

It has occurred to me, therefore, that some reliable narrative of the Sultan and his home, given to me by one who has first-hand information, may not be uninteresting to the readers of this magazine.

When Abdul Hamid came to the throne of Turkey, after the strange and mysterious disappearance of his relative, Murad, the former Sultan, it can be safely affirmed that he found himself in one of the most curious and undesirable positions in which any monarch could be placed. Before him stood the late assassination of his predecessor, Abdul Aziz, whose murderers were only waiting the opportunity, it was said, to strike another blow at the new ruler. Murad himself, who should have become Sultan, was deemed by many influential Turks quite unfitted for such a post, and had quietly disappeared. Even to this day his fate remains unknown to everybody but about three people. Some folk say he also was murdered; some affirm he committed suicide; some say that he is still living, but kept a close prisoner. The outlook for Abdul Hamid, then, was not promising.

As time went on it grew worse. The Sultan had been brought up with narrow views, and was dead against the new schemes and aspirations of the party bearing the title of "Young Turkey." He objected to all innovations and changes of government and laws. Hence his life was threatened from many quarters, and he had so many narrow escapes from a terrible death during the first year or two of his reign that his naturally reserved temperament became more and more nervous and fearful, until at last he positively refused to do anything whatever out of the usual daily run of work or leisure; and, having chosen one particular residence as his own, he absolutely declined, on any pretext, to leave it even for a day, except when he was obliged to attend at the palace of Dolman Bagtche in order to receive the Ambassadors and Ministers of State on important occasions.

The retreat which Abdul Hamid thus chose for himself was the little summer residence of former Sultans, called Yildiz. He left to others the splendid palace mentioned above; he never again set foot in the beautiful Beylerbey, or the regal Cheragan, the palaces which Abdul Aziz had been so fond of. He resolved that,

Photo by Sabah & Joaillier.

THE YILDIZ PALACE AND MOSQUE HAMID, CONSTANTINOPLE.

for the remainder of his life, he would live at Yildiz, where the house was so small, and the retinue thus necessary so small also, that he need not have in his personal train anyone of whose fidelity he was not absolutely certain.

He has, indeed, been wise in this resolve, however terrible his plight appears to the world at large; and we must confess that such an imprisonment is terrible. Yildiz Palace is in reality hardly better than a good-sized country house; indeed, it went for a long time under the name of Yildiz Kiosk, so small is it for a monarch's home. It is situated about three miles from Constantinople, on the hills that border the delightful Bosphorus. Round it, and forming a fine background to it, are dark woods that well set off the white glistening pile of the Kiosk itself, as one sees it from the famous straits on which Constantinople stands.

All the park round the palace is especially well-wooded, and is of fair extent. Beautiful grassy slopes go down from the house to the very shores of the Bosphorus, and every where are flowers, flowers, flowers. The Sultan is particularly fond of flowers, and has almost all his own windows festooned with them. The sight is a most charming one to the few people ever allowed to see it. He is also much interested in fountains, gold-fish, and decorative work, and the various courts of Yildiz have many specimens of these things which give him pleasure.

THE SULTAN'S PRIVATE SITTING-ROOM.

The house itself is rather a plain-looking building, and from its exterior one could hardly judge of what a lovely vision the interior presents. Few people, indeed, can boast that they have ever been in the Sultan's private rooms, so this account of some of them from one who has cannot but prove interesting.

The Sultan uses a suite of rooms that lie on the ground floor, and which, from their windows, have the finest views imaginable over the blue waters of the Bosphorus, and the charming Golden Horn,

whose beauty is praised by every traveller from every clime. He has a private sitting-room into which no others except his personal attendants are allowed to go; he has a reception-room where he receives such visitors as *must* be seen; he has two dining-rooms, one for his own private use *en famille*, and one where he may dine with guests on the few occasions when such have to be entertained. He has also, in this suite, a room specially devoted to his favourite Sultana's use, besides several private bedrooms.

The sitting-room which is specially kept for Abdul Hamid himself, is one of the most delightful drawing-rooms in the world. It might really be a lady's boudoir, so dainty and pretty is it with all its furniture and decorations. White is the prevailing colour in the scheme of ornamentation, whilst the rich upholstery of the beautiful chairs and couches is of crimson and gold. Wonderful chandeliers hang from the ceiling, and similar candlesticks of many lights stand in different parts of the room. Curiously enough, whilst nearly all the furniture has a sort of Oriental look in its design of brocade and upholstery, yet when one sees the room as a whole it appears to be furnished in Western fashion.

The Sultan is fond of reading, and always has one or two small bookcases close at hand filled with his favourite volumes. He spends many an hour in this apartment, day after day, lying or sitting on the luxurious couches, intent on study or reading, when he is not engaged in State affairs or doing the daily round so carefully planned by himself. When, after evening dinner, he does not retire to the Sultana's private rooms, to see his children and chat with them and his favourites, he may generally be found in this drawing-room reading far into the night.

THE SULTAN'S DRAWING-ROOM IN YILDIZ PALACE, WHERE AMBASSADORS AND FOREIGNERS OF DISTINCTION ARE RECEIVED.

The drawing-room, or reception-room, where the Sultan receives such important

persons as Royalties, Ministers, and Ambassadors, is close by his private one. It is also a lovely apartment, but arranged and decorated in quite another style to the one just described. Perhaps the three things in it which most strike the visitor are the charming tables, the magnificent china, and the wonderful carpets. The china would

THRONE OF THE ANCIENT SULTANS.

delight the heart of the greatest collector that even England can boast. Some of it stands in specially-made china-cabinets, and other large pieces are placed for most effective show on tables or pedestals in various parts of the room. But wherever it may be, one cannot but stop to admire it, to look and look again at it. As to the carpets here, though Yildiz can lay claim to possessing the finest carpets that Turkey, the most renowned place in the world for manufacturing carpets, has ever made, yet the reception-room holds the pride of Yildiz's carpets. You feel when treading on them as if you were walking on turf five hundred years old.

When Abdul Hamid dines *en famille* he uses the room of which a photograph is given on page 313, though many more chairs are placed than there is necessity for. This dining-room is a splendid apartment, and the dining-table is truly a sight worth seeing when it is set out "fit for a king!" Perhaps no sovereign has such an array of glass and china as well as of gold and silver plate as has the ruler of Turkey, for the Ottoman Sovereigns have ever been famous for this particular phase of royal entertaining. The glitter and show of this dining-table, when the subdued light, reflected from all kinds of coloured glass, is thrown upon it and its contents, are something to be remembered by one who has seen them.

It is, however, in the large dining-room that the great dinners to State officials and foreign persons of note take place. But the Sovereign of Turkey seldom joins his guests there, nevertheless. So retired have become his habits, and so nervous has he grown about any ceremony out of the usual daily run, that he always absents himself from the State functions in this room if he possibly can. When he is perforce obliged to attend he generally occupies the middle of the centre cross-table seen in the photograph on page 314, whilst the most important guests sit next to him or facing him, and the others are ranged down the side-tables.

The rooms for the ladies of the household are most carefully guarded and secluded, but we are able on page 312 to give a view of one of those set apart for the Sultana's use. The window-hangings are of crimson velvet, and the general scheme of upholstery in this room is, strange to relate, more solid in appearance than in the Sultan's own private rooms, yet it is most richly furnished in every way. Nothing seems to be lacking that can in any manner reconcile

the female inhabitants of the Yildiz Palace to the seclusion that is the natural lot of all Moorish women, and still more particularly of the dwellers in the Sultan's harem.

The Sultan himself, so I have been told by one most likely to know, is particularly fond of children, of watching them at play and even of playing with them in his quiet way. But he gets little time for indulging such domestic propensities. And his life has become such a burden nowadays through nervousness and State cares that he has probably not much heart for such innocent pleasures as this, as he used to have. He generally eats alone, and he is most abstemious in his fare. He drinks very little, and that mostly light wines. The Mohammedan code of rules regarding temperance as to diet prescribed to the "Faithful" surely find their chief supporter in the present ruler of Turkey. He is much afraid of being secretly poisoned, and has all his dishes at dinner served in silver saucepans, which are always presented to him at table strongly sealed.

Abdul Hamid has ever been an early riser, and after a cup of coffee and slight fare, devotes himself to prayers. Ten o'clock sees him ready to attend to State business, which generally occupies him until one, when he takes lunch, usually alone in his own sitting-room. The afternoon he devotes to a long drive in the palace grounds, or to a row on the water, which passes the foot of the Yildiz slopes. If Turkish affairs are pressing, he goes to business again at six, and invariably dines at about half-past seven. After dinner, from about nine, the Sultan spends his evening in one of two distinct ways. Sometimes he goes to the private apartments of the harem to visit the Sultana and the children, and sometimes he attends again with his Ministers to his country's business, to clear off what has been left over.

SITTING-ROOM OF THE FAVOURITE SULTANA IN YILDIZ PALACE.

When the evening is spent in the harem music ever forms a notable part of it. The

PRIVATE DINING-ROOM OF THE SULTAN.

Sultan dearly loves music of all kinds, and he himself is no mean performer. He has even been known to take a turn at the piano (when strictly in private amongst his own family) for the common pleasure, and he plays excellently. As a speaker his voice is low, rather sweet, and very persuasive. He has a somewhat slow delivery of words, especially before anyone whom he does not thoroughly know and trust. But his eyes light up wonderfully, and his face becomes animated, when any subject that he is much interested in comes up for discussion, and he listens with great pleasure to any remarks made upon it. It may be interesting to know that he has little sympathy with the practice of bringing each year a certain number of beautiful Circassian or Georgian girls into the harem. Law prescribes that this custom shall obtain, but the Sultan simply hands them over to his mother to have them educated and well brought up, after which he allows his chief officials to take them for wives.

It is difficult, indeed, to think of this genial, if quiet, man as a prisoner in worse condition than many of those languishing in Turkish prisons, which are not very attractive ones. For to them there is hope of being some day released from durance; to him there is little, seeing his nervous state gets worse day by day. He will not go outside the Yildiz grounds on any pretence. The "Selamlik"—that is the public attendance at prayers by the Turkish Sovereign—must be performed each Friday, so the Sultan has had a small mosque specially built in the grounds of the palace, and to this he goes every prescribed day. His subjects are not allowed to see him do it, except from afar. Foreigners of distinction can get a ticket to view the Sultan's procession by applying to their own Ambassador, as a general rule, but even these tickets are sometimes interdicted. And in no case must the privileged spectator, if a woman, allow her face to be seen by the Sultan as he goes to the Mosque!

He is as strictly guarded by soldiers in

this private procession through his own palace grounds—short as it is—as though he were travelling in the wilds of Turkistan amongst hostile savages! The slightest noise or unusual occurrence makes him shrink and tremble. My informant told me that, great as is the position appointed by Allah to the "Commander of the Faithful," he himself infinitely prefers the freedom of England and the work of a Turkish merchant here to the solitary splendour and the terrible nightmare that are the daily lot of "the prisoner of the Yildiz."

We can hardly close this article without a word or two about the famous jewels and treasures of the Sultan. So that no one shall have the temptation to break into Yildiz and injure him for the purpose of stealing his treasures, the latter are mostly still kept at the old Seraglio, the former palace of Turkish Sovereigns, which was mostly burnt down nearly forty years ago. One fine room there contains all the various costumes worn by different Sultans on great State occasions. It must be worth untold wealth, seeing how many jewels and rich ornaments decorate those vestments, left just as they were when last used.

Another apartment contains treasure valued at millions of pounds—treasure of every kind: gold, silver, gems, jewels in profusion are kept there, all locked and sealed in glass cases, safe from purloining or vulgar touch. The servants of the Sultan who have charge of these wonderful treasures are his most trustworthy subjects, and they answer for the safety of their charge with their lives. Room after room reveals wealth and attractions that would do credit to stories in the "Arabian Nights." Yet all this splendour and wealth has small attraction for Abdul Hamid, for what pleasure has a man in such as these when he is in daily fear of his own life?

THE STATE DINING-ROOM OF YILDIZ PALACE.

AUNT DOADIE

By ELLIS ACLAND

IT was the oddest epistle, and I gazed at it in blank dismay. The post-mark on the envelope was Chelsea, and the letter was signed Alicia Smith; apart from these two facts, it was curiously unlike the answer I had anticipated.

Even the Dad, who is the most unobservant of men, noticed my discomposure, and looked up from his morning paper to hope slily:

"That the young lady had not said 'No'?"

"Miss Smith has not said either 'Yes' or 'No,'" I tried to answer lightly, and to seem amused at this alarming fact. "I told you we had a little tiff, and she words her letter so stiffly, that I am afraid she has not got over it. She contents herself by saying that she will be at home at twelve o'clock."

I believe he saw I was as nervous as a cat, and objected to being asked to call at a stated hour, as if I were the tax collector, for he observed cheeringly:

"Well, at any rate that gives you permission to plead your suit personally, and a girl had better be stift than gushing any day. Mark my words, Clem, a woman who gushes with pen and ink is the very devil."

He spoke so earnestly that no doubt he was thinking of some particular case. He has been a widower for some years, and was very much run after while in India.

Just as I was reflecting on what might lie hidden under this oracular utterance, he offered a fresh suggestion:

"Perhaps her aunt—you told me your divinity lived with an aunt—objects to your suit?"

"Oh, no!" I was able to meet this cheerfully and with a clear conscience. "Old Miss Smith (who, by the way, is a singularly attractive woman, and only old by comparison with Alice) is strongly in my favour. She had an unhappy love affair some years ago, and instead of souring her disposition, it has caused her to show a sympathetic interest in all true lovers."

The Governor smothered a gigantic yawn; he had been most patient in listening to my tirades as to Alice's merits, but when it came to her relations he was evidently bored, so I finished hastily:

"No, if there is any hitch, it is no fault of Aunt Doadie's."

I never saw anything like the change that came over the Dad; to say that he left off yawning, and was galvanised into life is to put it mildly.

"Aunt Doadie!" he repeated loudly and incredulously. "Did you say, 'Doadie'?"

I admitted that I had said "Doadie"; personally I quite agreed that it was a fool of a name, but still I was huffed that he should cavil at it in this manner.

"Doadie Smith," he said in a whisper, as if he were thinking aloud; before I could inform him that Miss Smith was only called Doadie by her niece, and that I imagined it to be a corruption of Dorothy, he burst out again in his ordinary tone of voice:

"What about this old love affair you talk of? Why on earth didn't Aunt Doadie marry like other women?"

He did not deceive me for a moment; I knew that he was shamming an interest to try and atone for his previous rudeness.

"A great many women do not marry nowadays," I answered shortly. "I don't know all the particulars about Miss Smith, but from what I could gather, she has always remained constant to some fellow who courted her in her youth. 'Loved and he rode away' sort of thing; some men are such cads!"

He glared at me fiercely. Anyone might have thought that he suspected some

personal offence in my careless speech, and then branched off at a tangent in the most remarkable manner:

"What is the name of *your* girl? This girl you want to marry?" he asked explosively.

It was not respectful, and as there was only one girl in question, and we had been talking of her all the time, I could only imagine that he wished to make himself offensive. For my own part, I was too much annoyed to trust myself to reply, so I pushed the open letter across the table and pointed to the signature in silence.

"Faithfully yours, Alicia Smith." He read it aloud in a tone of astonishment, looked closely at the delicate handwriting as if he could not believe the evidence of his own eyes, and snatching up the letter, literally bolted out of the room.

Even if I had had any idea that he was likely to behave in this mad way, there would have been no time to stop him. I heard a sharp click, and knew that he was locked in his own room, almost before I realised that he had taken my precious letter with him.

It was too soon to start for Durham Place, but I went out at once and banged the door. It was a childish thing to do, but it was the only way I could mark my annoyance.

The moment I was in the front garden I discovered, the Dad's window being open, that he was whistling in an aggressively cheerful manner. It was a melodious whistle and a pretty tune, but the sound of it added fuel to the fire already raging in my breast, so that I felt tempted to stand in the garden and hurl vituperation at his head.

Fortunately for the peace of mind of the neighbourhood, which has always been eminently respectable, I refrained, and started off with the melody ringing in my ears. It was a song—an old song. What was it? It came to me in an aggravating way, a bit at a time—

> "So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
> So much in love am I,
> That I will come again, my dear,
> Though all the seas run dry."

I was three streets off by this time and my temper began to cool. My father had shown his interest in my love affairs in a strange way, but after all he must be interested, or why, when alone, should he fall back on such a singularly appropriate and sentimental ditty.

I hailed a Chelsea 'bus instinctively, and then remembering that it was still too early, got out at South Kensington, and was just in time to see the tail of a grey gown, very like one that Alice wears, disappearing into the Museum.

It was almost impossible that it should be Alice, who was no doubt getting ready for my expected visit, but at a cost of sixpence, it being a students' day, I followed the wearer of the grey gown. She made for a corner where I knew my divinity had been copying a head of St. Jerome, and began to put up an easel.

I had recognised the grey dress at a glance, and knew the easel well. The girl was Alicia, and she evidently meant to stop and paint, as if it were an ordinary day, instead of the most momentous one in both our lives.

Apparently there was no end to this morning's surprises, and I gave a sigh of resignation. The Dad's behaviour had been incomprehensible; I had not understood the tone of Alicia's letter, and still less did I grasp the meaning of her present movements. So thinking, I squeezed myself into the corner, between her easel and the head of St. Jerome.

"I thought it was you," I began fatuously, "although I little expected to meet you here."

She elevated her dainty eyebrows—everything about her is dainty—and remarked archly:

"And yet I paint here twice a week, and seldom miss a students' day! But tell me, what brings you here?"

"I saw you come in and followed you."

She blushed divinely.

"I was on my way to Durham Place to keep your appointment." The blush faded. "My appointment!" she repeated bluntly. "What appointment?"

Really this was a little too bad; it was

She had accidentally got two great splashes of paint on her gown.

embarrassing to have to explain, but I did so in terms that allowed no possibility of mistake.

"I wrote in answer to a letter from you, and asked you to call on me at 12 o'clock!" she replied, in a tone of astonishment. "What for? There is some mistake, Mr. Brudenell, or some person is playing us a trick. I have neither received nor replied to any letter from you."

She spoke so clearly, and with such an air of decision, that I was thunderstruck.

"But someone at Durham Place certainly received and answered it in your name," I insisted.

"Where is this letter? Let me see it."

The demand was made imperiously. I almost groaned.

"It is impossible for me to show it you," I said lamely. "It was—ahem!—stolen from me!"

Alicia favoured me with an incredulous glance, and throwing her head back, looked at St. Jerome with her eyes half shut, and then squeezed some cadmium on to her palette with an air of complete absorption. This was intolerable. I hurriedly pulled forward a chair, and sat down beside her.

"Let me tell you the whole truth," I blurted out desperately, and thereupon proceeded to do so.

She pretended to be intensely amused at my father's behaviour, and persisted that the whole affair was an elaborate practical joke on his part.

"I can't think how you could be so absurd as to imagine that this reply came from me," she said loftily. "Am I the sort of girl who writes stiff letters?"

I ventured to interpolate that I did not know, and would like an opportunity of judging, but she ignored the interruption, and continued with a heightened colour:

"If you had written me a nice letter, I should have responded in a similar strain."

At this interesting stage we were interrupted by a Roman-nosed female, who almost submerged the easel in her efforts to examine a small picture behind it. Just as I was despairing of ever getting rid of her, Alice calmly reversed two of the brushes that lay on a chair ready for use, and then sweetly directed the Roman-nosed female's attention to the fact that she had accidentally got two great splashes of paint on her gown.

"Turpentine may take them out if it is applied at once," she suggested, in a sympathetic tone.

When relieved of our incubus in this masterly manner, she said, coaxingly:

"Tell me what was in this mysterious letter that you received."

"I can tell you every word," I answered enthusiastically. "The note purported to come from Durham Place, and it ran: 'Dear Mr. Brudenell,—Your letter was not such a surprise as it would have been six months ago, as latterly my thoughts have often turned to the past——'"

"How could you think I should write such twaddle?" Alice interrupted, scornfully; "it sounds like my grandmother. But go on."

I was only waiting a chance to do so: "'I shall be at home and disengaged at 12 o'clock to-morrow. I do not feel inclined to say more now, and I do not know that it is necessary for me to do so . . . .' And then it was signed: 'Yours faithfully, Alicia Smith.'"

She looked at me with startled eyes.

"Alicia Smith!" she repeated slowly; "if you addressed your letter to Alicia Smith, that accounts for my not receiving it."

"Isn't your name Alicia?" I queried stupidly.

"Certainly not! I was christened Mary Alice, and am generally known by my second name. Aunt Doadie is Alicia Smith!"

I was thunderstruck. Here was a nice situation.

"Then you mean that your aunt wrote the stiff epistle asking me to call at 12 o'clock?"

She nodded with an unwontedly serious expression.

"Worse than that," she said solemnly. "Don't you understand that Aunt Doadie read *my* letter and thought it was for her?"

"Impossible!" I ejaculated, and even

as I spoke I felt that this was the only solution.

"Why impossible?"

"Because in the note I wrote you, after asking your forgiveness for my atrocious behaviour, I went on to say that it was the dearest wish of my heart to call you my wife."

I was flushed, and felt some slight embarrassment, but nothing could exceed her sublime unconsciousness. She appeared not to understand that a proposal of marriage had just been made, and looked at me with an unaccountable air of distress.

"Oh, poor, poor, poor Aunt Doadie!" she said with a burst of grief. "Help me to pack up my things. I can't stop here any longer. I never, never was so sorry about anything in my life."

I felt so hopelessly at sea that I was glad to obey orders in silence. However, as we left the Museum, I ventured to suggest that I did not quite understand why she was so distressed.

"It was your father," she said in a hushed whisper.

"My father?" I repeated in amazement. She actually stopped in the courtyard and stamped her little foot with vexation.

"How inconceivably stupid you men are!" she burst out fiercely. "It was your father that Aunt Doadie has loved all her life! It was your father that went away to India and married someone else! And now you add to the injury by writing an ambiguously worded letter, which she has answered, thinking he was anxious to atone for the past."

I could see how the mistake arose now. Fool that I was not to have thought of it before! The note that I had opened that morning was addressed to Clement Brudenell; but now that the dad was in England, I was only Clement Brudenell, Junior.

"I am so sorry! What ought we to do?" I asked eagerly.

"It is too late to do anything," she answered miserably. "If your father has kept the appointment, she must know by now."

It was so distressing to me to watch her walking along, and brushing away a tear every few minutes, that I rather lost my head.

"Miss Smith is a very attractive woman," I observed sapiently. "I shouldn't be surprised if the Dad asked her to marry him after all."

She was extremely offended at this supposition, which was the purest conjecture on my part.

"From what I have heard, I am not prepossessed in your father's favour," she observed severely; "but I imagine even he will shrink from saying to a woman: 'As you made a mistake, and accepted me before you were asked, I don't mind being magnanimous and fulfilling your expectations.'"

"You do not know my father," I retorted angrily. "The mistake arose through no fault of his, and I, for one, can always trust him to do what is right and just and kind."

I was expecting that a quarrel was imminent, but Alice was so miserable that she had very little spirit left.

"Of course you are quite right to defend your father," she replied with meekness; "but I am so distressed about Aunt."

At this moment we turned into Durham Place.

"Why, there they both are on the balcony!" exclaimed Alice. And, sure enough, there was Aunt Doadie most becomingly dressed, with a little flush on her cheeks that restored her lost youth, while the Dad stood beside her, looking as jolly as a sand-boy. She waved her hand to us smilingly, and the Dad rushed downstairs to greet us with rapture.

"So this is Mary Alice Smith," he said, with a wink at me. "And have you said 'Yes' to Clem, my dear? And are you going to be his little wife?"

Here was a nice way to behave! I positively shivered at his boldness, but Alice, with a meekness which she reserves for special occasions, and has certainly never exhibited since, answered:

"Yes, please," like a good little schoolgirl.

"You take a load off my mind," said the

Dad, holding her hand and patting it, while I wondered jealously when my turn would come; "you must know that Clem wrote you a letter, rather a particular letter, yesterday, and I not only forgot to post it, but have lost it."

I caught my breath in astonishment, and Alice listened with her eyes like saucers.

"Unpardonably careless on my part!" he went on mournfully, "but my thoughts have been occupied with some private business in which your aunt was concerned. When you come upstairs she will tell you all about it, and you will see that I really had a good excuse."

He finished slily and with the ghost of a wink; then, finding that Alice's eyes were full of tears, and that she was incapable of replying, he literally pushed her into my arms and fled.

"Aunt Doadie has no idea that any mistake was made, and he means to behave so that she will never discover it," said Alice, summing up the facts judicially. "Oh, Clement, I think your father is just splendid!"

I quite agreed with her, but I was making an effort to seem cool and collected, so responded lightly:

"It will be a funny relationship, and, after all, you will never get your own letter!"

"If you exerted yourself, very much," she observed archly, "perhaps you could write me another."

Five minutes later a few chords were struck on the piano upstairs; we started apart guiltily.

"Let us go up to them," suggested Alice. "Aunt is playing."

"And the Dad is going to sing," I finished the sentence as she opened the door, and the first lines of the song floated down the stairs:

"My love is like the red, red rose,
That's newly blown in June;
My love is like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune."

"It seems a pity that she must find it out some day," I remarked pessimistically. Alice held up her little hand to silence me as we waited on the staircase, and the song continued:

"So fair art thou, my bonnie lass!
So much in love am I,
That I will come again, my dear,
Though all the seas run dry!"

"Why should she ever find out?" asked Alice, in a calmly superior manner. "You wait and see; she will never dream of such a thing."

She was a true prophetess. It was a very happy marriage, and Aunt Doadie never suspected that there was anything unusual in its arrangement.

OLD WHITSUNTIDE CUSTOMS

By K. M. GUTHRIE

THE Whitsuntide holiday has nowadays no special characteristic to distinguish it from any of the other annual regulation holidays. There was a time, however, when there were sundry festivities which were inseparably connected with it. There were, for instance, those convivial parochial meetings, the Whitsun-ales, so called from an Anglo-Saxon word, meaning merry-making or feasting. In olden days "ales" took place at various times of the year, in various connections, and under various names; there were Leet-ales, Lamb-ales, Bride-ales, and Midsummer-ales. The ales of Whitsun were called Church-ales; they were held in the church-house of the parish, and a considerable amount of money was made at them in various ways, which, says an old book, was used to "repaire the church or chappel, to buy bookes for service, cuppes for the celebration of the Sacrament, and other necessaries." The Whitsun-ales seem always to have been held with a worthy object. A writer on the subject says that in a certain large parish with which he was familiar, there was no poor-rate, but that the Church-ales of Whitsun "did the business." The householders of the parish met thereat and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people were there too, and had dancing and bowling and shooting at butts; the ancients sitting gravely by and looking on. "All things were civil and without scandal."

The due celebration of the Whitsun-ales, as may be imagined, involved from first to last a good deal of outlay. To meet this fell to the lot of the churchwardens, who levied contributions for the purpose on the parishioners, both in money and in kind. They appear to have made collection all round the parish, of whatsoever provision or money it pleased the people voluntarily to bestow; each gave what he could, "whereby the stock by many smails grew to a meetly greatnesse, so that at Whitsuntide folk could assemble at the church-house and there merrily feed on their owne victuals," and also on the good things bought out of the "church stocke." In some towns a quantity of malt was bought with the money collected, and made into strong ale, and this sold to the parishioners; the money going to parochial uses.

Besides the church-ales, morris-dancing or mumming was a great feature of the Whitsuntide festivities. The old English morris-dance, as everyone knows, was a quaint open-air representation of the adventures of Robin Hood and his Merry Men. The principal performers in it were Robin Hood himself, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, Little John, and the Fool on his Hobby-horse, who marched on the scene of action in procession, each surrounded by a special band of satellites. First came a group of foresters and flower-crowned maidens, then Robin Hood in his suit of Lincoln-green, with Little John on his right hand, followed by a group of attendants. The procession of Maid Marian came next; two maidens preceding her strewing flowers, and a bevy of others walking at her side in "sky-coloured rochets, girt with crimson girdles." Now followed Friar Tuck, Robin Hood's jovial chaplain, clad in russet habit, and carrying a huge quarter-staff over his shoulder, and the Fool on his Hobby-horse brought up the rear in parti-coloured dress and with bauble held aloft. The Fool was destined to be the centre of attraction in the morris-dance which followed, as he curvetted here and there on his ridiculous charger. Hardly less popular was Friar Tuck, solemnly patrolling the enclosure set apart for the dancers, dropping his quarter-staff on unruly toes that overstepped the boundary, and adjuring those who swore

at such treatment to go home and say paternosters instead.

The performance of the morris-dance was not by any means restricted to Whitsuntide, but how intimately it was connected with that feast is seen in the allusion Shakespeare makes to it in *Henry V.*, where the Dauphin, speaking of his preparation for war with England, says:—

"And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance."

In former times Whit Monday, to the Londoner, meant Greenwich Fair. Thousands of people flocked there by stage-coach and wherry to find the narrow street of the town lined with shows and stalls. Other fairs of lesser importance were held also on that day, for an old almanack of 1677 has the following entry opposite Whitsuntide:—

"At Islington
A fair they hold
Where cakes and ale
Are to be sold.

At Highgate and
At Holloway
The like is kept
Here every day.

At Totnam Court
And Kentish Town
And all those places
Up and down."

And, besides all these gay doings, there was always on Whit Tuesday the well-known festivity of the Eton Montem. This observance was a relic of the quaint ceremony of the election of the Boy Bishop which obtained formerly throughout the English cathedrals, and many of the grammar-schools, and which was observed on St. Nicholas' Day.

The Boy Bishop was solemnly elected and installed in his cathedral with full episcopal honours by mock clergy—generally the cathedral choristers. In some dioceses—notably in that of Salisbury—his election was no mere form, for he benefited substantially by it, and is said to have had the right to dispose of all livings that fell vacant during his brief tenure. After the ceremony of his election it was customary for the little new Bishop, clad in episcopal robes, to march with his clergy in procession round the neighbourhood, levying a tax of money, as they went, on the onlookers. This was known as the Bishop's subsidy, and was demanded by the boys as a right.

With the dawn of the Reformation, the pastime of the Boy Bishop gradually disappeared; the spirit of it survived, however, as has been said already, in the form of the Eton Montem. This ceremony consisted of the Etonians marching in procession on Whit Tuesday to Salt Hill, where they elected one of their number to be their captain, dined, and marched back to college again in the evening. The procession, in contradistinction to that in which it originated, was strictly military, the vestments of the Boy Bishop and his clergy becoming the uniforms of an officer and the soldiers under him. The Bishop's subsidy found a counterpart in the collection of money from the bystanders during the march *ad montem.* This was made by certain boys called salt-bearers, who gave the donors in exchange a little salt—the emblem of wit and learning—thereby pledging themselves to become well versed in the same. In course of time the Eton Montem, instead of being observed every Whit Tuesday, became a biennial affair, and then triennial. This rule was adhered to until the year 1847, when, for various reasons, it was abolished altogether.

All these old Whitsuntide ceremonies are interesting enough, but by far the most ancient and striking of them all was the celebration of the Whitsun Mysteries by the Trade-guilds of the old city of Chester, on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in Whitsun-week.

These quaint performances of events recorded in Bible history were originally organised in the days when the Bible was interdicted, in order to familiarise the people therewith. This they did in the most ingenuous manner, mixing up all sorts of secular legends and traditions with Bible History, and naïvely bringing the whole up to date by interlarding it with mediæval customs and modes of speech.

The first recorded performance of the Chester Mysteries took place about the end of the thirteenth century; from that time onward it became an annual institution, and continued till the Reformation banished it as savouring of popery and profanity and other horrors. The plays followed sacred history closely, from the Fall of Lucifer to Doomsday; they were represented in a series of pageants, twenty-four in number, which were acted in the picturesque streets of Chester, on large movable stages, open on the four sides so that all could see. The whole performance was excellently organised. Nine of the pageants were performed on Whit Monday, nine on the Tuesday, and the remainder on the Wednesday. Each scene was played in every principal street of the town; the first moving on directly it was finished, and the next immediately taking its place, so that all the pageants were being acted in different parts at one and the same time.

The people of Chester, from all accounts, loved their mysteries, throwing themselves into them heart and soul, and receiving the strange statements made therein with sublime credulity. Certain of the pageants were, of course, more popular than others; the favourites being those which were most realistic, or which relieved the solemnity of the occasion by a touch of humour. An immensely popular scene was "The Story of Noah's Flood," because of the amusing part which Noah's wife played in it. It was her rôle to be refractory about entering the ark, preferring to be left behind with the wicked. After a great deal of "business," she was finally dragged in by Shem, whereat she relieved her feelings in a truly feminine manner, and brought down the "house" by boxing the ears of the mild and inoffensive Noah.

Other favourite pageants (because of the realistic way in which they were treated) were the "Fall of Lucifer" and the "Day of Judgment." Like the play-goers of to-day, the good simple Chester folk loved to be thrilled, and it was particularly blood-curdling to gaze straight into hell's mouth, as represented in the scenery of the pageant by the old symbol of a flaming fire alight in the open jaws of a huge whale; also to hear the ear-piercing wail of lost souls, and to behold them with their blackened faces and their flame-suggesting dresses of red and yellow, with the devil mounting guard over them in winged, close-fitting leather dress, covered with hair and feathers, and ending in claws over the hands and feet. By way of a final harrowing touch to the dismal condition of the lost, the souls of the saved, appropriately (?) dressed in white leather, looked on at them comfortably from the other side of the stage.

The Pageant of the Shepherds of Bethlehem was one of the most remarkable of the whole twenty-four, because of the quaint details it gave of mediæval country-life. The scene on the plains of Bethlehem was brought most naïvely up to date. Chambers's "Book of Days" says it began with a sort of picnic of the three shepherds; then followed a wrestling match, then the apparition of the angels, and the departure of the shepherds for Bethlehem. They took with them quaint gifts to offer the Child — the first, a bell; the second, a "spoune, to eate," says he to Christ, "thy pottage withal at noune"; the third, a "cape," for he says, "I have nothing elles." Then followed the shepherds' boys with still more remarkable offerings, "a pipe to make the woode ringe, and a nuthooke to pull down aples, peares, and plumes, that ould Josephe nede not hurte his thombes."

One can well imagine the ingenuous appreciation with which Chester people watched these yearly plays, and the pride which the different guilds took in their several pageants; the tanners, for instance, in the "Fall of Lucifer," which always fell to their lot, and the water-drawers of the Dee in "The Story of Noah's Flood," which they invariably played. One can picture, too, the eagerness with which the Whitsuntide Feast was looked forward to, and the gaiety of the old town of Chester thronged with troops of excited spectators, and with the queer wheeled four-square stages bearing their pageant through the crowded picturesque streets in order to teach the people "holsome doctrine."

A PESSIMIST IN LOVE

By W. B. WALLACE, B.A.

I.

JULES LAVALLE was twenty-three and his own master. He was, moreover, rich, for his father, a leading silk merchant of Lyons, had left him property which brought him in an annual rental of some 50,000 francs. He ought to have been happy, but was not. The reader will ask, Why? Perhaps the briefest and simplest answer to this question is, Because he was of an introspective turn of mind.

It is a curious fact that a close scrutiny of the inner recesses of our own nature—a minute investigation of our own private "chamber of imagery," and its multifarious contents, has an inevitable tendency to make the mental eye jaundiced when it condescends to survey the outer world and our fellow mortals. The order, the beauty, the symmetry of the former are by no means naïvely accepted at their own valuation, but are arraigned and condemned at the bar of intellect as pretentious frauds, whose fraudulence is at once petty and pitiful because it is so evanescent; while the latter are credited with no virtue save a lively regard for the first cardinal number. And the result of all this is simply unhappiness for the individual who is not content to take things as he finds them, and look upon this perplexing earth of ours as the "best of all possible worlds."

Our young man, at whose feet that world lay like an exaggerated oyster waiting to be opened with that golden knife, to whose potent edge all things yield, was a votary of the philosophy of despair, and a disciple of Arthur von Schopenhauer, the dead hierophant of modern pessimism. Possessed by that demon of discontent and unrest which invariably attends the steps of those who thus gloomily attempt to solve the riddles of human life and the universe, he had been for the last two years, in fact since his father's death, a wanderer over the face of Europe. For it was his mania to hear the most celebrated professors discussing his favourite theme, and demonstrating, to their own complete satisfaction and his, that this world was a mistake, pain the "predominant partner" in human life, and man a miserable shadow.

Returning from the "margin of fair Zurich's waters," where he had been sitting at the feet of that renowned pessimist, Dr. Köller, he halted at Lausanne, and put up at the Hôtel Gibbon, still redolent of the memories of a kindred spirit who had once deigned to while away the hours between time and eternity by recording the movements of the puppets which flitted across the fantastic stage of life when Rome was tottering to her fall.

Lausanne pleased our hero. Like Gibbon and Byron, he felt the glamour of the old town, embowered in its hills and vineyards, with its quaint mediæval buildings, its leafy environs, its grotte, and its quiet little port Ouchy, where the ancient and solitary tower stands sentinel over the blue waters of Geneva, which are there at their bluest.

But his favourite resort, morning and afternoon, was the grassy promenade on the borders of the lake, adjoining the Hôtel Gibbon and the Cantonal Council Hall. Walking here, or pausing beneath the trees, which were rapidly putting forth their foliage that genial spring, he would smoke his cigar with a zest—it must be allowed that his Cubans were of the choicest—which was somewhat at variance with his depreciatory visions of human life and the good things thereof, and gazing across the broad ripples at the dim, blue outline of the mountains of Savoy, would indulge in tranquil reflections upon

the vanity of the phantasmagoria around him, which enthralled his soul despite his inner conviction of its nullity.

"I hate being rich," he said to himself one glorious evening, as the westering sun was fast changing the turquoise of the lake to topaz—"I hate being rich; I hate being thought so and called so. A golden trimming can certainly impart an adventitious lustre to the rosy skirts of the mirage of life; but the gold and the rose vanish when the black cloud of death descends on the fair illusion. Knowing this, I value money at its true worth; and the reputation of wealth is a still greater nuisance than the actual possession of it. It attracts flatterers, knaves, and sycophants, who buzz around you like flies around the Homeric milk-pails in the sweltering summer of Asia Minor, with the amiable intention of battening upon you and your substance if you will only allow them; while you sigh, and sigh in vain, for one true, unsophisticated human heart that will love you for yourself. . . . . Sometimes I wish that I could turn all my wealth into bullion, tie that bullion up in sacks, and hurl it into the lake; but then Geneva, unlike the Rhine of the Nibelungen, has no dragon to guard the accursed treasure, and it would be of no earthly use to the fishes. Sometimes I have thought of bestowing it, by deed of gift or otherwise, upon the first ragged tramp I might happen to come across. But what would be the result if I did? In the first place, I should give him the opportunity of displaying the hideous vice of ingratitude on a very colossal scale indeed; in the next, he would assuredly either go mad and run amok, or else go in for the slower process of killing himself with drink. . . . On the whole, perhaps, I had better keep it myself."

Thus did common-sense, according to its wont, gain the victory over a very unpractical philosophy.

"Mademoiselle, can you forgive the intrusion of a stranger?"

Having arrived at this provisional conclusion, M. Jules Lavalle closed the small pocket edition of Schopenhauer's "Parerga," which generally accompanied him in his peregrinations, and bethought him of his hotel and a glass of Villeneuve, when suddenly his eye fell upon a young girl who was sitting alone upon one of the benches beneath the trees. Her attire was of the plainest, but it was not that of a *paysanne*, and, inexpensive as it was, evinced, as only

dress can, the perfect good taste of the wearer, enhancing, rather than distracting from, her beauty by its very simplicity.

Our philosopher was fain to confess to himself that her face and figure were simply ravishing. Had Geneva lent the azure which it had just relinquished for topaz to those heavenly eyes? Could the wild strawberry, looking forth from the shelter of its leaves in some secluded dell of the Juras, vie in ruby hue with that small bewitching mouth? Common-sense, as we have seen, had routed philosophy a moment before; now love, or some feeling very much akin to it, routed the combined forces of philosophy and common-sense, and the confirmed pessimist, having feasted his eyes as long as he dared upon the fair vision, strolled back to the Hôtel Gibbon, haunted by the glamour of a woman's face, and very unphilosophically swearing to himself that he *would* see that face again.

II.

When ghosts, probably from want of something better to do in their supermundane sphere, vouchsafe to revisit the glimpse of the moon, they generally select a special place and a certain hour for their manifestations. You can always tell when and where to find your "spook," who is apparently, just like yourself, a creature of habit.

Now Jules Lavalle had seen, not a ghost, but an angel. Yet in reckoning up his chances of meeting her again, it occurred to him that even angels may not be wholly free from those iron bonds of custom which so closely confine ordinary mortals, and that it was just possible that a second avatar of his particular angel might take place in the same charming spot by the waters of Geneva, and at the same calm sweet hour preceding the gloaming. Anyhow, he could but go and see; there could be no harm in that, and the thing was worth trying. Go and see he did, with the gratifying result that his surmise proved quite correct.

For it so fell out that the next afternoon when Jules, hastening on the wings of love, and timing himself by his watch, had made his way to his Ardath—his "field of vision," his zeal was rewarded and the truth of his theory confirmed. On the same bench, beneath the same lime, he beheld the lovely, pensive features which had haunted his dreams the night before.

On the *plage*, at the spa, and, in fact, in all places of public resort, there is always a spot to which the herd gravitate as though by common consent. Outside the limits of that magic circle comparative peace and retirement may be obtained by those who dislike the "madding crowd."

That afternoon a band was performing at the other end of the promenade, and either the music or the gregarious instinct to which we have alluded, had attracted the *bonnes* and their charges, the soldiers, the citizens, and the visitors; so that the place where the girl sat was, in a sense, lonely and deserted.

Standing at a respectful distance, Jules furtively, but intently, regarded her without exciting any unwelcome observation.

Alas! what had happened?

While the mellow sunbeams invested her fair head with an aureola, while the soft breeze from the lake played with the stray locks of her golden hair, while the dulcet strains of the music stole upon her ear, she was weeping—weeping as though her very heart would break. What weight of earthly sorrow was crushing a being so young, so pure, so beautiful?

A true man can always bear his own grief stoically enough; the grief of the woman he loves makes him forget himself.

And Jules, for the nonce, forgot himself. He timidly approached the mourner, and raising his hat with an air of deep respect, addressed her:

"Mademoiselle, can you forgive the intrusion of a stranger? I am grieved to see you suffer. If in any way I can be of service to you, command me."

The words were trivial—banal, perhaps—but there was the ring of truth and feeling in them, and the girl was swift to recognise it. If there had been a breach of the *convenances* in his thus accosting her without an introduction, the circumstances, perhaps, justified it. She could see that

Jules was watching Bianca at her eternal embroidery.

he meant every word he said; and youth is slow to suspect evil.

She blushed vividly as she replied, "I thank you, monsieur, but you can do nothing for me. Death is my only refuge."

"Death!" murmured Jules, aghast.

"Yes, monsieur, it is even so," sighed the girl, as she vaguely turned her troubled eyes towards the lake.

"It is utter madness."

"Perhaps so, but——"

"May I be permitted to know—believe me, no idle curiosity prompts my question—what misfortunes can have induced one so young and lovely to entertain such a dreadful idea? Suicide is the last resource of those who have been hopelessly worsted in the conflict of life; you are only just entering the arena. I am a philosopher—or, at least, have studied philosophy—and if you will but listen, I feel convinced that I shall be able to adduce good and sufficient reasons against such a fatal step.

"Can it be," he went on with a certain diffidence—for he was young to play the part of father confessor—and no inconsiderable anxiety as to her reply, "that you have been disappointed in love?"

"Oh, no, indeed, monsieur, I assure you!" and her sweet face flushed a still more rosy red.

This, at all events, was a relief to our hero, who, actuated by a feeling stronger than that of *mitleid*, or sympathy for one's unhappy fellow creatures, which even the uncompromising Schopenhauer permits and encourages, went on to quote with eager, impassioned eloquence every dissausive against suicide that he could think of.

His hearer, however, was quite unshaken in her resolution.

"It is good and kind of you, monsieur," she said, "to trouble yourself about the fate of a friendless girl: but there is really no other course open to me. Even you will acknowledge this when you have heard my story. My name is Bianca Casaldoni. My father was a poor, but clever, Florentine artist, who thought, like so many of my countrymen, that beyond the Alps he might find the fame and fortune which he had long sought in vain upon the banks of Arno. My mother clung to our poor home, and he loved her too much to disregard her wishes; but on her death,

two years ago, he left Italy for Switzerland, taking us with him, my little sisters, Isolina and Marietta, and myself. We wandered about Switzerland, and finally settled down here in Lausanne. Last winter I lost my poor father, who fell a victim to pneumonia, induced by poverty, exposure, and despair. For two months I have been without work; our slender stock of money is exhausted, and I am unable to support my sisters. I cannot bear to see them starve before my eyes. They will be better off without me. Some charitable person will take compassion on the poor, little, helpless orphans . . . Yesterday I came here to die; the look of the water frightened me, and I had not the courage; but to-day——"

"Dismiss the idea," cried Jules, who was weeping himself, as he interrupted the sobbing girl; "dismiss it at once and for ever. I will help you."

"*Oh, Jules, it was* you *who*——"

"You?" exclaimed the astounded girl.

"Yes; I will find you employment. You shall not leave Isolina and Marietta."

"And you — pardon me, monsieur—who are you?"

This question rather staggered Jules, who was determined to preserve a strict *incognito*—at least for the present—and whose dream of romance would have been shattered if he avowed himself a rich man.

"Oh, I—I am only a poor student," he replied rather confusedly, "but I know some influential people in Lausanne. My name is Jules, and I am a Frenchman; but, by-the-by, mademoiselle, what can you do?"

"Embroidery."

"*Bien!* Meet me here to-morrow at the same hour. Meanwhile, I shall obtain an order for work for you. Do not fear that you will be under an obligation to a stranger. You will not object to pay me a small commission on the orders you receive through my recommendation. We shall thus help one another."

"Oh, monsieur, you have saved me, and I am grateful—so grateful."

And thus they parted.

III

If Bianca Casaldoni had entertained a doubt as to the good faith and loyalty of her mysterious friend—if the suspicion had occurred to her, after her first enthusiasm had cooled down, that fair faces sometimes mask black hearts, and that the young man who had so unceremoniously introduced himself and dispelled her evil dreams of suicide by his words of hope and comfort might after all turn out to be only a clever and unprincipled practical joker who had wished to amuse himself at her expense—if such unworthy thoughts had even remotely troubled her, they were speedily dispelled when she found Jules waiting for her at the trysting-place the next evening.

He advanced smiling to meet her.

"I am in good time, am I not, Mademoiselle Casaldoni?" he said. "And I am the bearer of good tidings. I have the happiness to tell you that I have been successful in my mission. A gentleman of my acquaintance is in love with a certain young lady, and wishes to present her with a handsome silk portfolio to hold her sketches—she is an artist—bearing the monograms 'J. L.' and 'B. L.' tastefully embroidered. Here is the case upon which you are to exercise your ingenuity, and here"—handing her three twenty-franc pieces—"is the payment, less my commission."

"How liberal!" exclaimed Bianca joyfully; "but it is scarcely right that I should take the money before I have done the work."

"You must have no hesitation on that score," said Jules quickly. "He is very wealthy, this friend of mine, and always likes to pay in advance."

"Dear little Isolina and Marietta," murmured poor Bianca, with a happy sigh. "They will not starve now, and I——"

"And you, mademoiselle," interposed her companion gently, "need no longer look upon the beautiful lake as a possible grave."

"I have something more to tell you," he presently added. "When you have finished the portfolio, an old lady, the mother of another friend, requires a red silk cushion embroidered. The design this time is to be a bunch of the stately flowers of your own glorious city—the lilies of St. John."

"How can I thank you enough, Monsieur Jules?"

"There is really no occasion; as I have said, in serving you I am serving myself; it is a case of mutual accommodation."

But the grateful Bianca did not regard the matter in that light.

* * * *

The weeks flew by. Bianca was as merry and musical as a *cicada*. She was simply inundated with work, for no sooner was one order executed than her industrious agent Jules had another ready for her. She often playfully remarked to him that she would soon make her fortune. Her busy needle never rested, and yet she seemed to thrive upon the incessant labour. Her step was as light and as buoyant as that of a roe; her eyes were bright, and the colour had returned to her pallid cheeks.

And Jules? Well, his conduct of late had been passing strange. Shortly after his impromptu introduction to Bianca he had flung his volume of Schopenhauer into the lake—thus openly and defiantly breaking with that worthy's philosophy—for no other reason than because one day while perusing this book he had come across this dictum, "Beauty does not exist," and had there and then given the desponding Arthur the lie direct, indignantly muttering, "What of Bianca?" whom, as he ought in common justice to have remembered, poor Schopenhauer had never seen.

He had become a frequent visitor—on business—at Bianca's humble abode in the Rue Grand Chêne. To this, of course, not even the most fastidious Swiss Mrs. Grundy could object. He was also a prime favourite with Isolina and Marietta, on whose behalf he was wont to invest largely in the chocolate and confectionery for which Lausanne is justly famous.

Things, in fact, were fast approaching a climax, and one day that climax arrived.

Jules was watching Bianca at her eternal embroidery, and an awkward yet eloquent silence had fallen between the two. Never—no, not even on that memorable

day when he had first seen her sitting by the lake, had she looked so enchanting.

Scarce knowing what he did, impelled by the sheer fascination of her presence and attitude, as her graceful head, with its coronal of golden hair, bent over her work, he stooped down and kissed her small, shell-like ear, murmuring as he did so, in her own sweet Tuscan dialect, which he had picked up during their acquaintance:

"I love you, Bianca; will you be my wife?"

There was the pause of a moment. Bianca did not raise her head. Then came the whispered words:

"Oh, Jules, I am so happy. We are poor, but we are young; we can work, we can live for one another, and love makes one forget poverty."

These sweet words completed the conversion of a pessimist. Jules was now an enthusiastic optimist. Could the world be evil when it contained—Bianca?

* * * *

It was a glad surprise for the fair Florentine when, on the day of their marriage, her husband conducted her to a magnificent villa at Ouchy which he had just purchased. It was a still greater, and scarcely less joyous, surprise when, upon entering the luxuriously furnished saloon, she was confronted by the various articles which Jules had from time to time given her to embroider.

"Oh, Jules, it was *you* who——"

"Yes, dearest; forgive me. When I figured as a commission agent and told you the story of my poverty, I was guilty of my first and, I hope, last acts of deception. After all, my lies were only 'white lies'—lies told with a good object; and even now I can scarcely regret them; for they were the means of saving you from suicide, relieving your distress, and gaining me the sweetest wife in Switzerland—or the world. Although at one time, I am fain to confess, I never thought that I should pose as a Pessimist in Love."

NIGHTFALL

By ARTHUR L. SALMON

HER mantle is a fold of deepening mist,
The star of eve' her eye;
Her brow a vapour that the sun hath kissed
With gold as he passed by.
Her feet, wherewith she travels tangled ways
Are wrapped in lowland haze.

She holds her hands forth o'er a world forworn,
She casts her mantle wide;
And they who feared to face the tearful morn,
Rest and are satisfied;
Beneath her healing touch their sorrows cease
In sweet oblivious peace.

She hath a whisper for the forest birds,
To charm them into rest;
She hath a power to lull with crooning words
The babe upon the breast.
She leads all little children by the hand
To realms of fairyland.

THE PASSING HOUR BY Edward Bennett

IT is curious how the impressions formed in early childhood persist through life, and colour our thoughts on men and things. However increased in importance and fuller of a deeper meaning certain anniversaries have since become to us, something quite trivial which connects them with our early years at once presents itself to our minds when the subject comes up in conversation. For instance, the thought of Whitsuntide is always associated in my mind with a bonnet. It was the custom of the squire's lady, in the country village where I spent my childhood, to appear at church on Whit Sunday morning in a new bonnet. Men, women, and children went to church that day with a full and certain conviction that this event would happen. The secret was well kept throughout the previous week, and it is no exaggeration to say, although only the children would have admitted the fact, that the whole congregation awaited in eager anticipation the opening of the side door, through which the lady would enter arrayed in her new head-gear. The appearance of the lady carried with it, in a practical form, "The Promise of May": it brought home, even to a country congregation, accustomed to live at close quarters with Nature, the arrival of Spring. But there was more in the public interest taken in the matter than this appeal to the imagination implies. For the bonnet was nearly always a thing of beauty and up to date. The prayers and hymns were steeped in Pentecostal allusions; but as they prayed and sang, the eyes of the vicar, the choir, and the congregation were continually wandering towards the squire's pew. The vicar preached to a pre-occupied congregation a little sermon full of the teaching associated with Whit Sunday; but human nature is feeble, and the lesson of the week was all the time in the squire's pew. At the close of the service the congregation gathered, as is the custom in the country, at the church gate, and the "lesson" was discussed—by some in reverential whispers, by others in outspoken language. And by Trinity Sunday those who had waited for the initiative of the squire's lady had probably altered, constructed, or purchased bonnets which were more or less feeble imitations of the great original. Indeed, to the children, Trinity was even more interesting than Whit Sunday; there were more new bonnets, and children especially admire the imitative faculty.

Since those days the bonnet, as an article of woman's attire, has been deposed, and the hat is all victorious. Of late there have been, it is true, ominous rumours of the revival of the bonnet, and the ladies and gentlemen who think out and design the fashions have evidently been sending out feelers in all directions to discover how the proposed change would be regarded. The fact of the matter is, so victorious has been the hat, so spoilt by the monopoly it has enjoyed, that it has been in danger of becoming ridiculous. During one or two recent seasons the enormities which passed for hats aroused in the lovers of simplicity a desire for revolution. And so the word "bonnet" was whispered. It is said by those who ought to know that the anxiety of ladies to appear well-dressed does not arise from a desire to please men, but in order to compete favourably with members of their own sex. I am not at all concerned with motives; it is

enough for a mere man to recognise that the ladies' wishes must be regarded in matters of this kind. Moreover, it is the pleasing duty of many men to find the means by which the desired object is attained, and so I make no apology for exhibiting an interest in the subject. Some men are even graciously allowed a voice in the selection. Yet I know nothing more soul-disturbing, more bewildering, to the average man, than a milliner's show room. I have the warmest sympathy with all ladies who have to choose their own hats. I have been dragged from shop window to shop window, from show room to show room, and I have gone home without the memory of a single beautiful hat to compensate me for my weariness. But I do not remember a time, since I was personally interested in these things, when there was such an *embarras de richesse* of pretty hats in the shop windows as there has been during the present season. The extreme simplicity of the fashion just now prevalent, the lightness and grace of form which are everywhere noticeable, are a delight to the eye, and whereas of old I found a difficulty in assisting in the selection of one hat, I now want to purchase twenty.

The mere rumour of the return of the bonnet seems to have inspired the advocates of the hat to demonstrate its artistic capabilities. Most welcome of all changes is the decline of overcrowding on the hat itself. The question of the housing of fruit, flowers, feathers, lace, and ribbons was growing as acute as the housing of the poor. If the inevitable swing of the pendulum brings with it a return to the fashion we have abandoned, I suggest a combination of men to protect women against themselves. Let us frighten them again with the hateful word "bonnet." Better a Park full of pretty faces in bonnets than a moving crowd of picture hats with the faces in shadow or crowded out. The bonnet is indeed a beautiful frame for the human face; we recognise this often in the case of Salvation lasses. And the face loses nothing of its sweetness in a Sister of Mercy's hood. In countries distinguished for their beautiful women, is not the shawl the most picturesque head-dress? It is obvious that there *are* alternatives to the hat, and we shall press them when the occasion demands. Meantime, during the present season, a milliner's shop window or show room is a veritable picture gallery, and a ramble in the streets of London is made pleasant by an added agreeableness in the appearance of the passers-by.

In one of his essays, Steele says: "I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, which is, saluting any person whom I like, whether I know them or not. This is a peculiarity which would be tolerated in me if they considered that the great pleasure I know, I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses." This is the ideal temperament of the rambler in the streets of London. The custom of waiting for an introduction is a protection to us all, and it is not always policy to voice our thanks any more than it is to tell our love. But to feel obliged when agreeable people come into view is a perfectly legitimate pastime; and if we can still retain the feeling when it is obvious that agreeableness is not the impression they have formed of us, we are indeed happy. For the moment we have an advantage over these people: we have something to admire, and they have not. Certainly, if they are ladies and we are gentlemen, and they do find us agreeable, it must always be in spite of *our* hats.

The publication of "The Love-Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple," in the King's Classics, by Israel Gollancz, and the injunction which was subsequently obtained against the further circulation of this edition, has created quite a stir in the literary world. I do not intend to touch upon the merits of the question at issue, more especially as there is a possibility that the matter will be heard of again in the Law Courts. But the letters themselves in Mr. Parry's edition are public property, and THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE has a special interest in the subject, because in April, 1886, there was published in our pages an article containing many of the letters, and giving "a connected story of the love affairs of Dorothy Osborne." And it was this very article which determined Mr. Parry, who had access to the original letters, to publish in 1888 his edition. The controversy has at least had the effect of directing public attention to these delightful letters, and we may certainly expect before long the issue of a cheap and popular edition. The recent publication of Mrs. Carlyle's correspondence has helped al o to direct our thoughts to the subject of

letter-writing itself, and we have asked one another during the last few weeks the old question whether the art of which these two ladies were such brilliant mistresses still survives among us. The art, we are told, demands leisure, and leisure is dead. I think this is a fallacy, and that the long and entertaining letters, which our grandparents and great-grandparents were in the habit of composing, are still written, but they are no longer dispatched to relatives and friends; they are addressed to the editors of *The Times*, the monthly magazines, and the local journals. In these days, a thing which is good enough to be printed is not wasted on a friend or a relative; the change in our habits in this respect is a matter of economics; the rate per thousand words is higher than it was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, or in early Victorian times. The art may indeed have gained by the elimination from private correspondence of the purely literary letter. For letter-writing is simply one form of expressing personality, and if it is decaying, human nature must be deteriorating also. "I, Paul, have written it with mine own hand," is the hall mark of the good letter; and to make any claim for the art which does not recognise this fact is to confuse letter-writing with literature. Many of the letters which have come down to us are doubtless very poor considered as art, but are still what Macaulay called "the really precious part of history." As Mr. Carlyle has characteristically put the matter, "It was once a piece of the general fire and light of human life, that letter." But Dorothy Osborne's letters have a more than historical value; they reveal her to us in all her moods, her disappointments, and her abiding faithfulness. She is so human a lover, so feminine, yet always creating the impression of strength and stability of character. George Meredith has said somewhere that we occasionally meet men who have the woman in them without becoming effeminate, and that these are the pick of men. May not we also say that the pick of women are those who have something masculine about them without becoming mannish? In some of her letters Dorothy Osborne plays with her victim. She tells him of the rivals who are besieging her for her hand; she wonders whether she should listen to them; they are so attractive, so wealthy, and her own love affair seems quite hopeless. Why does not Sir William see this also, and find himself a more suitable bride? The answers of Temple are not preserved, but we know the gist of them from Dorothy Osborne's letters. Like the true lover that Temple is, he misunderstands her raillery; he upbraids her; he tells her that she is unkind, that her mischievous humour worries him; in fact, what does she mean? Yes, what does she mean? Let her speak for herself. "Alas, how fain I would have something to say, but I know no more than you saw in that letter I sent you. How willingly would I tell you anything that I thought would please you; but I confess I do not love to give uncertain hopes, because I do not care to receive them. And I thought there would be no need of saying I would be sure to take the first occasion, and that I waited with impatience for it, because I had hoped that you believed all that already; and so you do, I am sure. Say what you will you cannot but know my heart enough to be assured that I wish myself with you for my own sake as well as yours. 'Tis rather that you love to hear me say it often that you doubt it." And in another letter she says, "I have paper little enough left to chide you for asking so unkind a question as whether you are still the same in my thoughts. Have you deserved to be otherwise: that is, am I no more in yours? For till that be 'tis impossible the other should; but that will never be, and I shall always be the same I am. My heart tells me so, and I may believe it, for if 'twere otherwise, Fortune would not persecute us thus. Oh me! she's cruel, and how far her power may reach I know not, only I am sure she cannot call back time that is past, and it is long since we resolved to be for ever MOST FAITHFUL FRIENDS."

Who can blame Sir William if he, too, played a little game, if he doubted his sweetheart in order to be assured of her faithfulness? For a delicate restraint was ever her distinguishing characteristic; and it was only a hint at her indifference that compelled her to tell her love. We have, perhaps, lost in our modern letters the grace, the quaintliness of expression, the delicate word-play which are to be found throughout this correspondence. Self analysis and introspection are usually enemies to charm in style; we have possibly lost the feeling after the best word in the effort to analyse to our lovers and our friends our complex motives. The return to simplicity of expression is much to be desired, though our forefathers were not sinless in this respect. In one of her letters Dorothy Osborne says, "'Tis an admirable thing to see how some people will labour

to find out terms that may obscure a plain sense; like a gentleman I know who would never say 'the weather grew cold,' but that 'winter begins to salute us.'" And she says she has no patience for such coxcombs, and refuses to blame an old uncle of hers who threw the standish at a man's head because he had altered the draft of a letter, which her uncle had dictated, from "that he would have writ himself but that he had the gout in his hand" to "that the gout in his hand would not permit him to put pen to paper." This criticism sounds very modern; it is only in the treatment of the offence we have become less violent.

Charles Lamb's well-known saying that there are books which are not books applies equally to letters. We know his list of *biblia à biblia*, "Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards, bound and lettered at the back, and generally the volumes which no gentleman's library should be without." We could construct a similar list of letters which are not letters. Such a list would include all business letters, the correspondence of Government departments, a very large proportion of the specimens printed in the lives of great men and women, Letters Patent, Letters of Administration, an Englishwoman's Love-Letters, and Letters from Hell. The late Queen Victoria had a happy knack of writing, with her own hand, short letters on occasions when strong feeling was aroused, but she was an exception to the rule that Sovereigns and great politicians are not good correspondents. In the Book of Esther, King Ahasuerus is recorded to have sent letters into every province concerning his rebellious wife Vashti, informing his subjects that it was his Imperial Will "that every man should bear rule in his own house." This is in more senses than one the type of the official letter; it smacks even from that remote age of red tape; it contained an injunction that any strong-minded woman in the country could at once have reduced to the condition of a dead letter. Moreover, the official letter is nearly always a composite production, and the art demands only one hand. In this case, we are expressly told that the letter, when finished, pleased both the King and the princes, who in a Government office would be represented by the Controller and his principal clerks. The feelings of the princesses in the matter are not mentioned. Perhaps they were pleased too; he laughs best who laughs last. An amusing instance of the dangers which beset the writer of official correspondence is given in Sir Edward Hertslet's "Recollections of the Old Foreign Office." Ten Englishmen had been imprisoned during a civil war in one of the South American Republics; nine were released, and the wife of the one who was still a prisoner wrote to the Foreign Office to know how matters stood. A clerk was told to write "the usual letter." This was the production: "The Secretary of State has great pleasure in informing Mrs. —— that all the prisoners, with the exception of her husband, have been released."

It will perhaps be objected that if the *sine quâ non* of the good letter is the expression of individuality, how is it that very dull people often write exceedingly good letters? The explanation seems simple enough. It has been finely said that a human being may be compared to an iceberg, of which a certain portion only is visible; the larger part is submerged and corresponds to what students of psychical phenomena call the sub-conscious self. In ordinary intercourse we see in people only the above-water portion; in their letters we frequently get a glimpse below the surface. To the shy and the nervous, conversation is not a natural medium for expressing personality. Such people, after they have talked their best, are more often inclined to paraphrase the words of St. Paul, and to say: "For the good that I would I say not, but the evil which I would not that I say." If we may believe Dr. Johnson, this was frequently the experience of Oliver Goldsmith, who suffered perpetually from the want of self-confidence. "Goldsmith should not be for ever attempting to shine in conversation; he has not temper for it; he is so much mortified when he fails." Goldsmith was happier with the pen; no one, not even the Doctor, could humiliate him with that weapon in his hand. In one respect, perhaps, we have improved on the letters of our forefathers. We no longer address our fathers, our sons, our boon companions, as "Sir"; or our sweethearts and wives as "Madam"; we let ourselves go a little more, at the expense, possibly, of grace of expression; we strike a more intimate note, and though we may regret the improvement, when the breach of promise action comes into court, the judge, the jury, and the counsel on both sides will probably hold a different opinion. The greatest enemy that has yet arisen to the art is, of course,

the typewriter. It is impossible to feel in close touch with your correspondent through the medium of this inhuman machine. A type-written letter can only be regarded as art when the letters jump about, the words are misplaced, and startlingly new combinations of sentences are introduced. It then bears evidence of human agitation and weakness; the human factor is betrayed all through its unintelligibility. But as a set-off against the typewriter, we have finally got rid of the crossed letter, which a former generation of ladies favoured. The reduced rates for inland postage killed the habit, and not the curses of their correspondents. This also is a question of economics.

One of the most interesting books that has recently been published is Mr. Bryce's "Studies in Contemporary Biography," and the peculiar value of the volume is that, with the exception of Lord Beaconsfield, every character dealt with was personally known to the author. I have been particularly struck with one story which Mr. Bryce tells of Mr. Gladstone, because it illustrates a commonplace with students of character. Nowadays we are all so in love with paradox that we are sometimes in danger of neglecting the obvious. Mr. Bryce says that at the time when Mr. Gladstone was very much troubled with events in Ireland he endeavoured to divert the Prime Minister's thoughts by informing him that someone had recently discovered that Dante had in his last years been appointed at Rowenna to a lectureship, which raised him above the pinch of want. "Mr. Gladstone's face lit up at once, and he said, 'How strange it is to think that these great souls, whose words are a beacon light to all the generations that have come after them, should have had cares and anxieties to vex them in their daily life just like the rest of us common mortals.' The phrase reminded me that a few days before I had heard Mr. Darwin, in dwelling upon the pleasure a visit paid by Mr. Gladstone had given him, say, 'And he talked just as if he had been an ordinary person like ourselves.'" What is the commonplace that these reminiscences suggest? Surely that the note of the superior person is humility. Charles Lamb wrote an essay, entitled: "A Bachelor's Complaint on the Behaviour of Married People," and the fault he found with these folk was that they gave themselves such airs in the presence of bachelors; they openly assumed their superiority. I wish that Lamb had written an essay, "On the Behaviour of Superior People." The subject would have suited his humour, and we know from many indications in his essays and letters that he would have written from bitter personal experience. The really superior persons, whose greatness is self-evident, he would have left alone. Place such men in the most discouraging positions in life, and you will have to own their ascendancy; they bring distinction to, and scarcely derive any glory from, every post they occupy. But the men whom the gods must laugh at are those who seem solely dependent on their position for the superiority they claim; they have no inherent capacity whatever to sustain their declared greatness. How nervous and anxious they are at all times lest the average man should forget to show them respect; how they are for ever standing on their dignity and saying with Shakspeare's Glendower, "I am not in the roll of common men." And they act as if they had an uneasy suspicion in their minds that they would not be believed unless they reiterated continually this declaration. The habit of the really superior person is of course to assume or to feel genuinely a sense of inferiority in whatever company he may be. It is a part of what we call good manners. I like the story which is told of the meeting of Matthew Arnold with Mr. Barnum in America. Mr. Arnold, when introduced, said how proud he felt at making the acquaintance of a man with a world-wide reputation. "Ah! Mr. Arnold," said Barnum, "we are both public men, but the difference between you and me is that you are a notability, while I am only a notoriety."

It is always pleasant for small people to be reminded by really superior people that "we are greater than we know." When I was a youngster struggling in London, and subjected daily to many humiliations and buffetings from my masters, I used to feel at the end of the day considerably depressed and inclined to give way to the feeling that I was doomed through life to be ineffective. A word of encouragement would have done so much for me, and I never heard it. But as I stepped out into Fleet Street I speedily gained a good conceit of myself. An old gentleman stood nightly in the roadway from whom I bought my evening paper, and directly he caught sight of me it was his habit to bow deferentially, and in selling me the paper, to say with another bow,

"Sir, I am much obliged to you." I can hardly convey to my readers the restorative effect on me of that nightly bow, that gentlemanly deference on the part of the old newspaper seller. I had at least one friend in the world who looked up to, and not down on, me, and lest he should find me out one day and cease to bow, I occasionally bribed him. We are all human, and we all crave for appreciation; it is the noblest thing about us, and a man who professes to be superior to this craving, or asks others to be so, has human nature against him. What we do dislike is advertisement. "And 'e does not advertise" said Rudyard Kipling long ago of Lord Roberts, and the point must have gone home to many public men.

But on the other hand a little wholesome depreciation is good for all of us. Lord Tennyson suffered much from enthusiastic hero-worshippers, and many amusing tales are told of his endeavours to escape their attentions. Yet even he was sufficiently human to feel a little hurt if at times there appeared to be any decline of interest in his personality. I believe the following story is not very well known. Perhaps it is not true; at any rate, it is *ben trovato.* When walking in his grounds one day, Tennyson saw two persons behind a hedge pulling the branches about. "They are trying to see me—perhaps to photograph me," he said to himself, and he ordered the men off savagely and peremptorily. They declined to go; he asked what their business was, and they replied—"Picking blackberries!" "What!" shouted Tennyson, "do you mean to say you have not come to see *me?*" The pickers laughed loudly. "No fear," they said; "who *are* you, old sonny?" They were no longer disturbed. Tennyson went home, chuckling to himself, and perhaps a wiser man. I think we all live too much in sets—in little coteries and circles; we want to make occasional excursions into other sets; we want to learn our greatest common measure. Canon Rawnsley once asked an old dalesman whether Mr. Wordsworth was much thought of by the Lake residents. "Latterly," said the old man, "but we thowt li'le enough of him. He was nowt to li'le Hartley. Folks goes a long way to see where's Wudsworth's buried, but for my part I'd walk twice distance over Fells to see where Hartley lies." The dalesman knew Hartley—not his poetry; and the fault of Wordsworth in his eyes was, that he was not convivial. And perhaps Wordsworth would have been a better poet if he could have profited by the dalesman's point of view. "You could tell from the man's faace, his po'try would never have no laugh in it," added the dalesman. The criticism of literature is certainly not confined to the magazines and literary journals.

Drawn by Frank Stycha.

RICHMOND TERRACE.

The English Illustrated Magazine

I FIORETTI DELLA PRIMAVERA

By HENRY LEE

Illustrated after photographs by G. R. Ballance

"O Primavera Juventute del Anno!
O Juventute Primavera della Vita!"

THE chalet which was our home lies in a bend of the valley. Above it are the deep woods, and in front the open meadow. In winter both are alike, white, but when spring stirs in the air, and Switzerland remembers that the robes of winter are grown worn and old, the great change begins. The days of these shifting fashions are not ones of unalloyed pleasure. At their opening the clean white snow loses its purity, and turns soft and slushy underfoot. Puddles of dirty grey water gather here and there, and the streams wake into renewed and noisy life. Then the crest of a hillock rends the shrunken dress, and blades of coarse faded grass look out despairingly to a leaden, uninviting sky. But this also is not for long. A night and a day pass, and next morning the edges of retreating winter are pocked with a thousand little holes, each the centre of a young green whorl. *I Fioretti*—the Little Children of the Spring—have heard the call, and within a week their tender pointed shoots have opened into a myriad of orange fires. For the crocus is an eager soul, and its blossoms do not wait for the passing of the snow before they heed the summons of awakening life. There is a reason for this haste; but of that hereafter.

After them, and side by side, still through and on the skirts of the old order's flight, the purple soldanella follows. Every flower and leaf of these two plants hasten

THE CROCUS DOES NOT WAIT FOR THE PASSING OF THE SNOW.

the rout. For the passion of youth is in their fragile veins, and where they break up, the passing of the snow moves with yet speedier feet, so bravely do the green things radiate of the warmth in their living sap.

And, last, one evening, the warm wind comes up from the South, from Italy of the plains, and the dark interprets its message, and earth obeys. For the plains have been filled with Spring these many days, and this is the summons for the valleys to hear and follow. In the morning, winter's ragged dress is shrunken and rolled up in the hollows, and the broad meadows are alive. The blades of last year's faded grass are not more numberless than the untold heads of flowers which answer the call of that wind. "As a flower that is born of a night," they have been true to their nature. But they endure. They will change in their kinds, and in their colours, but "Spring, the Youth of the Year," has a horn of plenty, "well mixed," and she pours in like measure. Later, the year will tire and age, be less lavish of gift; now life is young, and why should plenty count the cost!

Nay, while the race is yet new, it is only a question of hours as to who shall be first. So dear is time and so hot the call, that the cherry tree is in full flower before ever the woodland can show a single leaf. The virgin dress has passed from the earth below, but it is re-born on her branches. Presently it reclaims the very ground which it has forsaken, for the child wind laughs from the hills, and the petals shower down as he passes. It leaps up from the bowels of the earth; anemones spread a mocking cloud under the pines whose new shoots have lagged in the race. Lowly and shy blossoms, they gather in the shady thickets, and spring most freely in the gloom. If you look well you will see a faint pink flush on their faces, as if they are half ashamed, or wearied, with the haste which has led them so early to the goal.

These first fruits of live nature are fair, but it is when the year is ripening into summer that her more mature and splendid raiment is brought forth. A cloud of olive fluff seems to settle upon the dark masses of needles which clothe the gaunt limbs of

THE CHERRY-TREE IS IN FULL FLOWER.

ANEMONES GATHER IN THE SHADY THICKETS AND SPRING MOST FREELY IN THE GLOOM.

the old pines. As days go on it spreads and gathers form, defining itself, in spires and colour alike, as the new leaf. The fir does not lose its ancient livery except by degrees. Like the second teeth of a human child, the young needles gradually displace their forerunners. The two mingle, and little by little youth succeeds age according to immutable law, but the perfect dress of a rock pine is a garner from many springs. In among the new needles also there peep out the little points of heavy crimson, larger, and of a deeper red than those "rosy plumelets" of Tennyson's larch.

They do not attract the eye so readily on account of a darker colour, but when once seen the pine's flower need never be sought in vain, so thickly does it cluster among the pale new needles. It is more than possible that the cones of last season have by no means all fallen, so that flower and fruit, and, later, that which is not yet fruit, but also no longer flower, are hanging among foliage which is likewise young and old.

Large as are the numbers of pine and fir in Swiss forests they are by no means the only trees, so that they are to be regarded as the exception proving the rule that "crabbed age and youth cannot live together." Even among the firs there are species that shed their dress. All the bushes of the undergrowth do so, birch and hazel, rowan, willow and sallow. The larger "forest" trunks are of somewhat local occurrence, depending as they do upon the altitude of each wood. There is one, the Spanish Chestnut, the deep bronze-green of whose autumn dress is only matched by the vivid freshness of his spring attire. When all are "sufficient in their loveliness," why particularise?

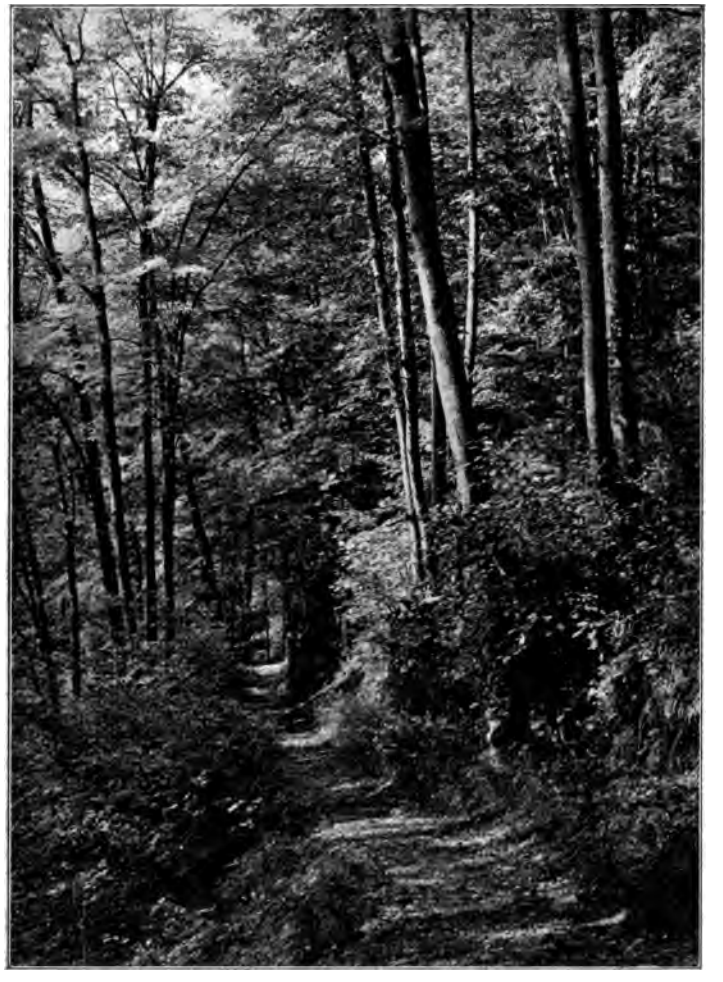
Yet there is one grove, far away at the lower end of the valley, whose early raiment remains an abiding wonder, though you see it every season. In these deep aisles of young beeches on a shelving hillside, whose young leaves are so clear as almost to seem transparent, the gladness of a June day surely finds its last expression. The

sticky rufous sheathes, which protected the furled leaves until the last frosts had gone, have not wholly fallen away. Like the tender greenery which they guarded, their open shells are translucent. Both are peculiar for the vivid purity of tone, which resembles nothing so much as a pure wash of water-colour laid in one broad sweep on the whitest of paper. Where the light catches them some property, which it is hard to understand, apparently filters out the yellow rays, the sharpest of all the components of light. Seeing this almost-halo of dazzling purity against the spotless candour of a summer sky, you can imagine how Shelley conceived many of his most marvellous similes. They are a "dome of coloured glass," which "stains the white radiance of eternity;" they seem to "kindle their image like a star in a sea of glassy weather." Under their shade, which is still less than a shade, the flowers grow in a profusion, which is not to be set down. Grasses and ferns and mosses spread a luxuriant carpet which you would seek in vain in woods less light, or less shaded from the direct beams of the life-giver. "O Lady Night, mother of dark winged dreams," sings Homer; here you may call on "Twilight of the noonday, nurse of the most rare beauties." Or, if

A CLOUD OF OLIVE FLUFF SEEMS TO SETTLE UPON THE DARK NEEDLES, CLOTHING THE GAUNT LIMBS OF THE OLD PINES.

you will have local colour in your imagery, there is this legend of the Engadine peasant, which tells you why Maya, the mother-month of summer, has a beauty which is more than that of all other months combined.

In the beginning of all time there were two kings who parted the year between them, the one King Snow and the other King Sun. Also, there were the thirteen virgins, who are the thirteen lunar months. Of them each King took six wives, but Maya, the youngest, was the fairest, and for her they fought. She was white with the purity of the snow, but she wore a radiance which belongs only to the face of a Sunchild, so that it was indeed hard to say to which King she rightfully belonged. At last the Sun imagined a bold stroke, and he built the little island which you may see to this day in the centre of the lake at Sils. He carpeted it with all the flowers of the world, and he roofed it in with the branches of all the trees. And in the midst of these recesses where the trees are so close that they must grow upwards rather than spread, and even midday filters through with uncertain gleams, he fashioned a dell, and there he set a home for Maya, the fairest of all women. There he came to her and loved her, and from their every kiss a new flower grew up and blossomed, which is the



DEEP AISLES OF YOUNG BEECHES ON A SHELVING HILLSIDE.

true reason why the Alpine flowers are more numerous and beautiful than those of all the rest of the world. But at night he had perforce to go home to his house under the sea. Then the flowers which had been born of their love shut their eyes also and slept, and as they slept they did after the manner of flowers, breathing out their souls in sleep. This is what men call the perfume of flowers, which is always most noticeable under the starlight. Snow heard their breathing, and their odours were sweet in his nostrils; he looked down from his home above the clouds and saw the island, with its roof which no eye could pierce, so closely were the leaves woven and intermingled. Snow cannot walk through the air like Sun, but he sent a messenger which is Wind, and Wind blew over the island trees, and he moved their branches so that Snow's eye found a way in, and he saw Maya lying among the flowers in sleep. At that he laughed and turned over on his side and slept also. Next day Sun came back and more flowers were born, and more perfumes ascended in the night. And still Snow watched his love by night and by day he slept; for he knew that his time was to come, and he was wise to wait in peace. On the shortest night in the year Sun makes his bed so far away in the sea that his journey until he reaches Sils at noon is longer than on any other day at all. That night Snow sent his handmaid Frost, and she rolled down the hillsides and touched the waters with her foot, and they grew firm and solid under her steps, until there was a bearing bridge of ice from the shore to the island of Maya. When Frost had tried this bridge and found that it was strong enough to bear Snow's weight, she sent and told her master. Then Snow came down from his home, which is under the clouds, and he went, treading softly, down the path which Sun had made in his comings to his bride. He found her just where the path seems to bend purposely, so that the traveller must needs attend to the

WHERE THE TREES ARE SO CLOSE THAT THEY MUST GROW UPWARDS RATHER THAN SPREAD.

GLADES WHERE ALL IS A SHIMMER OF DANCING LIGHT.

A WALK THROUGH THE TREES, WITH SEATS HERE AND THERE IN THE SHADOWS.

THICK COPSES OF HAZEL UNDERWOOD NEAR THE LAKE SHORES, REMINISCENT OF A DEVON LANE.

lowly miracle of ferns and mosses at his feet. He took the sleeping woman in his arms and he carried her away to his house.

Presently Sun awoke, and because this must be the longest journey of all the year until he could come to his love at noon at Sils, he drove with a great fury. So furiously were his horses driven that the axles of his chariot were red hot before he had even cleared the first peaks, and the bridge of ice faded away as if it had never existed. At noon he sank down to the island to find his love, and behold she was not there! He sought her through the whole world, but he could not find her, because she lay asleep in a fold of the mantle of Snow. But next year, when the month which bears her name began, Sun, rioting because of the Springtide pains of a love which he could not assuage, saw a strange thing. This season he fought with Snow in grim earnest, so that Winter rolled up its dress out of the valleys more quickly than any man could remember. And *everywhere,* when the mantle of Snow was rolled up or worn through, men saw a strange and beautiful sight, for all the land sprang into blossom. Indeed, Maya was so full of life after her eleven months' rest that her children burst up right through the edges of Snow. When sun saw this he understood the trick which had been put upon him, and he turned so savage a glance upon Snow that the part of the mantle which covers his shoulder was melted clean away, and there lay Maya asleep in the hollow of his arm. Sun kissed her face and she awoke; he stretched out a hand and led her back to the island before the very face of Snow, who was too astonished to resist.

But even now that he has her, Sun cannot keep her, though he knows the way by which she is taken, and can always find her again. And because he is continually losing her, therefore he is as continually seeking her, under the corners of Snow's mantle. And the reason why you can hear the noise of a thousand avalanches every summer day in the mountains, is that Sun is looking for lost Maya, mother of all

the flowers. It is for the same reason that the summer nights in Switzerland are often frosty, and the flowers of Switzerland are more numerous and more beautiful than those of any other country, and grow from the lowest meadows right up to the line of the snow, and even through its skirts. All this is as true as it is picturesque, and it is also the reason why, when a man sees glades where all the world is a shimmer of dancing light, he knows that the earth is a carpet of woven flowers, and the sky a fretted canopy of leaves, but his senses are defied by beauty, satisfied and more than satisfied to merely see and rejoice.

For this is summer-magic, the blindness which Sun casts over the world on the days when he has just rescued Maya, the mother of flowers. He sees that men are deluded by it, and one day he hopes to entrap Snow into a like foolishness. Then winter will be dead.

The fall to earth and reality after so elusive a tale must be heavy in any case. Since it is to be made, and since shadows follow the sun no less inevitably than day pursues night, let this be excuse if our eyes just glance on the stern realities of life which have made the earthly paradise of the Engadine into the Valley of the Great Shadow. The peasant still goes unconcernedly about his daily cares, and the face of every passer wears the apparent glow of health. Yet under the delusive tan of the skin an observer may see signs which speak to him no less clearly than do the winding paths which meander through thick copses of hazel underwood near the lake shores—very homely is their reminiscence of a Devon lane—or climb the hillsides with carefully-engineered graduation. Where nature is so lavish, these signs of man—the improver!—cannot mar, but they were not built for healthy folk. Even without those boards, holding out such tragic signals as "200 metre patients," which are dotted about a walk through the trees, with seats set back here and there in the shadows, no one can

JUST WHERE THE PATH SEEMS TO BEND PURPOSELY, SO THAT THE PASSER MUST NEEDS ATTEND TO THE LOWLY MIRACLE OF FERNS AND MOSSES.

sojourn long in the valley and not win a measure of the greater understanding. For hither the people come up, those who are appointed to die and would snatch an extra hour of living, and those who seek to escape the awful threat. Thus, while the fairest of scenery and cleanest of airs are impressing the mere facts of existence with the beauty of life, other sympathies are gathering scope. Here, if anywhere in the world, you may catch those glimpses of the revealed soul face to face with the End, which will teach the lesson that alone can enable a man to truly echo the words of the great stoic :—

> "Is it so small a thing
> To have enjoyed the sun,
> To have lived light in the spring,
> To have loved, to have thought, to have done?"

But also, beyond the tragedy and pathos, more true than the pride of successes, more real than the most ignoble failures, you will know that high and low, rich and poor, victor and vanquished, stand all on one double foundation—"these two be goers hand in hand, victory and defeat; there is no man quite master of either."

THE GNOME AND THE FAY

By FRANK F. SHERRIFF

A GNOME one day fell in love with a fay—
A fay that was sweet and shy—
And the fay was as pretty as you, my dear,
And the gnome as ugly as I.

The gnome had a store of gold galore,
And cash at his banker's too,
But her sole wealth was her own sweet self—
For she was as poor as you.

And he laid his wealth at her dainty feet,
Yes, all of his £ s. d.,
But his gold she spurned, and away she turned,
As you might turn from me.

Then his heart was sore, for he loved her so,
And he said—as I might say—
"I am but an ugly gnome, I know,
While you are a lovely fay;
But gnomes, like men, have hearts, I trow,
And mine at your feet I lay."

Then she looked him straight with her bright blue eyes—
As you might look at me—
And said—"Your gold I do despise,
And scorn your £ s. d.,
But a loving heart is a treasure I prize,
Though the heart of a gnome it be."
Do you think, my dear, that the fay was wise,
And you would have said as she?

CLEMENT CARRÉ

By ROSE K. WEEKES

"WELL, you know," said the Editor, mopping his brow," this is the most confoundedly awkward business I ever struck."

"Blame queer," assented the Sub-editor, who represented the great American race upon the staff.

"It certainly presents some difficult features," observed the Chief Leader-writer, with a critical air. "What do you say, Bickersteth?"

"Iced pegs," said Bickersteth, the under leader-writer, in a somnolent tone.

The suggestion was acted upon, and the the staff of the *Monte Doro Scavenger* refreshed themselves in silence; while the fifth member of the company, a dark young man, whose black brows almost met in a straight line across his forehead, watched and smiled satirically. He was merely a visitor.

The air was sultry, reeking with heat; beyond the closed venetians and the shady piazza the sun beat down out of a hard blue sky upon baking white pavements and baking white houses, upon the shelterless glare of the square, and its dry, dusty fountain. Trees and sky and houses all looked as if they had been cut out of cardboard and painted with crude colours, so hard were the edges of light and shadow, untempered by mist or any kindly glamour of the vaporous air. The whole scene was as unnatural as a diorama: unnatural, too, was the utter absence of life. Most people in the little republic of Monte Doro were taking their noonday siesta; but the sense of coming tumult was in the air. The feeling was fairly familiar to the Monte Doro Republicans: they lived in South America. Within the memory of the Editor (a fairly long one—it extended over two years) there had been two Presidents, a Commune, and a despotic dictator.

"What an ass Salmonas must be!" the Editor broke forth. "He must have known there'd be a row if he showed up. Why the devil couldn't he have come by a back way to this confounded conference instead of blowing the trumpet before him? Never saw such a fool in my life!"

"You professed to be able to control the passions of the populace," said the Chief Leader-writer. "I really fail to see how blame is to be attached to the President, though I admit that he was unwise in trusting to your assertion."

"Oh, dry up, *do*," said the Sub-editor, who did not like polished English. The Chief Leader-writer continued, unmoved by this interruption:

"There is not the least doubt," he said, "that the President ought to be forewarned of the information which has fallen thus opportunely into our hands. The only question before us is, "How shall we convey that information?"

"Who will bell the cat, *en effet?*" murmured the black-browed young man.

"In a row, my place is here," said the Editor, decidedly. "Besides, I've got my family to think of."

"I have no taste for fighting; it is wholly foreign to my nature," said the Chief Leader-writer. "I doubt I should not know how to handle a revolver. Bickersteth, now——"

Bickersteth suggested, rather than indicated, the width of his waistcoat. "Me run?" he said faintly.

"I ain't going," said the Sub-editor; "but it ain't because I'm a family man, nor yet because I'm a stranger to the Derringer, nor yet because I've left my waist behind; it's because I'm too darned scared."

"Who's been scaring you, Sub-editor?" said a new voice.

And Clement Carré came stepping into the room and hung over the back of the Sub-editor's shoulder. Clement Carré's full height was five feet seven inches, but he looked full three inches less, because he was very slight and wore no heels to his shoes. His fair, fine, silky hair was rather long. His blue-grey eyes were as changeful and as steadfast as the sea. His ingenuous airs made him look like a boy of sixteen. Clement Carré wore a white shirt, white duck trousers, and a scarlet cummerbund wound round his waist; upon his head was a broad sombrero. He walked with a peculiarly light, soft tread, stepping as daintily as a cat. He was the poet of the *Monte Doro Scavenger;* his verses were like Austin Dobson brought up to date, with a dash of Béranger. He leaned over the Sub-editor's shoulder and pulled his hair familiarly. "Who has been scaring you, Sub?" he repeated, in a clear girlish voice. "I thought you feared nothing but dishonour."

"That's all right; but if it ain't the worst kind of dishonour to get a hole in your skin, I should like to know what is, sonny," said the Sub-editor, and his face relaxed.

"So it is, so it is. Let us all be joyful, as I told you last week; only I don't believe anyone but the compositors read my poem. Why have you all got the blues, Editor?"

The face of the Editor also had relaxed. "It's this confounded conference——" he began.

"Sh! don't swear," interrupted Clement Carré, in a reproving tone.

"This blessed conference, then, if you will have it; you're a pretty checky little beggar, don't you think? About the strike, you know."

"Do I ever know anything about your politics? As much as you know about my poetry."

"I invariably make a point of reading your poems, Clement Carré," said the Chief Leader-writer, with dignity.

"And I invariably make a point of skipping your leaders. They have too many long words for a child of joy like me. Explain, Editor."

"You've heard of the strike at the Harbour Works?" Clement nodded. "And that we took sides with the strikers?"

"That you added your impotent but impassioned voice to the outcry of outraged humanity? Yes, I saw that by mistake last Wednesday."

"Well," said the Editor, "the President is coming here to-day to discuss the business with some of the leaders; and we've just heard that José and a score or so more mean to do for him on the way."

Clement Carré broke into a peal of clear laughter. "Tell him not to come, then," he said. "Isn't it simple?"

"But the point is they mean to do for us too if we stir out of this house!"

"Now, that is awkward," said Clement Carré, reflectively. He came and perched like a bird on the arm of the Under Leader-writer's chair. "Who's going? Fatty here?"

"Get out!" said the Under Leader-writer, endeavouring to dislodge him; with the result that Clement Carré subsided on his knee.

"No offers?" said Clement, looking round the ring of faces. "Too bad! We shall all be accused of abetting the murder if one of us doesn't go, you know. José's a dear friend of mine: I avow I'll try myself."

"Carré, you mustn't!" said the Editor.

Clement was already at the door. He waved his hand in an airy salute.

"Clement, come back!" cried the Sub-editor.

Clement's answer returned, but not himself. "My *dear* fellow, who in the world would shoot *me*?"

There was a minute of silence. Then—"By Jove! he hasn't gone?" said the Editor, springing up and dragging the venetians aside.

"I have not the least doubt but that José's threat was entirely vain," said the Chief Leader-writer, looking uncomfortable.

"He's about right. They won't touch him. Who would?" said the Sub-editor with great assurance.

"This," said the Editor, "is the most confoundedly awkward business."

"I've a mind to go after him," said the Under Leader-writer, sitting up.

"It's too late now," said the Editor, dropping the blind and turning away. So they all drank iced pegs again in a strained silence.

But the dark-browed young man had silently followed Clement Carré. He caught him up midway across the square. "Do you desire an early grave?" he said, dropping a lean brown hand on Clement's shoulder—"For I assure you that you are likely to win it."

Clement Carré laughed at him. "One lives," he said, "one dies. Life is amusing; so is death, if you take it the right way."

"More so, in my opinion; but I should hardly have expected to find in you a sympathizer with my views. They're outré, you'll admit."

"You're a Frenchman," said Clement Carré. The dark-browed young man signified his assent. "Oh, and crossed in love, I'll swear it!"

"Now, what a seer you are!" said the dark-browed young man. "I reserve to myself the right of reading secrets. How did you find me out?"

Clement looked into the thin, satirical brown face, and laughed again. "Your eyes betray you. Green eyes under black brows are not the eyes of fortune."

"It is true that they are far from beauty," the black-browed stranger acquiesced; "as far from beauty as you from accuracy, which

is a long distance, *mon ami*—further than we from death. Hark!"

They heard in the distance a low and ominous murmur of voices.

"Go back," said Clement Carré. "This is none of your funeral. I shall not be touched; I'm the Little Friend of all the World, you know."

"Then you can give protection to another friend."

"That doesn't follow. Your appearance is against you; my innocence won't whitewash a melodramatic ruffian like you."

"I have not the least doubt but that José's threat was entirely vain," said he of the dark brows, cleverly mimicking the Chief Leader-writer.

"Nor I; but I do not care for your company."

"*Mon ami*," said the dark-browed young man, "I am coming with you."

Clement Carré shrugged his shoulders.

They had crossed the square, and reached the hot grey shadow of a narrow lane, shut in between white unfeatured walls, over which leaned a golden orange tree. A hundred yards down the lane turned sharply to the right, and at the angle a house was built, with wide steps running up to a high porch, and green balconies overrun by a delicate trellis-work of light leaves and frail blue flowers. Beyond this bend the lane was invisible to Clement Carré and his companion; it was from beyond this bend that the ominous murmur came; and round this bend led the only route to Government House.

Clement Carré broke suddenly into a run, which carried him up the steps and into the porch; the black-browed young man followed him. From this height they could see down both parts of the lane and over the walls on either side; and there, crouching out of sight, were a score of the most unpleasing ruffians which even Monte Doro could produce. Viewing them, it seemed easy to believe that the saying tells true which declares that there is no God on the Pacific coast.

"Ohé! people of Monte Doro!" Clement cried in his clear tones. "Will you let Clement Carré pass?"

The black-browed young man caught his arm. "You go to your death," he said.

"Rather death than dishonour; but I don't think I do."

"Do you imagine that the magic of your name will still these men who have taken reward to slay the innocent?"

Clement Carré kissed his hand with degagé friendliness to the most ruffianly of his enemies. "That's José," he said airily; "see how he blushes! Now do you fancy he wants to hurt me when I saved his Ines only last month by dosing her with quinine and ipecacuanha? Everybody in Monte Doro knows Clement Carré. They wouldn't harm me; and besides——" He whispered a few words which produced a strange effect upon the black-browed young man.

"You are mad," he said; "you will only be killed."

"Mad? No; but sane and ingenious."

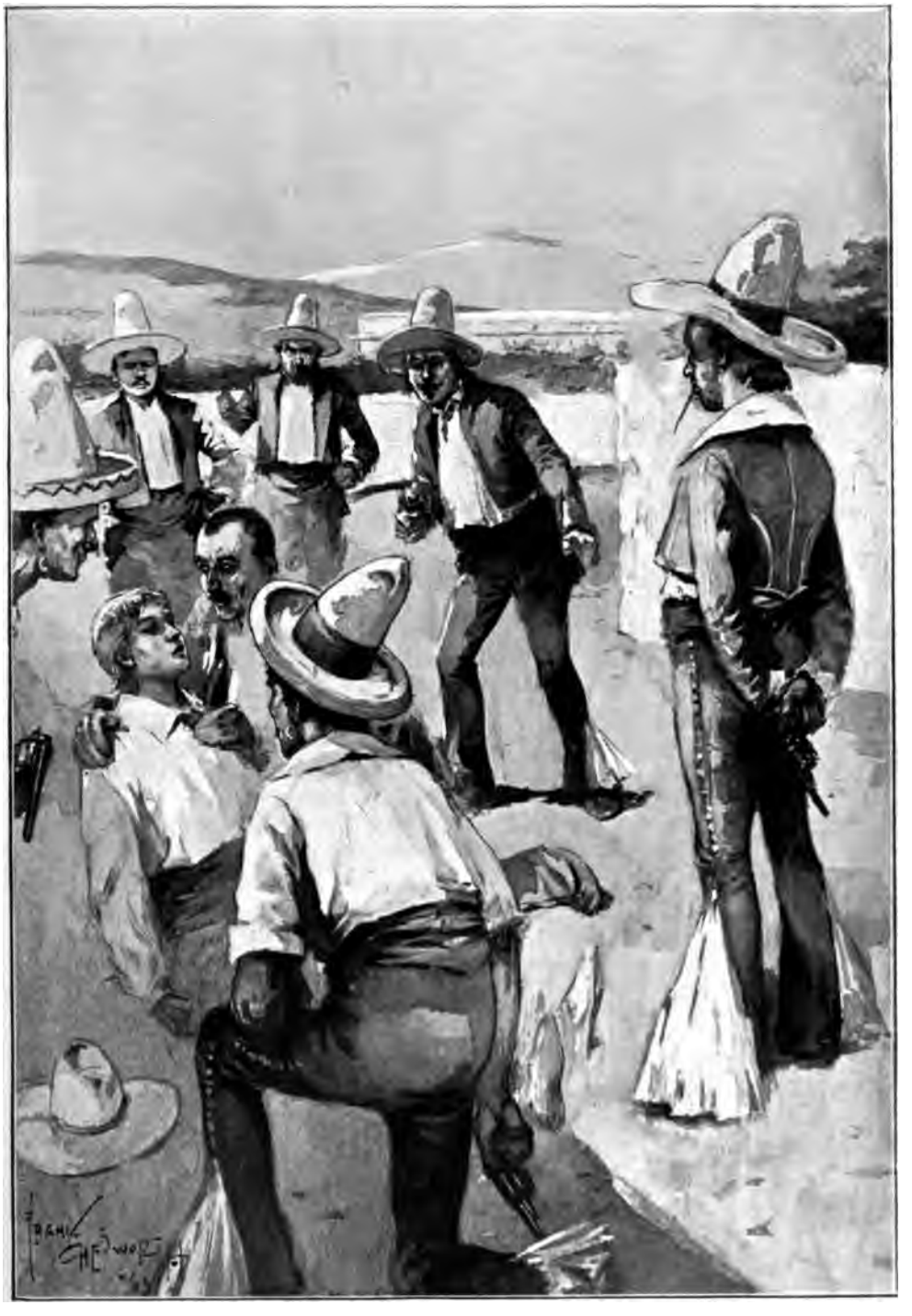
"They will certainly find out."

"They will be far too much scared. Do you only do your part and all will be well. Adieu."

Clement Carré ran down the steps, light of foot as a young deer of the mountains, and walked boldly down the lane. He carried his hands behind him, his head in the air, and sang at the top of a clear alto voice the most inept of ditties; nothing less than a cradle-song written by Robert Schumann. The tune, that is, was inept; but the words, which Clement coined *en route*, were exquisitely apt.

Shoot me boldly, little José,
When you've shot me then home go; say,
"Clement Carré, he is dead;"
Ines straight will clout your head.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, O *won't* she clout your head!

Clement Carré had the air of an impudent sparrow stealing a piece of a big dog's dinner, and he put the most intolerable sentiment into these fine verses of his. The black-browed young man under the porch was shaking with mirth. The twenty villains posted to prevent passengers remained paralyzed by his audacity. Clement Carré, stepping in



José fell on his knees, stammering apologies to deaf ears.

time to his ditty, began upon the second verse.

> Poets are a pest essential;
> Women's tongues are pestilential;
> José has——

At this point José, who saw his purpose slipping from him, sprang to his feet, uttered half-a-dozen oaths to keep up his courage, and fired point-blank at the slim boy's figure. Clement Carré threw up his hands and dropped; he lay very still in the dust.

José flung away his six-shooter, vaulted the wall, and fell on his knees, stammering apologies to deaf ears. He lifted Clement Carré and tried to revive him. The other men followed him one by one, and by the time they had all assembled Clement Carré opened his eyes with a dreamy look. "Take me home," he murmured.

One wrenched a gate from its hinges, others spread their coats upon it to make it a softer litter. The Little Friend of all the World was laid upon it, and they carried him back across the square. No one noticed that the black-browed young man had not followed, but was hurrying down the lane towards Government House.

José dared not search for the wound, for Clement Carré shrank and shuddered directly hands were laid upon him. "Let me die in peace," was his prayer. So they carried him back even as he was.

The sad little procession halted before the office of the *Monte Doro Scavenger*. José and two others carried Clement Carré in; the rest waited outside to hear the news.

It was the Under Leader-writer who heard them coming, and sprang up to open the door. He actually ran to do it. When he saw José and the burden José was carrying his face got waxy-white. The others turned round and saw too. Clement Carré was lying quite still, and his eyes were closed.

"You've shot him?" said the Editor. "Damn you!"

"Oh, poor little kid!" said the Sub-editor, with a catch in his voice.

"Is it—is it absolutely certain that life is quite extinct?" said the Chief Leader-writer, sitting rigidly upright, and clasping the arms of his chair.

"Swear at yourself, Editor," said the Under Leader-writer, hardily. "We're all the damnedest of damned cowards!"

No one contradicted him. José laid Clement Carré down on the floor, and the Editor, who was best skilled in surgery, having been a medical student in the days of his youth, knelt down and began to examine him. The Sub-editor helped him. Clement Carré lay passive, without a sign of life.

"Where the devil is he hurt?" said the Editor, who found some relief in using bad language. "What did you aim at, José?"

"Signor, I aimed at his legs," said José, in a broken voice. "Mother of Miracles! I never meant to hurt him, the poor little angel." And he, too, knelt down and lent his aid.

"He has not yet passed the Rubicon," said the Chief Leader-writer, who had seen a spasm pass over the white face of Clement Carré. He cleared his throat after speaking. The Sub-editor, who had confessed that he was afraid to go, said nothing. Conscience was reproaching him.

"Conf—— hang these boots!" said the Editor, almost with a sob. He altered his ejaculation, because the Chief Leader-writer had said that Clement Carré was not dead. Clement Carré disapproved of swearing. "José, you're strong; can you lift him a little?"

"Si, signor."

At that moment the door opened again to admit the black-browed young man, who seemed slightly out of breath. He stood in the doorway, surveying with a smile the group unconscious of his presence.

"A charming family party," he observed. "The wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and the young lion, and the kid—Permit me to assure you, gentlemen, that the President, being indisposed, will be unable to attend your conference to-day."

"What?" said the Editor, leaving the chafing of Clement Carré's hands to stare at the black-browed young man.

"José," said another voice, "if you go on tickling the soles of my feet in this barbarous fashion, I shall assuredly scream. Ouf!" And Clement Carré sat up and stretched himself.

"Congratulations," said the black-browed young man, smiling.

"The signor is not dead?" gasped José.

"Decidedly—ah, decidedly an ingenious ruse," said the Chief Leader-writer, in uncertain tones.

"You darned little humbug!" said the Sub-editor.

"*Clement!*" said the Under Leader-writer, in a tone of intense and unmixed relief.

The Editor said nothing for some minutes, then he remarked: "Well, I am hanged!" and scratched his ear.

"It was charming," Clement explained, airily. "José's aim was spoilt by thoughts of Ines' tongue, so he only hit the ground. So I fainted. So they thought I was dead. So they were remorseful and forgetful. So they carried me home — home. So my friend of the black eyebrows went to the President. So he came back and relieved my mind, and yours, and José's, and I recover, and there isn't any murder. The Little Friend of all the World will put an accurate narrative in our next issue, showing the cowardice of the staff and—give me refreshment, Sub, for dying is uncommonly hard work!"

NOCTURNE

By F. O'NEILL GALLAGHER

NIGHT, wanly blue, and wet
With a thin rain. Long, sad lines of streets
Fade to a mystery of gloom,
Where scattered ghostly lamps
Burn miserably. Heavy rain-clogged trees
Drip wearily incessant
Upon a sodden earth, and overhead
The moon hangs, pale and nebulous.
O bleak stagnation.
O for the white nights,
The nights of leaping blood,
When the strong grip of winter claspt the land,
And she, proud queen, looked down, superb,
Upon an iron world; or when the storm
Drove his wild pack, with fierce halloo,
Across the groaning earth,
And, like a strong swimmer, she,
Full-orbed, would rise exultant
From the rank on threatening rank
Of clouds that surged tumultuous.
But now,
Haggard she leans in lethargy,
As though some elemental vampire force
Had sucked the fire
From out her heart—
Ay, and the fire from life. The night
Seems visible image of hopelessness
And change impossible. Things could never be
Other than now, or ever have been.
Neither strife, nor rest—nor joy, nor pain,
But always wan, blue emptiness.

A White Rose

BY MAURICE HART

SHE gave me a rose when I left her,
A white rose that I lovingly cherish,
Purest and fairest of flowers,
Of herself, the most gracious of women,
Truest and perfectest emblem.

I remember the day I first saw her
Eternally, vividly pictured,
Though I marked not the dress she was wearing,
Nor trivial details about her,
But regarded in dumb adoration
The beautiful woman before me,
And saw the great soul in the woman:
For her eyes were so calm and so steadfast,
So passionless yet so compassionate,
That I knew as I gazed on their deepness,
If only they dwelt on me always,
Like twin stars in the east, I could never
Do anything base, I should fear so
That they would look grieved and regretful.

I saw her again not long after,
And spake to her timidly fearful.
Just a few words from her lips fell,
Phrases of common politeness,
Nothing of import or meaning,
But her voice was to me perfect music
That thrilled with its sweet modulation
And stirred a respondent vibration
From chords in my own soul deep buried,
Untouched and hitherto silent,
Till the tuner Love came and made entrance.

A third time I saw my heart's mistress
And held her fair hand for a moment

In mine, in the short clasp of friendship.
Oh, could man in his sorest temptation,
Alone with his wickedest impulse,
But feel the firm touch of her fingers
'Twould purge his heart free from all evil—
So I thought as her hand in my own lay.

That was long years ago, and the colours
That lie on my memory's canvas
Fast fade and lose edge and distinctness;
Yet, amid much of vagueness and shadow
Still stand out with vividness, clearly,
Her eyes, and her voice, and hand's pressure—
These, and the life I have wasted.

Wasted in idleness, pleasure,
Selfishly wasted, I know it:
Not viciously—would it had been so:
Vigorous, strenuous sinning
Has something at least in its favour
If it earns only hell's commendation.
Man's glory is strength, be it well used,
Or put to some devilish purpose,
And it may under other conditions,
Under better and freer conditions,
When the ill wrought on earth is forgiven,
Be purified, purged, and ennobled,
And employed in a worthy direction,
Serving the great Master Workman.
My faults were but weakness and folly—
But there, I'm not laying my soul bare
To whine for compassion and pity,
By casting the blame upon others,
With this one tempted me hither
And that one urged me to thisward.

I ought to have known ere I asked her,
To have guessed that my beautiful heart's queen
Was too precious, too sacredly holy,
To mate with one utterly worthless;
But my heart was so hungry and cheerless,
And it craved for the warmth of her goodness:
I knew that the past I could bury
Deep down in eternal oblivion,
With her by my side in the darkness
Leading me tenderly dawnward.

She stood by my side on that evening
And moved me so much by her presence,
That I clenched my hot hands till they hurt me,
And tried my heart's beating to stifle,
Lest its prompting should mock all controlment,
And my arms in their amorous longing
Should burst all restraint and enfold her
In a tempest of riotous passion.

Humbly I told her my story,
Told her all freely and frankly,
Glossed nothing over that mattered,
Crouching in utter abasement:
Nervously pleaded before her,
Asked for my past her forgiveness,
Asked for her great condescension,
To take in her own hands my future
And mould it to worthier purpose.

I finished all trembling and fearing,
And waited, my eyes on the ground bent,
For her voice to break into the silence:
Waited expectant, despairing,
Hoping, yet feeling 'twas hopeless,
Till I could bear it no longer,
Took heart, and looked up for her answer.

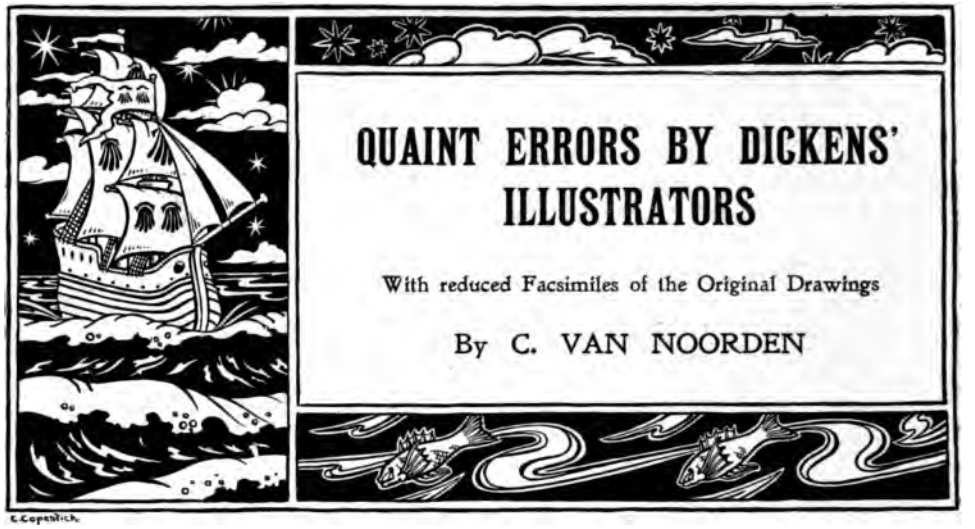
Then she spoke softly and gently,
Sadness and pity her eyes showed:
"My friend, you have said that you love me,
And I know in your voice that your heart spake,
I am sorry that you should have said it,
Yet glad, aye and proud, to have known it.
My friend—dear friend let me call you—
You have pleaded so well and so strongly,
If I had been free, as you think me,
I believe that your pleading had won me.
Dear friend, how it pains me to hurt you,
Oh, think that it is with reluctance,
But the throne of my heart that you ask for
Has its king, who the lord of my life is.
Oh, it stabs me to say it so bluntly;
Believe me, that what you have told me
I shall know while my soul has existence,
And shall keep it in proud recollection,
In remembrance both tender and loving."

She ceased and I made as to leave her,
Not trusting myself to make utterance,
But a quivering hand I extended,
Mutely desiring to thank her,
Ere I fled from her side in my anguish.

But she clasped my hand closely and held it.
"Stay," she said; "stay yet and hear me,
By the love that you say you have for me,
By the love that I would I could give,
By the truest and tenderest friendship
I may without shame say I bear you,
Be true to your own higher nature;
There is much in the world that needs doing,
Could you not for my sake help to do it?
And see, since I cannot be with you,
To fight by your side in life's battle,
I give you a rose from my bosom;
It is all I am able to offer,
But 'tis from my heart that I give it."

I left her there silently standing,
Her beautiful eyes overflowing
And welling with sadness and pity,
With oh, so much pity and sadness.

Though its petals have withered and fallen,
And its glory has faded and vanished,
And gone is the wonderful fragrance
Exhaled with such wealth of effusion,
As it nestled that night in her bodice;
Still I keep as my sole priceless treasure
The rose, once white, that she gave me,
Purest and fairest of flowers,
Of herself, the most gracious of women,
Truest and perfectest emblem.



QUAINT ERRORS BY DICKENS' ILLUSTRATORS

With reduced Facsimiles of the Original Drawings

By C. VAN NOORDEN

"WHATSUME'ER the failings on his part, Remember, reader, he were that good in his hart," says honest Joe Gargary in "Great Expectations." And doubtless such was the feeling Dickens had towards his artists when more than usually tried by their vagaries.

At the same time we must recollect that these errors were not always entirely the fault of the artists: very often they were only given a verbal description of what was wanted —and that at very short notice— or were shown but a small portion of a proof of the text, for Dickens went always in fear of his work being forestalled, or of claims being made by artists to be the originators of characters or descriptions.

I need not include in this article those mistakes which might occur through inexperience or forgetfulness, such as making a character left-handed, due to the reversing of a drawing during its transfer to copper or wood. The mistakes I have to point out are real discrepancies with the text, or reveal the artist's unfamiliarity with the objects he is drawing. For an example there is, in "Sketches by Boz," a plate representing that dreadful moment when Horatio Sparkins, Esq.—"he who seemed like an embodied idea of the young dukes and poetical exquisites"—is discovered to be merely Samuel Smith, a counter-jumper at Messrs. Jones, Spruggins, and Smith's, in the Tottenham Court Road.

This emporium is described as "a

HORATIO SPARKINS, ESQ.

The little ¾ beside the "dropsical figure of seven" has been metamorphosed by the artist into ½.

OLIVER TWIST.

Nancy as here depicted by Cruikshank is hardly the emaciated creature as described by Dickens.

"Mr. Fagin and his pupils recovering Nancy," the latter is depicted as a decidedly buxom wench, whilst we are told in the book she was "so pale and reduced from watching and privation." If that were really the case, the lady must have been a female Daniel Lambert when in her usual health. Again, in the "Last Chance," where Sikes is seen endeavouring to evade the mob on Jacob's Island, he is said to have had a rope over 35ft. long, and his dog to have lain concealed until the end. The artist has given Sikes poor measure of rope — only about 13ft. — not nearly enough to reach the ground; but sufficient to hang himself with, as events proved. Cruikshank has placed the dog on the ridge of the roof, in full view, the faithful animal no doubt finding it

dirty-looking ticketed linendrapers' shop, with goods of all kinds, and labels of all sorts and sizes in the window. There were dropsical figures of seven with a little three-farthings in the corner, perfectly invisible to the naked eye, three hundred and fifty thousand ladies' boas," &c., &c.

Now, it is perfectly clear from the above, that the three farthings were a great feature of the drapery trade then, as they are to-day — and were a special point — but Cruikshank, although his directions were so plain before him, must needs mark down the goods to sevenpence-halfpenny — an act which might have brought ruin to the firm, the wares being already sold at fifty per cent. under cost.

Other mistakes of the great George are to be found in "Oliver Twist," where in the etching of

OLIVER TWIST.

The 35 feet of rope which Dickens gave has dwindled to about 12 or 13 feet in Cruikshank's drawing, and where the dog could lie concealed is a mystery.

impossible to shelter behind a non-existing parapet.

Turning now to "Barnaby Rudge" and the "Old Curiosity Shop"—first issued as serials in "Master Humphrey's Clock," and afterwards published separately—arm Joe Willett lost in the defence of the "Salwanners," "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne) has very accommodatingly given him now a right arm, and now a left arm less, so that the discriminating reader may take his choice.

BARNABY RUDGE.

In the first of these drawings "Phiz" deprives Joe Willett of his right arm and in the second of his left.

Cattermole's thrilling design of "The Murder at the Warren," in "Barnaby Rudge," is represented as taking place in bright daylight, although it is described in the book as happening in pitch darkness; *and as the author* omitted to say which

In the "Old Curiosity Shop," "Phiz" has most unfeelingly placed Mrs. Jarley's seat on the cold damp ground, instead of leaving her dry and comfortable at the top of the caravan steps, where the author put her; and again, in a spirit of perversity in the

"Visit to Astley's" he has robbed Barbara's mother of her umbrella and given it to Mrs. Nubbles, and this in spite of the fact that we are told "Barbara's mother beat her umbrella on the floor in her ecstacies until it was nearly worn down to the gingham."

"Pickwick" seems to be a perfect storehouse of these slips. There is the picture of Mr. Jingle's wonderful dog, Ponto, whose master carries a still more wonderful gun without a lock. Then the skating party at Dingley Dell, with never a skate among them, although we know that there must have been some, from Mr. Pickwick's repeated order to Mr. Winkle to "Take off his skates." We read that when Mr. Pickwick was found behind the door at the young ladies' school, the cook alone could be coerced beyond the threshold, but "Phiz," apparently thinking it put too great a strain on the readers' credulity to exhibit one poor female advancing alone into the dark garden, has determined she shall be backed up, and accordingly sends the other two servants into the night with her.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

At this first meeting of Little Nell with Mrs. Jarley, the latter is described as sitting at the top of the steps in the doorway, but the artist seats her on a stool on the ground.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

According to Dickens, when Kit and Barbara visited Astley's, it was Barbara's mother who beat the umbrella on the floor, but in this drawing by "Phiz" it is Kit's mother.

It does not seem as if Browne could draw a sedan-chair. Possibly he had never seen one, as even at that time (*circa* 1837) they were nearly extinct, one or two lingering still, perhaps, in out-of-the-way corners, or in the provinces where all things die hard. Be this as it may, the chair in which Mr. Pickwick is imprisoned at Ipswich is an enormous structure about twelve feet high, double the height of a chair and quite beyond the physical power of two men to lift. Another monstrosity of the kind is shown in the illustration of "Mr. Winkle's situation when the door blew to"; and in this plate another mistake occurs: Mr. Winkle is still holding the candle while bolting into the sedan, although we have just been told that he threw the candle away.

In the scene wherein Mr. Pickwick meets Jingle, broken down and ill in the Fleet Prison, "Phiz" depicts the faithful Job Trotter as present, whereas he does not appear at all until the next chapter of the "Pickwick Papers." When the ever-cheerful Mark Tapley accompanied Martin Chuzzlewit to the States, he had on one occasion to wait for Martin outside the office of the *Rowdy Journal*, and we learn from the veracious chronicler that Mark

PICKWICK PAPERS.

The skating party at Dingby Dell has ne'er a skate among them.

PICKWICK PAPERS.

Mr. Jingle goes shooting with a gun that has no lock.

decorated the door with his initials in characters a foot long, with the day of the month and the year in smaller type, the whole surrounded with a neat border. The portrayer of this event (H. K. B.) evidently did not consider the display of the initials sufficiently convincing, so, having space, executed the name in full. On the completion of this self-set task he seems to have felt disinclined to work further on such trivial detail as dates, and so omitted them entirely.

Of Doctor Blimber (in "Dombey and Son") we read that he took but ten young gentlemen under his "Portico"; the delineator, however, thinking apparently in the generosity of his art (no joke intended) that the smaller number would have a

PICKWICK PAPERS.

"Phiz" here introduces Job Trotter in the Fleet Prison when Mr. Pickwick visits it, whereas Trotter does not come on the scene till the next chapter.

mean appearance, has credited that master of forcing with seventeen pupils.

Another example occurs in "Dombey," when Captain Cuttle is introduced to us. He appeared in "a wide suit of blue, with a hook instead of a hand attached to his right wrist." In the first representation he appears thus, and so far so good; but in the next the artist, conscious of the deadly sin of monotony, has transferred the hook to the left side.

In the "Wooden Midshipman on the Lookout" we find

PICKWICK PAPERS.

In the story only the cook of the young ladies' school is brave enough to advance into the garden; in the picture two other servants support her.

PICKWICK PAPERS.

When the door "blew to," Mr. Winkle "threw away the extinguished candle and fairly bolted into the sedan-chair." In the picture he bolts *with* the candle.

Florence Dombey represented as a mature young woman, although she could only have been a child of fourteen, and Susan Nipper, who was a "short brown girl," is a good deal taller and even more mature than Florence. A final specimen from Dombey must be noted in "The Dark Road," representing Mr. Carker's flight in the postchaise. The postillion is delineated with the reins in the wrong hand; and we note that while the horses are racing full gallop, the wheels on the near side are standing quite still. The off wheels, be it observed, are not to be seen at all, perhaps because

they are revolving so rapidly as to be invisible to the eye.

To turn now to the charming and altogether delightful woodcuts in the "Christmas Books," we find Dicky Doyle putting his foot in it; he has made the bells in the third quarter only three in number forgetting that four are required to ring a quarter, twelve strokes to three quarters.

In the "Battle of Life" occurs a grave error by John Leech, which was not discovered till too late to remedy. Dickens writes from Lausanne—"When I first saw it, it was with an horror and agony not to be expressed. Of course I need not tell you, my dear fellow, Warden has no business in the elopement scene. He was never there." He continues, in the kindness of his heart, that he would have had the press stopped, and the figure taken out of the block, but for the pain it might give Leech. It is easy to see on reading the book what havoc this cut makes with one of the most delicate situations.

PICKWICK PAPERS.

In "The Arrest of Mr. Pickwick at Ipswich," the sedan-chair is at least a third larger than it should be.

Let us now take our way to Mr. Peggotty's abode: the old boat home on the sand wastes of Yarmouth. Davy Copperfield's description of it—as some kind of superannuated boat, high and dry on the ground—and his curiosity as to the use of some hooks "in the beams" of the

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

Mark Tapley wrote his *initials* and the date on the door, but the artist has made him write his whole name and not the date.

DOMBEY AND SON.

Dr. Blimber "only undertook the charge of *ten* young gentlemen," wrote Dickens, but the artist has enlarged the number to *seventeen*.

ceiling show, without a doubt, that a boat on its keel was in the mind of the author. Instead of this, "Phiz" gives us a boat with its keel uppermost—a most natural mistake; but later artists who have studied their author, such as the late Fred Barnard, have given us the old boat in the position described. And I have lately seen a drawing in a Fleet Street shop, showing the correct position of Little Em'ly's home. Davy's idea of being in a real sea-going boat is evinced by his relation of his first night there. "As slumber gradually stole upon me, I heard the wind howling out at sea . . . but I bethought myself that I was in a boat after all, and that a man like Mr. Peggotty was not a bad person to have on board, if anything did happen."

DOMBEY AND SON.

" . . . A gentleman in a wide suit of blue, with a hook instead of a hand attached to his *right* wrist."

DOMBEY AND SON.

But the same artist in this drawing put the hook on the *left* wrist.

DOMBEY AND SON.

This mature young lady is Florence Dombey, who was fourteen at the time. The tall girl behind her is Susan Nipper, who is described as "a short, stout girl!"

Passing on to Davy's later days, when he had set up a wife, and taken to housekeeping on his own, he says, "I could not help wondering in my mind, as I contemplated the boiled leg of mutton before me, previous

DOMBEY AND SON.

The carriage has but two wheels, and these are quite still though the horses are going at a great pace; and the postillion has the reins in the wrong hand.

THE CHIMES.

Four bells are used to strike the quarter. Here there are but three.

to carving it, how it came to pass that our joints of meat were of such extraordinary shapes." His "wonder" need not be wondered at, as the artist—again that recreant "Phiz"—has given him a loin and not a leg of mutton to carve.

Let us proceed to the legal shades of Lincoln's Inn, to Mr. Tulkinghorn's chambers, drawn from those of John Forster, the author's friend and biographer, and regard the foreshortened allegory on the ceiling, "in the person of one impossible Roman upside down, pointing with the arm of Samson (out of joint and an odd one) obtrusively towards the window"; but compare this description with Browne's picture of the scene, after the murder of the safe keeper of family secrets. In his drawing the Roman is pointing in another direction altogether, away from the window, and towards the empty chair and the stain of blood before it, on the opposite side of the

room. Other scenes in "Bleak House" which contain errors are those of "Miss Jellyby" and the one entitled "Consecrated Ground."

Poor Caddy Jellyby, to get rid of the stains, dipped her inky middle finger into the egg-cup which contained vinegar, but "Phiz" has drawn her with her forefinger in the egg-cup.

In "Consecrated Ground"—representing the entrance to the burial ground where the law-writer Nemo, the late dashing Captain Hawdon, the lover of Lady Deadlock, was interred—the mourners, etc., might find it difficult to enter the ground, unless they had brought sledge-hammers with them, as Browne has fastened the entrance with a gate which has no hinges, and is not made to open, although he has furnished it with a lock.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

The artist represents Michael Warden as taking part in the elopement, but this is directly at variance with the text.

If more faults be ascribed to the drawings by "Phiz" than to those of other artists, it is on the principle of the white sheep eating more than the black, viz., because there are more of them.

With all their errors, there is something so charming and lovable in these drawings that they seem to be the natural companions of the Inimitable's writings, one completing the other. One could not realise Pickwick without the plates, and how many types have not the drawings fixed for us? Have we not all recognised a Heep—a Gamp—a Pecksniff, in the life that flows around each of us?

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

Dickens's description of Peggotty's house certainly conveys the idea that it stood on its keel.

BLEAK HOUSE.

Under the influence of "Phiz," Miss Jellyby dips her *first* finger into the vinegar, instead of the "inky *middle* finger" according to the author

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

The "leg of mutton" in the book is here transformed by the magic of H. K. Browne's pencil into a loin.

We have had many successors to the group of brilliant artists who were the original illustrators of Charles Dickens' novels, but the mental picture conjured up by the name of any of the author's famous creations is inevitably the conception presented to the eye in a drawing of Leech or Cruikshank, Browne or Cattermole. This is the more remarkable when we reflect how rarely

BARNABY RUDGE.

Thus Gashford is represented as sitting on the roof in the dark, watching for the signs of conflagration. Singularly deep shadows for a gloomy night!

do the presentments of modern illustrators entirely command our sympathy. The portraits of characters in fiction, which we draw, even vaguely, in the mind, are usually much more acceptable to us than are the conceptions of professional artists, but of Dickens' illustrators it may be said that two generations of readers have accepted their wonderful gallery of portraits as absolutely true to life.

BLEAK HOUSE.

The gate of the churchyard is shown without hinges and without a division, though it has a lock.

BLEAK HOUSE.

The "Ancient Roman" on the ceiling of Mr. Tulkinghorn's office is described as pointing to the door, but shown as pointing to the hearth.

THE HERMIT OF JACKFISH*

By G. B. BURGIN

(Author of "The Shutters of Silence," &c, &c., &c.)

I.

THE Stranger stepped off the train as it stopped at Jackfish, on the north shore of Lake Superior, and swore audibly. Then he felt better. He swore, because the desolate nature of the surrounding scenery appeared to justify any number of strange oaths; further, because the penetrating, insidious rain soaked under his upturned collar and wetted him to the skin; also, on the general principle that, as things had gone wrong with him, he was entitled to swear.

The "C.P.R." train started gingerly off on its perilous track round the lake—a track which had apparently been constructed under the belief that a Canadian engine can safely follow any creeping forest thing. Hence, occasional disaster, despite the ceaseless vigilance of the officials. But, as a rule, the train "got through" all right. Sometimes, it got through into the lake and never came up again; but, fortunately, this was not an everyday occurrence. After skirting the lake, the engine generally sent a rejoicing scream back to Jackfish, and went on to encounter more perils Vancouverwards.

On this wet spring afternoon, Jackfish was appallingly desolate. It had occurred to someone to ship coal from the place; consequently, great black heaps steadily accumulated in the vicinity, in spite of the lake-steamer fleet waiting to carry it away. The inhabitants of Jackfish, owing to overmuch handling of coal, were grimy of complexion and costume. Although the lake invited them to sport on its ample bosom, they did not, as a rule, trouble to do so. Their indifference to aquatic pursuits was perhaps engendered by a knowledge that the all-pervading coal dust would soon render them unrecognisable to their dearest friends should they lave themselves in the lake's stormy waters; and so, with true philosophy, they remained dirty and dusty, and smoked the pipe of contemplation when energetic strangers occasionally sought to show them the error of their ways.

But the latest stranger, young, dark, handsome, and of a peculiar melancholy which showed itself in every listless movement of his long limbs, did not take any interest in the inhabitants of Jackfish, although his powers of invective had momentarily attracted their approving attention. For once, in spite of themselves, the inhabitants of Jackfish were being cleansed by the ceaseless spring rain; a little soap would have rendered the washing more complete, but there was no soap available at the moment, and so the inhabitants wiped their faces with grimy hands and opined that the Stranger "didn't know enuff to come in out of the rain."

The Station Master, seeing the Stranger survey, with melancholy interest, a heap of miscellaneous luggage which had been hastily dumped down on the platform, suggested that it was getting wet, and the Stranger, rousing himself from the apathetic state into which he had fallen, agreed with the Station Master that this was so; in fact, it was evident to the most casual observer that the things were very wet already.

Half-a-dozen deeply interested inhabitants, smoking under cover of the station shed, looked on at the luggage, but did not stir. The consensus of public opinion was steadily setting in against the young stranger.

"Wears a biled shirt!" said one inhabitant, obviously referring to the Stranger;

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and a murmur of disappointment at this wanton fastidiousness on the part of the newcomer ran round the group.

"And gloves!"

"And watch-chain!"

"And gold ring!"

"And shiny boots with pointed toes!"

"And plug hat!"

"And shaves hisself!"

"And we ain't allowed to draw on it 'cause the Comp'ny's got a reputation to keep up," growled the wag of the group. "My! but it makes one feel sorter lonesome!"

The Station Master, hearing these unfavourable comments on the Stranger's appearance, felt that he must do something to counteract the effect of local bad manners. He took up the smallest box and laboriously carried it into his office.

Roused from his abstraction by this energetic action on the Station Master's part, the Stranger seized a portmanteau and dragged it out of the rain. Then he opened a bundle of rugs, slung a waterproof sheet over his shoulders—an act which elicited further disapproval from the crowd—and proceeded to haul the remainder of his property under cover.

"You don't ask us to help, Stranger," said the Oldest Inhabitant of Jackfish—he had also more grime to the square inch than any other member of the crowd—expectorating with startling precision at an inoffensive lump of coal which lay in his line of vision.

The Stranger, apparently conscious of the Oldest Inhabitant's presence for the first time, turned on his heel and went up to the Station Master. "Thanks," he said, with languid courtesy; "it's awfully good of you to help. Are my things safe from—that?" And he pointed with undisguised contempt to the Oldest Inhabitant.

"You bet," said the Station Master. "He wouldn't steal a fly."

"But these aren't flies," objected the Stranger; "and he looks as if he'd like to steal these."

"Oh, he's all right," said the Station Master, "though he can't help looking like a tough."

Seeing that the Stranger did not appear to be satisfied with this explanation, the Oldest Inhabitant expressed a desire to meet him in single combat with knives or guns. The Stranger paid not the slightest attention to this proposed sanguinary programme on the part of the Oldest Inhabitant, but asked the Station Master how far off it was to Sellars'.

"Sellars'!" The Station Master was amazed. "Are you the——"

"Yes, I've bought it," said the Stranger, in a tone which did not admit of further discussion.

"Why?" asked the Station Master. "Are you looney, or running a whisky still?"

The Stranger, disdaining to gratify the Station Master's curiosity, gave him directions about sending on the luggage next day.

"The track ain't what you'd call good," said the Station Master, secretly admiring the Stranger's unwillingness to impart gratuitous information.

"Then make it better," said the Stranger. "Anyhow, get the things there to-morrow. Straight down for a mile and a-half, I understand, and then into the Bush? How do you get into the Bush? From the right or the left?"

"Left," said the paralysed Stationmaster. "Was you allowin' to take possession at once?"

"At once," said the Stranger, decisively.

"Then Heaven help you!" said the Station Master.

"Why?" asked the Stranger. "Is that an excuse for these gentlemen"—he pointed to the loafers—"not doing so?"

"N-no, I guess not," said the Station Master, helplessly. "Tell him, boys."

"It's right in the Bush."

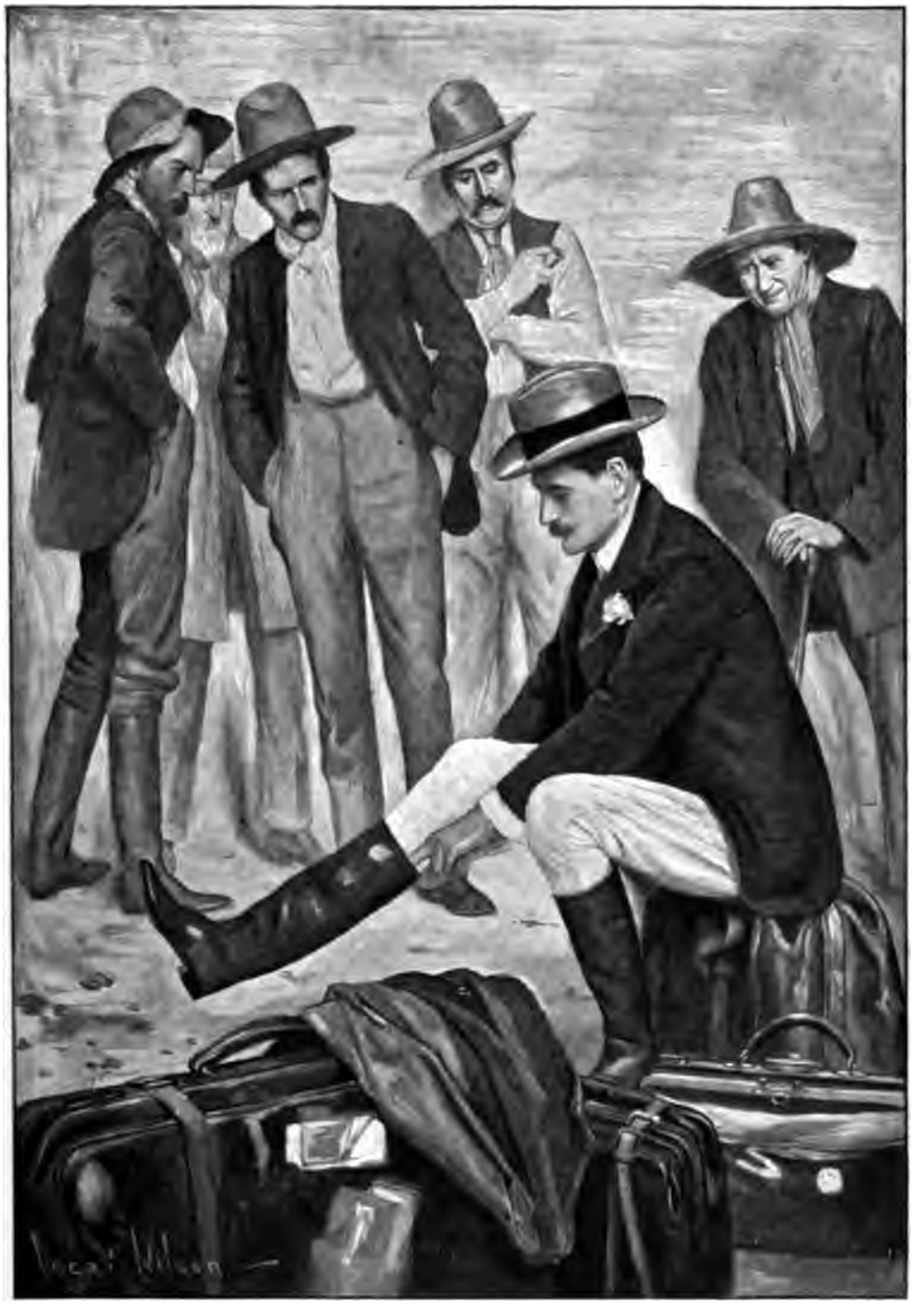
"And nothin' to eat."

"And the shingles is rottin' off."

"And——"

"That will do," said the Stranger, more courteously. "I am obliged to you for your information." He handed the Station Master a ten-dollar bill. "Kindly send me down some food."

"I guess I ain't go——"



The Stranger drew on a pair of faultless breeches and boots.

The Stranger produced a letter from a high official of the railway company, whereat the Station Master collapsed.

"I thought you'd do it," said the Stranger. "Would you like to see any more letters?" He put his hand into his pocket as if he could produce them at will.

"Darned if I would," said the Station Master. "This one's most took the hide off me a'ready. Reckon you'd better ride, Stranger."

"But I've no horse," objected the Stranger.

The Station Master sent for his broncho —a creation in piebald, as tough as wire and as wicked as original sin.

The Stranger unfastened a portmanteau, took off his trousers, put them in the portmanteau, and, regardless of the bystanders, drew on a pair of faultless breeches and boots.

"Well, I'm d——d," was the interested comment of the Oldest Inhabitant.

"Do not anticipate your future," said the Stranger, walking admiringly up to the game little broncho.

The broncho's first impulse was to snap at the Stranger's arm, then to kick him to pieces; but the Stranger's eye met his, and the broncho submitted to be mounted with lamblike docility.

The Oldest Inhabitant, who knew the broncho, was manifestly disappointed. He felt that the pony had not lived up to his reputation, and was deserving of censure. The other inhabitants concurred in this view as the pony ambled quietly away in the rain, the Stranger's long legs nearly touching the ground.

"He knows the way," the Station Master called after the Stranger. "Leave it to him!"

The Stranger dropped the reins on the broncho's neck, and the animal, nose to the ground, followed the track until they reached the entrance to the Bush. Here, the Stranger halted a moment, and looked round at the melancholy foliage of the pines, the dark blue waters of the lake lashed into foam by an approaching storm, the wooden huts nestling at the water's edge, and, in the far distance, the opposite shore.

With a sigh of satisfaction, he plunged into the Bush. "No one will take the trouble to come after me here," he said, and patted the pony's neck.

The broncho turned an amiable visage to his new friend. His glance was also apologetic.

"Poor devil," said the Stranger. "I'll buy you from the Station Master. I thought you'd understand me." He patted him tenderly.

The broncho seemed pleased, and loped steadily onward along the narrow track, and the Stranger, bending low over the animal's mane, endeavoured to dodge the bending branches of the pines.

"This," he said, "is just what I like. Not too crowded. A fellow can think here."

A bough struck him across the face, and he forgot to think.

When he recovered, the pony had stopped in a little clearing. In the centre of the clearing, stood a desolate log house surrounded by a fence of split cedar. The hut itself was on a mound inside this enclosure, and resembled a small fort. It was very old, the natural bark had peeled away in most places from the logs of which it was built, and the deficiency had been made good with clay.

The Stranger surveyed it with marked satisfaction.

"Splendid!" he ejaculated, under his breath. "Splendid! Couldn't find a quieter place anywhere."

He dismounted from the pony, slung the rein over his arm, and opened the gate. The pony followed him in, and walked into a little stable by the side of the hut as if he knew all about it.

The Stranger, before attending to his own wants, took off the heavy saddle, tied up the pony, and gave him some hay The pony looked grateful, but surprised.

"Oh, it's all right," said the Stranger. "Have as much hay as you can eat; when that's gone, we'll get some more. By-and by, when the things come up, you shall have some sugar."

The broncho left off eating, looked with wistful, beautiful eyes at his new master, and turned towards him.

The Stranger understood. "All right, old boy"; and the broncho nuzzled his nose in the Stranger's waistcoat in mute apology.

"You didn't know," said the Stranger. "No wonder you wanted to eat me."

He pulled out a list from his pocket and consulted it. "Item, one squaw." Somehow, it had escaped his attention.

"Wonder what I paid for her," he said, again consulting the list. "I suppose she looks after the hut."

The sum marked on the list was ten dollars. "Not extravagant," said the Stranger. "Certainly not extravagant. I suppose she can cook. If not, she'll have to go."

The squaw nodded, as if understanding his thoughts, got up, stirred the fire, and put a tin pot on it, which had once been a petroleum can, but now did duty as a saucepan. A strange mass soon began to seethe and bubble in the pot.

Before the fire, squatted a young Indian squaw in all the finery of her race.

He nodded to the pony, gave him some more hay, and entered the hut.

There was a fire on the hearth. Before the fire, squatted a young Indian squaw clad in all the picturesque finery of her race. She looked up as the Stranger entered, and gave a grunt of welcome. It was melodious, but still a grunt, and the squaw was very handsome.

The Stranger was taken aback. "Humph!" he said. "You must be one of the fixtures."

The Stranger sat down on a log as an appetising odour filled the air.

"Heap good," said the squaw, bringing him a birch-bark platter filled with the savoury stew.

She fished out a hunk of corn bread from a primitive cupboard, and the Stranger made a hearty meal, washed down by a

cup of water from a little spring outside the hut.

When he had finished eating, the squaw brought him a long pipe, fantastically embroidered and decorated with human hair. The Stranger started, for it seemed to him that the taste of the hair might get into his tobacco. He gravely emptied out the mixture of dried willow leaves, with which the squaw had filled the pipe, and substituted some of his own tobacco. She put a live coal on the top of it, gathered up the remains of the stew, and withdrew to the stable to eat alone.

The Stranger's first impulse was to apologise for his lack of manners in not having asked the squaw to share his meal. Then he remembered that it was better to begin as he meant to go on with his taciturn Venus in copper, and, still smoking, proceeded to explore his house.

There were two other rooms, both small, but fairly comfortable. In one was a rude bunk covered with Mackinaw blankets, as brilliant as a tulip bed. "This must be mine," thought the stranger. "Let me see if it's in the list."

The bunk was in the list with the other scanty fixtures, including three hens and a rooster. "Good," said the Stranger, his countenance lighting up. "I like fowls; they're much better company than human beings."

Darkness was drawing on. When he went back to the front room, a huge log blazed gloriously on the hearth. Outside, the plangent wind rushed round the corners of the hut as if trying to twist it to pieces; but inside, the room was rarely warm, and the burning log emitted a resinous perfume. By sitting on his rug and leaning against another log, the Stranger found that he was able to gaze into the fire and stretch his long limbs at the same time. "This," he said, drowsily sucking at his pipe, "is true comfort. To-morrow, I will make the acquaintance of the cocks and hens. Serena shall never find me. There is nothing serene about her. I renounce her and all her works. This is—true—comfort. Now she's dressing for dinner, and wish—wishing she hadn't — quar — quarrelled with——"

The pipe dropped from his mouth, he slithered along the ground until his head rested comfortably on the log, and slept the sleep of one who has not known slumber for a month.

Presently the squaw looked into the hut, her copper-coloured face glistening with the raindrops. Seeing that the Stranger was asleep, she gave a little gesture of satisfaction, went into the other room, and brought back the Mackinaw blankets, which she softly threw over him.

After putting another log on the fire, she withdrew to the society of the broncho and the cock and hens.

And the rain rained on.

II.

Day by day, the Hermit of Jackfish lived the solitary life, and found that it was good. He spent most of his time wandering about the Bush, or else, mounted on the Indian pony, which followed him about like a dog, and loved him, rode "way back." But he always returned from these excursions with renewed zest to the society of Rubenstein (Rubenstein was the red rooster) and his hens and the copper-coloured squaw. The Stranger had originally christened her "Minnehaha," but had subsequently shortened the name for general use into "Minnie," and was almost cheerful when Mrs. Rubenstein number one presented him with a thriving family of nine chickens, who declined to live in the stable, but took up their quarters in the spare room, and spent their wakeful evenings in the kitchen; at least, Mr. and Mrs. Rubenstein did, but the downy chicks nestled under their mother and woke up at intervals to emit chirrups of sleepy content. This seemed to the Hermit to be true domesticity without any of its drawbacks. Minnie "ran" the cuisine on the simple principle, when she wanted anything, of going to the one store in Jackfish and taking it away. The article was duly debited to the Hermit, who paid the bills without a murmur. When Minnie cooked, the Hermit went out of the hut into the

Bush; they never spoke, save in monosyllabic grunts, although the squaw was as beautiful as a bronze statue. At meal times, Minnie withdrew to the stable, and ate in the congenial society of the broncho. Supper over, the pony generally untied his head rope, and wandered into the kitchen, to the great disgust of Mrs. Rubenstein, who, full of family cares, was always fearful of his dainty little hoofs; but the broncho, acting on the principle that they were all one happy family, walked as delicately as Agag of old, and hung his head over the Hermit's shoulder until supplied with sugar; then he returned to the stable and waxed fat.

When the Hermit thought of Minnie, it was solely in the light of "Fixture 47," her number on his list. If the squaw caught the devotion of his four-footed and feathered friends for him, she did not show it, but went upon her dusky way, only the smouldering fires in her beautiful eyes betokening that she was conscious of a new element in her life. As soon as the Hermit's shirts began to get worn and frayed, she substituted exquisitely-embroidered doeskin ones as a matter of course; and when he found that his town-made shoes were heavy and uncomfortable, she seemed equally to understand that it was her mission in life to provide him with still more exquisitely-embroidered moccasins. The Hermit's pasty complexion gradually became bronzed; his listlessness disappeared. The resinous air of the pines filled him with vigour. He strode the forest paths like a young god, the broncho following closely behind. Although he carried a gun, he never shot anything, to the secret disgust of "Fixture 47," who once went so far as to show him the empty petroleum can, with a significant gesture—a gesture which implied that it was no use his looking forward to a successful future in the Happy Hunting Grounds of the Great Manitou, because if he shot nothing now, he could never hope to be a successful sportsman in the next world. The Hermit simply shook his head, turned away, put down the gun; and when Minnie thought that fresh meat was good for the family, she went out and shot it herself.

On several occasions, the inhabitants of Jackfish, repenting of their former aloofness, sought to conciliate the Hermit; and the Rev. Eliphalet Stegg, clad in glossy-black broadcloth, once made a domiciliary call on him. He was shocked to find Minnie there, and said so in somewhat circuitous phrases. For some time, the Hermit, who had been secretly bored by his unexpected visitor, endured the Rev. Eliphalet with patience. When, however, the reverend gentleman, emboldened by his unwilling host's silence, threw out a broad hint that the inhabitants of Jackfish did not think it right that "this duskily, fair and attractive daughter of Belial, should minister unto him," the Hermit's wandering attention was aroused.

"Do you mean Fixture 47?" he asked.

"I don't understand," said the Rev. Eliphalet, a little uneasily.

"She's Fixture 47 on my list, although I haven't been able to find all the forty-six other fixtures," said the Hermit. "Am I to understand that her presence here is distasteful to you and your fellow-citizens of Jackfish?"

"That is about the size of it," said the Rev. Eliphalet, severely. "Oh, my dear young friend, turn from the error of your ways and seek the paths of——"

"Hold on," said the Hermit. "Let us understand one another. You mean?"

"Yes," said the Rev. Eliphalet; "that is what I mean."

"Thank you," said the Hermit. "I only wanted to know. I think you'd better go now."

"But, my dear young friend, I cannot reconcile it with my conscience to go until——"

The Hermit languidly reached up for a whistle which hung against the wall, and blew a shrill call. There was a patter of tiny hoofs, and the broncho, looking like a fiend, with bristling mane and gleaming eyes, bounded into the room. "Turn him out," said the Hermit, pointing to the reverend gentleman.

"But——"

"You'd better go quickly," placidly observed the Hermit, replacing the whistle. "If you stay here another minute, he'll savage you; and I wouldn't give much for your chances."

"But this is most unchrist——"

"Go!" thundered the Hermit; and the Rev. Eliphalet stayed not on the order of his going but departed, minus a portion of that glossy broadcloth which was the pride and delight of his life. It is needless to say that he left this portion of his garments in the mouth of the broncho, and, after some difficulty, Minnie persuaded the wicked little animal to part with it. There was just enough to make a handsome cartridge pouch. When it was finished and neatly ornamented with stained quills, even the Rev. Eliphalet would have found some difficulty in recognising his property. In default of similar material, he was reduced to patching his garments with a piece of coarse sacking, and to knowing that when he took his walks abroad, the inhabitants of Jackfish were cognisant of his loss, and the circumstances which attended it.

Curiously enough, this act on the part of the Hermit's broncho made his master exceedingly popular in Jackfish. Public opinion veered round with startling rapidity, and it was gently, yet firmly, hinted to the reverend gentleman that he might find another sphere of usefulness. Jackfish was anxious to make amends to the Hermit, but that worthy, serenely unconscious of his advance in popular favour, simply ignored Jackfish, and continued the even tenor of his way without giving it a thought.

Hence, when two ladies were "dumped out" at Jackfish some four months after the Hermit's arrival, one young, and the other more than middle-aged, Jackfish bestirred itself to do honour to the newcomers, the more especially when the younger of the ladies, a flashing-eyed brunette, asked to be directed to the house of Mr. John P. Sinclair.

"Thar ain't nobody of that name in these yer parts," said the Oldest Inhabitant, forgetting to expectorate, in his admiration for the overwhelming loveliness of the newcomer, whose dazzling white teeth were parted in a smile as she gazed at him.

Her face clouded over. "Are you sure?" she asked. "I have informa——"

"I told you that you were mistaken, Serena," snapped the elder lady. "Now, perhaps you will be satisfied and take the evening train back to Montreal, and give up the wildgoose chase after that insufferable person."

"Certainly not, mamma. I haven't come all this way for nothing," said Serena, and the white teeth shut with a click. "Are you sure?" she added, turning to the Oldest Inhabitant, who had been furtively stretching out a grimy forefinger in order to touch her dainty costume.

"You bet," said the Oldest Inhabitant.

"But he came here about four months ago," said Serena."

"We ain't had nobody for the last year 'cept that looney at Sellars'," said the Oldest Inhabitant, bethinking himself.

"It was about four months ago," said the girl, with a little catch in her breath. She put her hand to her breast and produced a small miniature. "Perhaps it is this gentleman?"

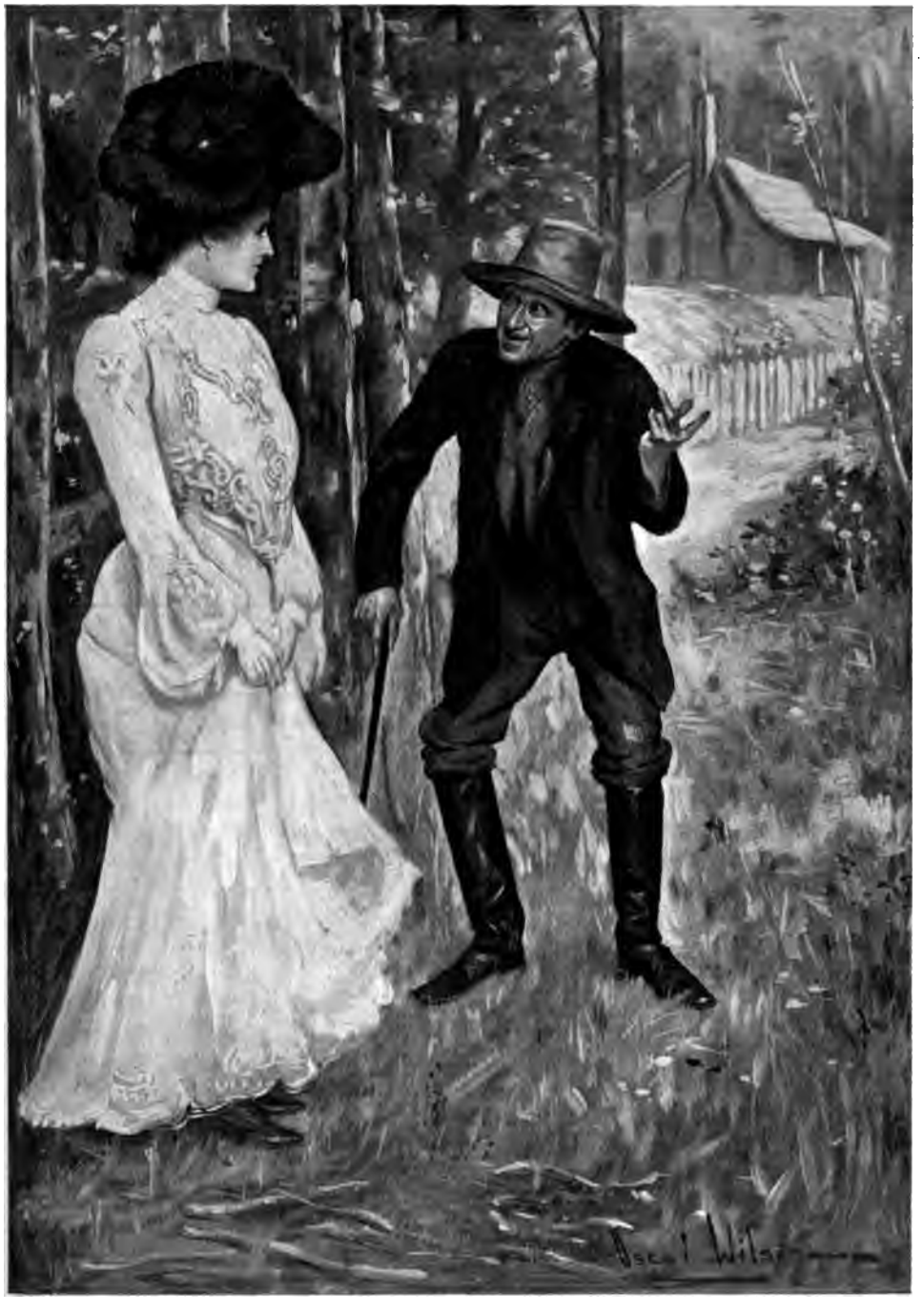
The Oldest Inhabitant was so overcome by Serena's loveliness that he gasped. "I couldn't wish him better luck, Miss," he said, respectfully. "Maybe, you'll hold it up—I'm afeard to dirty it, me bein' coaly, so to speak, from head to foot—so's I can get a good look at it."

The girl, holding her skirts daintily in one hand, advanced towards the Oldest Inhabitant, and again the elder lady uttered an angry protest.

"That's him sure enuff," said the Oldest Inhabitant. "Just his darned silly look."

A sudden flash from Serena's sloe-black eyes scorched the Oldest Inhabitant into nothingness; he saw that he had made a mistake. "I mean when he ain't thinkin' of nothin' in partikler," he added, plunging from bad to worse. "That's him, Miss."

Serena, repenting her momentary anger, rewarded him with a smile which, as the Oldest Inhabitant said, when describing the



"Maybe you'd like me to wait over yonder, in case you wanted someone to down him?"

conversation afterwards in Loubel's bar, "got clean through the dirt." "Can you show me the way to his house?" she asked; and this time her exquisite eyes reduced the Oldest Inhabitant to a condition of abject senility.

"It's about a mile-and-a-half," said the Station Master, coming to the rescue of the Oldest Inhabitant, and anxious that the sun of Serena's smile should shine upon the just and the unjust alike. "You go straight down till you gits to the Bush and——"

"I'll take you clean thar," said the Oldest Inhabitant, hitching up his braces with sudden resolution. "Doggoned if I won't!"

"And what is to become of me?" wailed the other lady.

"You can stay here at the house of the Station Master until I come back," said Serena, decisively, as she gathered up her skirts, and exhibited a foot and ankle the like of which had never before been seen in Jackfish. "This gentleman" (public opinion resolutely refused to believe afterwards that she had called the Oldest Inhabitant a gentleman, and it was only when he pleaded her youth and inexperience that the statement was allowed to pass) "will take care of me."

"You bet," said the Oldest Inhabitant, chivalrously refraining from a more emphatic form of assertion. "You bet! Shall I bring a gun along?"

"Why?" asked Serena. "Is it dangerous?"

"Maybe, you might find it handy in an argyment," said the Oldest Inhabitant, evasively.

Serena waived the offer of fire-arms. ("Had the pluck to face him without even a bowie," said the Oldest Inhabitant, afterwards.) "Thank you, the gentleman is—is a friend of mine," she said, conscious of a lovely colour in her face.

"Thar's that dodgasted broncho," said the Oldest Inhabitant, pulling himself together. "Maybe, if you goes first, Miss, he'll let me alone. He's got his orders to chaw folks as ain't wanted round thar."

Another wail from Serena's mamma cut short the Oldest Inhabitant. "I told you what would happen, Serena. Let us go back."

"No, mamma, I am not going back until I have seen him. You can stay here, meantime. Now, I am ready to start, Mr. ——?" She paused enquiringly, as she looked at the Oldest Inhabitant, who was hastily struggling into the remains of a tattered garment which had once been a coat.

"Stubbs," said the Oldest Inhabitant. "I'd have had a wash if I'd known you'd been comin', Miss."

"Oh, please don't trouble. You—you look so very picturesque without it," said Serena, hastily, fearing that this new-born desire for cleanliness on the part of the Oldest Inhabitant meant further delay. She turned to her mother. "Now, mamma, I shall be quite safe in the hands of this gentleman. Good-bye."

"I wash my hands of you!" said Serena's mamma, with a snort of mingled anger and apprehension.

Serena disdained to reply, and followed the Oldest Inhabitant, who slouched along proudly conscious that the masculine eyes of Jackfish were spellbound by his luck.

The stillness of Indian summer had spread its peace over the Bush. There was also that hushed expectancy in the air which betokens the hiatus between autumn and winter, when Nature gathers up her forces for a supreme effort. The gold and crimson of the maples made a glory of colour, and transformed the outskirts of Jackfish into a land of faerie. Beyond the outskirts, the maples still intermingled with sombre pine and cedar, and lightened their funereal gloom. Then the maples became fewer and fewer, and, finally, the way wound beneath the overhanging boughs of the cedars, until they came to the little clearing wherein stood "Sellars'."

A thin column of blue smoke curled lazily through the air. Mr. and Mrs. Rubenstein, with their half-grown family, strutted round the door. Other than these, there were no signs of life. A gentle melancholy brooded over the place, as the afternoon sun tinged the moss-grown roof, and lit up the tender green of the

ferns in the interstices of the logs. The Hermit had made a rude attempt at a garden plot to the left of the hut, and the fowls were scratching in the newly-dug mould with evident delight. Serena half expected to see a snowy-bearded hermit sitting in the doorway, but no one was there.

She turned to the Oldest Inhabitant.

"Thank you so much," she said graciously, extending her hand. "You need not wait."

"But——" began the Oldest Inhabitant.

"You need not wait," repeated Serena, impetuously.

The Oldest Inhabitant, although he again felt scorched by the fire from her eyes, laboriously wiped his hand on the tail of his coat, and took her slender fingers in his.

"Maybe you'd like me to wait over yonder," he said, "in case you wanted someone to down him? I've got a bowie and a six-shooter, though you 'lowed as I warn't to bring a reggler gun."

"My good man" (popular opinion in Jackfish for a second time refused to believe that anyone by any possibility could ever have called the Oldest Inhabitant a good man), "do you think that I am going to quarrel with Mr. Sinclair?"

"I 'lowed that was what you come for," said the Oldest Inhabitant. "Maybe I could chip in."

"There will be no necessity for you to —to 'chip in'," said the girl, with an amused smile; "not the slightest. If any 'chipping in' is necessary, I can do it myself."

"That bein' so," said the abashed Oldest Inhabitant, "reckon I'd better sit on that log ahind the tree yonder in case you'll want to send a message to your ma, for your things."

A blush again suffused Serena's cheek, and the Oldest Inhabitant saw that he had unwittingly said something he ought not to have said.

"I shall not be much more than an hour," said Serena, haughtily.

The Oldest Inhabitant sought shelter behind the nearest tree, and Serena hesitatingly continued her way to the hut.

III.

SERENA opened the door and peered in. Beside the fire sat a beautiful Indian squaw, and Serena's heart sank. Her first impulse was to slam the door, to go back to Jackfish; her second, to fling the door open, and walk in.

The squaw looked up; their eyes met. "Howdy?"

"Who are you?" asked Serena.

The squaw told her in musical broken English, although the smouldering fire in her dark eyes grew deeper still as Serena explained who she was, and that she had come in search of (she paused for an appropriate word) her "brave."

There is a code of honour among women of all climes. Minnehaha was a savage, an untutored child of the forest; but when she was made aware of the object of Serena's visit, she foresaw the futility of any hopes which she might have cherished on her own account. True, it would have been easy to put a knife into her beautiful white sister; but, then, the Hermit would probably find it out and say things. For a white man, he had a peculiar habit of finding out everything that took place—when he wanted to do so. Even Mrs. Rubenstein could not lay an egg without his discovering the fact. And so, the untutored savage, with a sigh, relinquished her day-dream about the Hermit, who was scarcely conscious of her existence, save as "Fixture 47." In a little while, she grew almost confidential, and when Serena threw a beautiful chain of Venetian beads round her neck, the Indian girl forgot her hate. There was a whispered colloquy between the two, and they retired to one of the inner rooms.

Half-an-hour later, the Hermit came slowly out of the forest, accompanied by the broncho. It was growing dusk and he was hungry. As a rule, he did not trouble about his food, but to-night he felt that "Fixture 47's" cookery would be welcome. The broncho, thrusting in his intelligent head at the door, saw Minnie sitting by the fire, and sniffed suspiciously. There

seemed something odd about her, but, for the life of him, he could not tell what it was. The Hermit, however, bowed gravely as was his wont, and told the broncho to go to the stable.

The broncho still lingered. He was trying to explain something.

"My dear fellow," said the Hermit, "be good enough to go to your stable and have your supper. When I have finished mine, you can come back."

The broncho shook his head suspiciously. His pied coat glistened in the firelight. He was plump, sleek, prosperous, and, like most prosperous people, inclined to be opinionated; but at the Hermit's implied rebuke he turned slowly round and went to the stable, his ears quivering with excitement.

"What's the matter with the little beast!" said the Hermit, as he sat down on a log.

"Hallo, Forty-Seven, you're becoming civilised."

He stared at the white cloth on the rude table.

"I suppose you've been rummaging among the stores and found this. Beware of curiosity, Forty-Seven. It's a woman's curse. If you were not a woman, I would also say 'beware of women'; but that's unnecessary."

Forty-Seven nodded, her eyes dancing with mirth in the gloom as she poured the contents of the petroleum tin into a huge dish. Drawing up a stool to the table, she sat down to help herself.

The Hermit looked at her in amazement. "This is a new departure, Forty-Seven. It seems to me that I have been exceedingly remiss in not asking you to sup with me before; but it struck me that you preferred the congenial atmosphere of the stable. However, eat away, and make up for lost time."

The squaw took some of the stew on her plate and began to eat.

"Stop," said the Hermit, severely. "Where's your grace? But, of course, you poor benighted heathen, you don't know any. Well, I'll say it for you.

For these and all Thy mercies given,
Lord, now we bless and glorify Thy name.

There, now you can go on."

Forty-Seven did go on, keeping as much in the shade as possible.

The Hermit enjoyed his supper. "It's a new sensation to sup in society, Forty-Seven," he said, whimsically. "After the remarks of the Rev. Eliphalet, it's just as well that he cannot see us. Don't you think so?"

Forty-Seven nodded.

The Hermit paused. "You have a singular charm of taciturnity," he said. "Now, Serena, dear impetuous girl, could never hold her tongue. But then you have never heard of Serena."

The squaw looked up enquiringly.

"Squaw?" she asked, in guttural tones. "White Squaw?"

The Hermit helped himself to more stew. "You have guessed it first time, Forty-Seven. That is, she was approximately my squaw. We were what is known as engaged—a contract to marry—you understand?"

Forty-Seven nodded.

"But Serena had no sympathy with my love of solitude. She was always lugging me about in Society. Of course—give me some bread, please; I'm simply ravenous tonight—you don't know what Society is, and you haven't lost much."

"Heap pow-wow?" suggested Forty-Seven.

"Exactly; I think I'll have a little more stew. You've hit the right nail on the head. There was too much pow-wow. Serena and I quarrelled about it, and she said she wished never to see my ugly face again. Now, do you"—the Hermit looked at Forty-Seven enquiringly, and even anxiously—"do you consider mine is an ugly face, Forty-Seven?"

"Him heap brave," said Forty-Seven, going on with her supper.

"Yes, that's all very well," said the Hermit; "but it doesn't tell me anything. Besides, we are discussing my personal appearance, not my bravery. Serena said (I recall her words distinctly) 'I wish never to see your ugly face again'; and I said (I remember with what becoming dignity I said it) 'Serena, you are far from ugly, but with regard to your face, it will in future be my

one aim in life to get away from it. I will bury myself in primeval solitudes where even your mamma' ("Serena has an awful mamma," he explained parenthetically. "Face like a hatchet and voice like a buzz saw.") 'cannot get at me.' Then we returned all presents and that sort of thing, and parted. I suppose now, in your tribe, you would be sold for a couple of ponies, and there would be an end of the matter; but, unfortunately, marriages among white people are not arranged so simply."

He paused reminiscently. Forty-Seven flashed white teeth at him.

"Dear me," said the Hermit, abstractedly. "I had no idea that you were such good company, Forty-Seven, or that you possessed a dormant sense of humour."

"Him heap fool," said Forty-Seven, the dusky finger of scorn at the Hermit.

The Hermit pulled out his pipe. "It has sometimes struck me in that light, myself," he said, carefully filling it. "But what would you have done in my place, Forty-Seven?"

Forty-Seven made expressive gestures as if wielding a club.

"Ah," said the Hermit, carefully ramming the tobacco into the pipe with his little finger, "there, again, is where you simple children of nature have the advantage over us. If you married a brave, and he objected to your going anywhere, he would probably explain his objection to your doing so with a club—a trifle emphatically perhaps, but still, you would have seen the necessity for complying with his wishes. Now, Serena never could see the necessity for complying with my wishes."

The squaw came round the table, leaned over the Hermit, and began to light his pipe. Something in the way she did it, gave the Hermit a sudden pang. "Don't do that," he said, hastily. "Please don't do that. Serena had a knack of doing just the same thing, and it—it hurts."

He smoked in silence as the squaw went back, her fine, free, undulating walk filling the little hut with its majesty. The Hermit noticed it for the first time. "Do you know, Forty-Seven, that you are singularly beautiful?" he said, dreamily. "Take you out of that sort of blanket arrangement" (the squaw gave a little jump) "and put you into civilised toggery, you'd be very handsome indeed. How is it that you have never married?"

"Ugh!"

"Yes, that's very expressive. I've often thought it myself; but a beautiful girl like you to be left in charge of this ramshackle old hut, and labelled 'Forty-Seven'—how comes it that you are here?"

"Black sickness," explained the squaw, meaning small-pox. "Kill um tribe. All, all"—she made a mournful movement of her arm—"all gone!"

"Ah, I see; but that doesn't explain how when Old Man Sellars cleared out, he didn't take you with him. Perhaps you would kindly explain."

"Want um for squaw; no get," hastily explained Forty-Seven, as if the subject were distasteful to her.

"'Want um for squaw; no get,'" repeated the Hermit. "In other words, you did not love him?"

Forty-Seven grunted.

"You have a most expressive grunt," continued the Hermit, who was in a colloquial mood for once. "A most expressive grunt; although it sometimes savours of vagueness. I understand that, as you did not want to be Old Man Sellars' squaw, you stayed on here, and that he basely took advantage of the fact to include you in the fixtures for the modest sum of ten dollars. For everything else he charged twice the proper price; for you, the amount is simply ridiculous."

The squaw edged her stool a little nearer to him.

"How can you account for this?" asked the Hermit.

The squaw edged her stool nearer still.

"Me your squaw now;" and there was that in her tone which filled the Hermit with alarm.

"Quite so—quite so," he said, nervously; "that is provisionally, of course. Quite provisionally, you understand. The—the arrangement is purely temporary."

"Me your squaw!" repeated Forty-Seven, with dogged emphasis. "White squaw no count, heap trash!"

She came over to the Hermit, flung her beautiful arm round his neck, and kissed him passionately. Then she went back to her seat, and drew her blanket over her head. Her form swayed convulsively as if she were weeping.

The Hermit was speechless with wrath and astonishment.

"If you're going to behave like that," he said, at last, "you're dear at any price. I'll have nothing to do with you. Get out of the place; you ought never to have come into it. As for Serena being 'trash,' you black-browed heathen, she's the dearest, most beautiful girl in the whole world, and I was a silly ass ever to quarrel with her. Now what have you got to say for yourself?"

He paused in acute distress, as the sound of muffled sobs continued to issue from the blanket.

"Of course," said the Hermit, halting apologetically in the middle of the floor, "it's very gratifying and all that to have won your—your esteem, and that sort of thing; but I wasn't prepared for your primeval impulses, and when I, perhaps unfairly, conveyed a false impression of Serena, you misunderstood me, and imagined that I didn't love her. But I love her little finger more than the whole of your copper-coloured body. You've brought me to my senses. I'll go back to her to-morrow and apologise, if some other fellow hasn't snapped her up. Silly ass that I was ever to leave her!"

The squaw continued to sob with unabated violence.

The Hermit was greatly distressed.

"Now, my good girl, my dear girl, don't you see the anomalous position in which you are placing me! Just clear off to the stable and forget all about this—this regrettable incident. I'm sure I've greatly enjoyed your society, and I'm very much indebted to you for all you've done for me; but after this I must go back to Serena. If I didn't, I should never dare to look her in the face again."

The squaw continued to sob.

"Well, why can't you say something?" asked the distressed Hermit, getting angry again, "instead of sniffing there? I'll tell my agent to settle the hut on you, and you can keep the Rubensteins if you'll promise not to eat them; but I can't part with the pony. He's the only thing in the world that loves me, poor devil, and I'm so grateful to him, that I can't part with him. The only thing that loves me in the whole wide world," he repeated sadly.

"He's not. It's a lie! It's a lie! Jack, dear Jack, it isn't true!" said a voice from the blanket, and the next moment Forty-Seven flung herself into his arms.

The Hermit pushed her back roughly.

"Get out," he said. "How dare you! Haven't I told you I'm going back to Serena!"

Someone glided from the inner room, and the Hermit rubbed his eyes in amazement.

"Am I—am I drunk!—mad!—dreaming!—or all three together?" he panted. "Why, there are two of you!"

One of the two came slowly towards him, eyes shining, breast heaving, tears running down her cheeks.

"Jack, you darling! Jack, Jack, I've come to fetch you back again."

"You! Serena! You!"

"Yes, Jack, I couldn't be happy without you. I—I *had* to follow you. And there's mamma—mamma, 'with a face like a hatchet and a voice like a buzz saw'—there's mamma crying her eyes out for me at the Station Master's. Jack, Jack, how could you speak of her like that?"

He hung his guilty head.

"And you really mean it, Serena? You came to seek me out?"

"Yes, Jack. I have come to ask you to forgive me, and to—love me again."

"You—you remember what I said just now," he asked, "when you tried to make me false to you?"

"It was all my pride, Jack. I couldn't humble myself outright, so when I saw the squaw, I made her dress me up, and—won't you kiss me now, Jack?"

Forty-Seven turned and abruptly left the hut.

"Serena, I've been a silly ass, a d——"

"Hush, Jack, you mustn't swear. Go and call the Oldest Inhabitant (he's behind a tree yonder) whilst I slip into my things. Then you shall take me back to mamma, and we'll go home again to-morrow, and you shall live just where you like, go out when you like, and stay at home when you like. No wonder the pony suspected me, Jack. He's the cutest little beast in the whole world. And the rooster; how wise he looks! Now, Jack,"—she went to the door—"I can hear the Oldest Inhabitant either snoring or singing—I don't know which. Go and call him, and don't come back for ten minutes."

She thrust the bewildered Hermit into the darkness. When he returned with the Oldest Inhabitant, they found Miss Serena sitting by the fire with Rubenstein on her knee, and Mrs. Rubenstein suspiciously regarding her from afar off.

"He interduced her to me as his feeongsay, whatever that may mean," said the Oldest Inhabitant, when telling the crowd at Loubel's about it afterwards; "and I said I never should have took 'em for an old married couple; and she got red and her eyes sparkled like dimons, and he says, the silly looney, 'you're participatin', Mr. Stubbs, you're participatin''; and then I knowed enuff to walk in front of 'em all the way back."

* * * * *

The wedding, which took place in Montreal, was the most fashionable one of the season. And poor Forty-Seven sat by the fire in the lonely hut and wondered why she had listened to the blandishments of the white squaw instead of putting a knife into her heart. But by-and-by she got over it, and every summer mounts the broncho *à l'Indienne*, and carefully takes the white squaw's papoose an airing, whilst Rubenstein, half-blind and wholly apathetic, perches on one leg by the door, and salutes them with a raucous crow on their return.

And the Hermit is the most popular man in Jackfish.

MAID'S LOVE

By AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON

MY shepherd lad upon the hill
Doth pipe at morning and at eve,
While little birds with muted trill
Do perch upon his sleeve;

And daisies in a sober gown,
And buttercups in flaunting guise,
And quaking grasses shy and brown
Look up with wondering eyes.

For sweeter is the song he blows
Than any bird's upon the hedge,
Or any red-lipped flower that grows
Upon the meadow's edge,

Or any tune the wind can sing,
Or daisies whisper to the dawn,
Or ringing bells, or anything
The grassy hill upon.

And thus about the sloping hill
Shy listeners dot the meadow scenes,
The while my shepherd lad doth trill
Maid's love, and all it means.

A QUEST FOR SUNKEN TREASURE

Searching for the Hoards of the Chibchas

By BENJAMIN TAYLOR, F.R.G.S.

"FULL many a gem of purest ray serene the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear," according to the poet, and in Tiber —Father Tiber, to whom the Romans prayed—there is believed to be untold wealth smothered in the yellow mud. But it is in the lonely island, on the coral strand, amid the tropical forest, in the ruined temple, or in the deserted garden, that the usual seeker after hidden treasure makes his search. Seldom has he thought of the bottom of a mountain lake high up among the clouds and within hail of the altitude of eternal snow. Such a lake exists in South America, which if not paved with gold, must have a very substantial lining of treasure, if all tales be true. And the tales are not as those which have sent men wandering after piratical hoards and fabulous church plate, lost to sight though to memory dear. The tales of the treasure in the Sacred Lake of Guatavita, in the Republic of Colombia, are circumstantial and historical. There is no room for doubt—at least to one who has examined the Spanish records—that gold and jewels to an immense amount have been sunk in the waters of this lake. What is open to doubt is whether the treasure, or any of it, is there still.

And that is what a company of adventurers are at present trying to find out, by driving a tunnel through the hill-side in order to drain the lake. It is a romantic exploit, but it is being conducted on thoroughly business principles by a joint stock company, and with the authority and consent of the Government of Colombia, who will doubtless expect to be remembered when the treasure is recovered. Meanwhile, let us see where it is and how it got there.

The enterprise with which we are concerned is not so lawless as that of the old buccaneers, nor so audacious as that of the still older privateers of Elizabethan days. But the scene of the adventure is in the heart of the land of romance, opened up to us by the Spanish voyagers, and made dear to us by many an entrancing British writer.

Most people have heard or read dismal accounts of the physical and social conditions of the Isthmus of Panama, which is about to be canalised and Americanised. It was said of the trans-Isthmian railway that a "navvy" lies buried under every sleeper. But the Isthmus is not Colombia, though the city of Panama was founded so long ago as 1518, and was for long the centre of Spanish influence in the South Pacific. The State of Panama only occupies some 30,000 square miles of the half million square miles which form the Republic of Colombia, originally called by the Spaniards New Grenada. And it is just because this State of moral, physical, and financial unsavouriness is so comparatively familiar to the globe-trotter, that wrong impressions prevail of the confederation of which it forms part. Colombia is proud of Panama as the "navel of the world," and the object of the dream of nations, but Panama, as we have said, is not Colombia. To see Colombia one must coast the Spanish Main beyond the Isthmus, and mount upland into the vast interior, among the Cordilleras of the Andes. From Panama or Colon, to Bogotá, the capital, is a journey of some weeks, whether one goes by coasting steamer on the Pacific side to the seaport of Buenaventura and thence in successive stages by railway, and mule back and diligence: or by steamer on the Atlantic side to Savanilla on the Spanish Main, and thence by rail and river-steamer so far up the Magdalena, and again by mule back and coach. For

this capital is a city planted on a great tableland 9,000ft. above the sea, without a continuous practical road to it from anywhere. One may do a considerable part of the distance by water, if one disembarks at the historic port of Cartagena—which claims to have originated the first organised revolt against the Spanish dominion—for Cartagena has canal connection with the Magdalena, opened so long ago as the time of Philip the Second of Spain, and reconstructed some twenty years ago.

The Magdalena is one of the largest rivers in the world. Its course is about a thousand miles long from the heart of the Andes to the Caribbean Sea, and it drains some 15,000 square miles of a wonderfully beautiful and productive country, though much neglected since Spanish-Colonial days. Navigation from tidal waters may be said to end at Honda, from which the traveller to Bogotá must make his way partly by rail, partly by coach, but mostly on mule back. Take as a picture on the road to Bogotá the following from the pen of Mr. W. L. Scruggs, formerly Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Colombia and Venezuela: "Our journey has been literally one of ups and downs. We have ascended the dizzy heights of three great spurs of the Cordillera, only to descend on opposite sides; have crossed two deep valleys only to find the bottom of a third very much deeper than either. In most places the narrow road has been crowded with beasts of burden going and coming; yet in many places it is not wide enough for two of them to walk abreast, and it is often so crooked and precipitous that considerable care is necessary in order to keep from pitching over the mule's head.

LAKE GUATAVITA,

Showing the tunnel made by the Spaniards in their attempts to drain the lake.

And this, we may remember, is the great national highway—*El Camino Real*—of Colombia, the only avenue of communication between a fashionable city of over 100,000 inhabitants and the outside world. Two hundred and fifty years ago it was very much as we see it to-day. There has been almost no improvement; and the means of travel and transportation were identically the same as now. In the time of Philip II. it became known as 'the Royal Highway' —*El Camino Real*—of New Grenada. Being the only available route from the vast plains of the interior to the nearest navigable river, one naturally wonders why it was never any better . . . But inconveniences and hardships are compensated by the varied and captivating scenery; and generally it is precisely this part of the wild journey from the coast to the capital that everyone enjoys most. The traveller passes through almost every variety of climate within the space of a few hours."

It was by the side of this rough highway, one may imagine, that Amyas Leigh and his travel-stained band waited for the Spanish convoy taking gold from Santa Fé de Bogotá down to the sea for shipment to Spain. Amyas captured the gold, but then left the highway, and by previously untrodden paths found his way down to the port of Santa Marta, on the Caribbean Sea, said to be the site of the oldest Spanish settlement in Colombia. And it was in the Bay of Santa Marta that the Devonians captured the Bishop of Cartagena and his gold-laden galleon.

Just north of the Equator in a corner of the Eastern Cordillera of the Andes is the great plateau of Bogotá, some 9000ft. above the sea. This plateau is an oval of about 2000 miles, arable and well watered, but timberless. The upper waters of the Meta, which flows into the Orinoco, are only a few leagues away, while the river Bogotá, or Funza, is itself a tributary of the Magdalena. This has been called the region of perpetual spring, for flowers bloom in it all the year round, and the atmosphere is ever bright and clear. But the climate at this altitude is peculiar. The sun shines brightly without great heat. Through the day it is balmy, but movement is necessary to keep the blood in circulation.

The nights are cold enough for warm clothing and thick blankets, but not for fires, which in the thin atmosphere quickly exhaust the oxygen in a room. It is not a climate for hard work, either physical or mental, and the people take life easily. They breathe quickly, mature early and die young. A man is old at forty and a wreck at sixty. Girls become mothers at fourteen; boys are men at that age, "bosses" at twenty, and grandfathers at thirty. Planting and reaping go on all the year round, and the winter, or rainy season, lasts only from the middle of September to the middle of November. The most enjoyable time of the year is from the middle of November to the middle of February, and at that season life in Bogotá is life indeed.

Curiously enough, the chief crop of the Savannah of Bogotá is the potato, which is claimed as a native of the Andes. Wheat and rye are largely and successfully cultivated, but neither maize nor rice do well. Vegetables flourish, but the fruits are poor, except strawberries. The larger farms are chiefly devoted to cattle-raising and mule-breeding.

Coal and iron and petroleum are all within easy reach of the capital, but are unmined, and tools and lamp oil are imported. Thirty miles off across the plateau are the salt mines of Zipaquira, which were worked centuries before the Spanish Conquest, and are worked still as a Government enterprise, right in a great hill of solid rock salt.

This plateau now forms the Department of Cundinamarca, and it was the home of the Chibcha Indians—a highly developed people with a taste for agriculture, a love for ornaments, and some knowledge of art. It is their relics which are now being sought in the Lake of Guatavita. They were governed by a Cacique, with numerous assistant Caciques who formed a Council. And their religion was very much like the Chinese Buddhists. It is remarkable, however, that a number of the vessels and

ornaments which have been picked up about Guatavita have a distinctly Egyptian suggestiveness.

In a book, published in this mountain city, by Professor Liborio Zerda of the University of Colombia, entitled "*El Dorado, Estudio Historico, Ethnografico Y Arqueologico,*" we obtain some information about the treasure.

The Lake of Guatavita was, according to Dr. Zerda, the principal place of worship of the Chibchas. It is on the top of a range of hills behind the village of the same name, which village was one of the principal towns before the Conquest, and the residence of the Court of the Múysca Chief, who governed this section of Cundinamarca. The City of Guatavita was, at the time it was conquered by Quesada, the strongest military station of the Chibchas, and the Spaniards found in it rich booty, for the inhabitants knew how to mine and melt gold. They also made jewellery and solid figures of the metal, which served both as ornaments and as money, and were also used in commemorating their customs and their religious ceremonies and beliefs. The ornaments were also thrown into the lake as offerings to their gods.

The Lake of Guatavita is situated at a distance of about six miles from the village of the same name, and it is said by Dr. Zerda there was a temple on the banks, "Situated at an altitude of 3199 metres above sea level, the circumference of the lake being five kilometres and the depth forty metres."

ON THE WAY TO LAKE GUATAVITA.

Houses of the engineers engaged in the present operations for draining the lake and recovering the treasure. In the left foreground is the mouth of the tunnel which is to carry away the waters of the lake.

Since the time of the Spanish Conquest the draining of this lake has been more than once attempted, in order to recover the treasures said to be contained in it,

including, it is believed, the hoards of the Cacique of Chia. The first organiser, mentioned by Dr. Zerda, was Captain Lazaro Fonte, who arrived with Quesada in New Grenada. Before this, however, Antonio Sepulveda made a contract with King Philip II. of Spain with the same object, and in the partial draining which he was able to effect, he found an emerald of great beauty, and some golden objects of considerable value.

According to the historian Zamora, a chronicler of the seventeenth century, the priests of the Chibchas were in charge of the Temple of Guatavita, and they kept alive among the inhabitants the belief that in the lonely lake lived the Cacica, who, flying from accusations of infidelity brought against her by her husband, the Cacique, threw herself into the lake with her daughter, and resided there in a magnificent palace constructed below the waters. This belief caused the Indians to make her offerings of their most valuable jewels, etc. The same historian says this belief spread over all the nation of the Múyscas, and also amongst strangers, who, "all stricken by this wonderful occurrence, came to offer their gifts by many different routes, of which even to-day some signs remain." They embarked on rafts made of bulrushes, and " in the centre of the lake threw in their offerings with ridiculous and vain ceremonies." The lower classes also came to the banks, and with their backs turned to the lake made their offerings, it being considered disrespectful for any person without certain qualifications to look at the waters. Tradition relates that they also threw into the lake all their gold and emeralds as soon as they heard that the Spaniards were arriving in search of plunder.

TREASURE VASE FOUND IN LAKE GUATAVITA.

This lake, says Dr. Zerda, is the celebrated " El Dorado." Here, it is said, the Cacique of Guatavita was covered with a sticky substance, over which gold dust was strewn, which golden covering constituted his vestment when making the sacrifices. The term " El Dorado," it should be explained, means the Golden One, or the Golden Man, not the Golden City, as is commonly supposed.

In 1823 Captain Charles Stuart Cochran, R.N., travelling in Colombia, visited the lake and gathered its history. This is briefly what he tells of the story he gathered:

Previous to the conquest of the country by the Spaniards, a large district, containing about a million inhabitants, was subject to the Cacique of Guatavita, who there had a considerable capital and kept up an army of thirty thousand warriors, which caused him to be much respected by the neighbouring tribes, who brought him and his people gold-dust in exchange for the produce of their fields. This lake, between nine and ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the summit of a conical mountain, they regarded as the residence of their protecting deity, to whom they thought it necessary to make offerings twice a year. In consequence, all the Cacique's subjects assembled at the stated times, with their gold offerings, and forming in grand

procession, advanced with music to the lake, winding up the mountain by a well-designed broad road, conducting to the summit. Arrived there, the Cacique and the principal chiefs embarked on the lake in large canoes, by steps formed in the bank, and the people at the same time spread themselves all around the lake. On arriving at the centre of the lake the chiefs anointed the Cacique, and powdered him over with a profusion of gold-dust, hence the name of El Dorado—the Golden One.

On a signal given, the people turned their backs on the lake, and at the moment when the Cacique plunged in, they shouted, and threw in over their shoulders, as far as they could, their own offerings. This done, the Cacique landed, and returned to his capital, in the same manner as he came, persuaded that the sins committed by himself and his people during the last six months were expiated. According to a calculation made from a basis laid down by Monsieur de la Kier, of the Royal Institute of Paris, who examined every document relating to the lake, Captain Cochran was assured that there ought to be gold and precious stones yet buried in it to the amount of one billion one hundred and twenty millions sterling! After the Spaniards conquered the country, they so cruelly persecuted the natives to obtain gold, that most of them threw what they had left into this lake. The then Cacique himself caused to be cast into the centre of it the burdens of fifty men laden with gold-dust.

Some of the chiefs, when afterwards taken prisoners and ill-used by the Spaniards, revenged themselves by saying, "If it is gold you want, go and search at the bottom of the lake, and you will find sufficient there," supposing the undertaking to be impossible. The Spaniards, however, attempted it, and had got within fourteen feet of the bottom when the sides of their trench fell in with a tremendous crash, and the waters began to rise. The Spaniards had time, by examining the banks and washing the mud and soil, to procure a sufficient sum to pay the Government a tribute of one hundred and seventy thousand dollars, and one emerald procured and sent to Madrid was alone valued at seventy thousand dollars. Several other attempts were made previous to the breaking out of the War of Independence, but none succeeded. Humboldt, when he was in South America, visited this lake, and saw the remains of the works undertaken by the Spaniards to drain it.

In a geographic-historical "Diccioniario

ESTANCIA ON THE RIDGE BELOW LAKE GUATAVITA.

de las Indies Occidentales" by Don Antonio de Alcedo, published at Madrid in 1737, occurs this note, under the heading Guatavita: "There exists in this province a lake bearing the same name, and famous for immense wealth thrown into it by the Indians as the offerings of their worship, out of which the enterprise of the Spaniards has brought to light a great portion. It is situated among hills so much covered with snow that it looks like a cup of more than a league in circumference. It is very deep, and the water is clean and transparent, because everything thrown into it is expelled to the shore. In this place the Indians have one of their most famous Pagan temples. Herman Rerez de Quesada was the first who drained it, seeking for wealth, and he got out forty pesos. A little while after Antonio de Sepulveda did the same and secured much more profit and an emerald of great value. The operation has been since repeated, and always with some gain."

The emerald referred to by Don Antonio is doubtless the stone referred to by another writer as having been sent home to Spain and sold in Madrid for 70,000 dollars.

The lake is about 1200ft. long by 1000ft. wide at its broadest part, and is of circular form. It is not so very deep as the cyclopædist would have us suppose, being only 46ft. at its deepest part. It is situated in a cup-like depression near the apex of a mountain, and several hundred feet above the surrounding plateau. The project, therefore, is to drive a tunnel through the side of the hill between the plain and the lake. The distance is, roughly, about 1100ft., and the level of the tunnel is some 70ft. below the surface of the water. To connect the lake with the tunnel, a shaft is being sunk, with a sluice to regulate the outflow. And then when the water is run off, the mud and sediment at the bottom of the lake will be carefully searched for all the hidden treasure. It is expected that a few months will see the completion of the engineering work, and the beginning of the actual search for the treasure. Whatever may be the result, the enterprise is full of romantic interest.

"ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE"

By CHARLES W. WESTRON

ULRICA had long abandoned the pretence of steering. The rudder-lines hung loosely over her shoulders, and she was gazing at the horizon with a certain far-away intentness of expression with which she indulges her soul rather frequently.

"I think I shall have him," she murmured at last.

"And this to me!" I said with a vague idea of quoting somebody.

Ulrica had chosen her situation carefully. We were alone in the boat, and it was a very happily placed boat too. Ulrica's sailor hat was outlined against the cliffs of Devon. Inshore, Watcombe Bay nestled under its pile of castellated stone. Maidencombe smiled round the bend, and beyond it, Ulrica, from her seat in the stern, might have feasted her eyes upon mile on mile of dark red sandstone crowned and patched with brightest green. But the view was wasted on her. Nothing less than infinity seemed big enough for Ulrica.

"I think I shall have him," she repeated in a meditative voice.

"I think I should," I replied politely.

Whenever Ulrica hints at things matrimonial I consider it my duty to be perturbed in spirit. Surely this was more than a hint; and, even after luncheon, when the sun is hot and the sky is blue, a man should remain true to himself, so I spoke in a tone which was intended to convey a meek and resigned surprise, and stopped rowing.

"There is really no need to stop," said Ulrica; "it is only ten minutes since you began."

"Duty!" I replied. "When you make catastrophic announcements, I have to concentrate my attention; and to do that it is obviously necessary that I should ship oars—so, extract from its case a cigarette so, and light it—so. Proceed, Ulrica!"

"You are always smoking," complained Ulrica somewhat irrelevantly.

"But then you like it, and I smoke so nicely, and it has nothing whatever to do with the question."

"I hate it," said Ulrica decisively.

"Does *he* smoke?" I enquired.

"No—at least, not much, and then only a proper pipe and not horrid little cigarettes, and—don't try to blow rings, Joe; you know you can't do it."

Now I was not trying to blow rings, and, when I like, I *can* do it; so it was perhaps natural that I should look at Ulrica severely.

Ulrica smiled. Her eyes are blue, and, when she smiles, they sparkle; I like her best when she smiles; I think she knows that I like her best when she smiles.

"So you really are in a genuine passage at last," I remarked.

"A passage?" she enquired with a lift of her eyebrows.

"A love passage," I explained.

"Oh!" said Ulrica vaguely. Then she unfurled an extremely red parasol, and, holding it at an angle at which I could just see the tip of a dimpled chin, "What do you know of passages?" she asked.

"Lots," I answered, addressing the red parasol. "They are long——"

"I think I should like it long," murmured Ulrica.

"Gloomy things," I continued; "and when a man falls into one, he sometimes hurts himself awfully in scrambling out again."

"Supposing a girl falls into one?"

"A girl with blue eyes and a sailor hat?"

"Perhaps."

"Flies out; wings, you know," I said. There is no doubt that a discriminating indulgence in metaphor stimulates the imagination.

"Most passages have doors," suggested Ulrica sagely.

"There is a door to mine," said I.

"Then it *is* yours, and you're in love," she said triumphantly.

"I used the word in a general kind of way," I explained; "that is to say, when I said 'mine' I meant——"

"You're in love," insisted Ulrica.

"Very well, I am in love," I admitted.

"I knew you were," said she; "but why don't you open your door and walk out, instead of doing all that terrible climbing?"

"I can't," I said. "The door is locked and somebody has the key." I looked hard at Ulrica. It was intended to be a pathetic look.

"Don't you think you had better go on rowing?" she suggested.

Evidently Ulrica had no taste for allegory. I got out the oars, and it was not until Watcombe had receded into the distance, that by dexterous manipulation of the red parasol she deigned to reveal her eyes to my expectant gaze.

"Well?" I said, with a smile.

"You see," said Ulrica, "he——"

"Who?"

"Don't pretend you don't know, Joe. I hate a man who pretends."

"I know," I said obediently.

"Well, you see, he is nice."

"Not as nice as I am," I protested cheerfully.

"And good-looking, and industrious and ambitious and—— Why don't you make something of your life?" she broke off suddenly. "Why don't you do something?"

Ulrica's lips were set, and in the intensity of her emotion she pulled the left rudder-line hard—a manœuvre which resulted in my catching a crab, and nearly deposited me on my back in the bottom of the boat.

"I've done the last mile against the wind in fourteen minutes," I remonstrated, when I had recovered my balance. Considering how hot I was and how cool she was, I thought it a little ungrateful of Ulrica.

"I don't mean rowing and useless things," she said with a toss of her head. "I mean your prospects, your career. Now, there is your profession."

"Unfortunately I have a far greater respect for my profession than my profession has for me," I remarked in a deprecatory manner.

"Nobody has any respect for you," said Ulrica severely.

"Isn't that rude?" I enquired, with the interested look of one who asks for information.

"It's true," said Ulrica. "You'll never be any good, never!" she went on impressively. "You spend the whole of your existence in lying on your back smoking cigarettes."

I felt that the wicked unfairness of this accusation (I was doing neither the one nor the other) left me no choice but to do both, so I lit a cigarette and made myself extremely uncomfortable by lying back as far as possible. Possibly the hardness of the boards inspired me. At any rate, it was just then that the idea struck me. The boat had drifted near the shore, where, half-way up the cliff, was perched a little white inn surrounded by gardens which hinted eloquently of strawberries. It seemed a nice, bold, energetic kind of idea—the sort of idea that would please Ulrica. Struggling up, I crawled to the stern, and, muttering something about the rudder, shifted the foot-board of the boat, and, under its cover, deftly worked my fell design.

"I'm afraid she is shipping a little water," I said.

She certainly was shipping a little water; in fact, she seemed to be shipping a good deal of water. The red parasol shut up with a click, and Ulrica cried out indignantly that her feet were getting wet."

"I'm afraid they will get wetter," I said. "She must have started a plank."

In truth the water was pouring in like a sluice; it was clear we could not float for many minutes. I kicked off my shoes, pulled off my coat, and looked critically at Ulrica. She was sitting quite still, but she was decidedly pale, and it seemed to me that she did not look quite as dignified

With a last despairing gurgle, the little boat sank beneath us.

as usual. As a matter of fact, I did not feel very dignified myself. It is difficult to feel really dignified when your legs are deep in water, but then my legs were pretty accustomed to salt water, and I was aware that my claims to the statuesque were never of a convincing nature, whereas with Ulrica—I felt rather sorry for Ulrica.

"What are we going to do?" she asked a trifle timidly.

"We are going to struggle, and strive, and swim to the distant shore," I said. "Can you swim it?"

"Of course I can," she replied.

There was no time for more. With a last despairing gurgle, the little boat sank beneath us; the garish red parasol floated gaily away, and we went down together. When I rose to the surface, I naturally looked round for my companion. I felt that I had every right to expect to see her making for the shore with strong, contemptuous strokes—the kind of stroke with which Horatius crossed the Tiber; but Ulrica was doing nothing of the kind. She seemed to have some difficulty in starting. To be quite frank, she was lying on her back, beating the water like a miniature paddle-wheel steamboat.

"Help!" came a frantic shriek.

"Hullo!" I shouted. "What's wrong?"

"Quick, I'm sinking," she gasped.

I accepted the invitation. Swimming cautiously behind her, I pulled her head, to which the sailor hat, now sadly limp, still clung, on to my chest in the most approved manner, and lying well back in the water, kicked out for the beach. So far, so good. Visions of Humane Society medals floated before me, and the price I was paying could hardly be deemed excessive. Fifty yards in a smooth sea is not all the world even to a moderate swimmer. Moreover, the water was comfortably warm, and above all, here at last and beyond dispute, was Ulrica's dark little head pillowed without the slightest protest upon a waistcoat to the ownership of which I had the very clearest claim.

"Almost a hero!" I whispered, as we climbed the winding path which led to the house, and as Ulrica said nothing, I concluded that her feelings were too deep for words.

We were met at the gate by a plump, middle-aged, sun-bonneted woman, and I explained to her that a kindly Providence having considered a bath advisable for us, we were in urgent need of a change of clothing. Fortunately there was no difficulty about that.

We were conducted into the house, and Ulrica, leaving behind her a watery track, disappeared into what was clearly the best bedroom. I, in my turn, was led into the second-best, and provided with a suit of sober black of an extremely grave and portentous cut, a suit admirably fitted for a man who had just escaped a watery grave. It was an impressive suit of clothes—sensations lurked in it. As I donned the coat, a chaste elation glowed within me, and when I had lowered the little looking-glass to the floor and carefully inspected the trousers, which were very tight at the knee and very loose at the ankle, I felt that no reasonable girl would deny that here was a man who had dared much.

Eminently pleased with the situation, I strolled into the outer room and waited. Ulrica was long in coming. I had admired the big open fireplace, exhausted the view from the deep-set casement window, and made several abortive attempts to quarrel with a big and particularly placid tabby cat long before she made her appearance. I was dozing in the oak settle when the door opened.

It occurred to me at once that she was not going to be a reasonable girl. There was no promise of a melting mood in Ulrica's demeanour. She wore a white dress, and I remember there was a row of mother-o'-pearl buttons down the back and a muslin frill about her neck. Her hat was covered with a profuse growth of poppies, and there was a band of blue ribbon round her waist. Adventures seemed to agree with Ulrica. Her eyes were dancing with excitement, and her hair——! It is not everyone who likes fluffy hair. There is a certain charm of its

own about smooth, damp hair, which is quite absent from fluffy hair. And her face was flushed (Ulrica never blushes) and she was smiling, and altogether it struck me forcibly that her spirits were far too good to become a rescued and penitent maiden.

I advanced to meet her with outstretched hands. As a general rule I do *not* greet Ulrica with outstretched hands, but the situation demanded something.

"We ought to be very thankful," I remarked in a low voice.

Ulrica laughed. "The swim must have done you worlds of good," she said.

I admit that I was nettled. It was not so much that Ulrica was ungrateful. What irritated me was the knowledge that I had taken infinite trouble to create a situation which the obstinate girl refused to complete. It was so simple a matter, too. A sob, a whispered regret! Even a subdued murmur of thanks would have served the purpose.

"It was a very narrow escape," I said sulkily, putting my rejected hands deep into my pockets.

"You were looking so objectionably hot," laughed Ulrica. "You looked much nicer when you came out."

"My opinion of you was much higher before you went in," I retorted. "If you had drowned, it would have been with a lie on your lips."

"Joe!" said Ulrica, severely.

"With a lie on your lips," I repeated. "You said you could swim."

"I can swim."

"Theoretically," I suggested.

"I can swim quite well; I swam quite a long way only this morning. I am very good at swimming."

"Of the academic variety," said I.

"It's abominable of you," said Ulrica. "You know I was not ready, and I lost my parasol."

"Nobody can swim without a parasol," I conceded.

"And the boat made such a nasty gurgling noise, and the water was so—so——"

"Wet," I suggested.

Ulrica turned away and looked out of the window. She was a long time looking out of the window, and my heart misgave me. Now that the majesty of man was vindicated I felt slightly ashamed of myself. It was one thing to impress her with a sense of my latent capacity for facing emergencies; it was quite another thing to make her cry. I had never seen Ulrica cry. I ate my strawberries thoughtfully, and Ulrica still gazed from the window. Then I rose and laid my hand on her shoulder.

"I'm awfully sorry," I whispered.

She turned towards me, and I saw her eyes were wet.

"I'm not really ungrateful," she said repentantly. "You kept me up beautifully."

"I rather liked keeping you up beautifully," I said uncomfortably.

"You managed it splendidly," said Ulrica.

I made no attempt to interfere with the impression. There was no doubt I *had* managed it splendidly. Perhaps I was even more convinced of the fact than she was.

Ulrica returned to the strawberries. Presently she looked up shyly and said:

"Didn't it remind you of that other day, Joe?"

There was really no need to mistake the day.

"The day you sprained your ankle," I said.

"You carried me," said Ulrica.

"Yes, but don't you remember I tore my handkerchief into strips first and——"

"You carried me," she repeated.

There was a pause, and then she said:

"I was rather heavy, wasn't I?"

"Eight stone five," said I.

"Five years ago!" sighed Ulrica. "You used to say nice things."

"Five years ago——"

"You said my eyes were blue."

"They were blue," I protested. "In fact, they are blue."

"But you said they were deeply, darkly——"

"Beautifully blue," I interrupted

"They are as blue as Torbay at six o'clock of a summer's morning, Ulrica."

"And you carried me as easily as anything," she went on; "and when we came to the gate you——." Ulrica paused.

"Yes."

"You did, didn't you, Joe?"

"Upon my word, I believe I did."

"I'm sure you did," said Ulrica.

"It was only my cheek," I explained.

"I think it was mine as well," she whispered.

We stood there looking across to where the long, low hills run out to Portland Bill. Personally I felt there was no pressing need for conversation. It was Ulrica who broke the silence.

"I'm not quite sure I shall have him after all," she said.

"One can never be quite sure of anything," I replied.

Language has its limitations.

* * * *

I arranged with the man at the inn to recover the boat at low tide. When I returned there on the following day, I found him in a state of great excitement. He had discovered the cause of our immersion. The cork had slipped from the vent-hole, he said, and the water had simply poured in. He seemed surprised when I gave him a sovereign. He might have been still more surprised had he known that the errant cork was at that moment comfortably resting in my waistcoat pocket.

But after all the sea was made to swim in.

TO A WELSH GIRL

By FRED. S. COX

THE captive to your lightest glance,
  Fair Cymric maid, am I;
Ah, were it not for circumstance,
  To win your heart I'd try;
St. George's fabled feat I'd flout,
  For badge I'd take, instead
Of that huge beast he put to rout,
  Your Dragon, which is red!

I'd cast around for Celtic heat
  To fire my sluggish veins;
From my ancestral record, sweet,
  I'd purge all Sassenach stains;
In some fair Cambrian vale I'd build
  A dainty home for you;
I'd wear the leek, and, if you willed,
  I'd gladly eat it, too!

Alas! such bliss can ne'er befall,
  For bitterly I know
Man's love, ere it be love at all,
  Articulate must grow;
Though my linguistic skill's as great
  As any other man's,
I *never* shall manipulate
  Your "Pwlls," and "Coeds" and "Llans!"

SCRAMBLES IN THE HIGH PEAK

By ERNEST A. BAKER

Illustrated from photographs by H. Eggleston and G. A. Fowkes.

ROCK-CLIMBING is in origin a branch of mountaineering, but the branch has grown so lustily that it has taken independent root. In the Peak of Derbyshire, where there are no mountains, but many fell-tops 2,000 feet high, it flourisheth like a green bay tree, and one sturdy sapling has sprung up in alien soil, underground to wit, some of our best Derbyshire rock-climbs having now to be sought in the depths of Speedwell Cavern, the Devil's Hole, or the Blue John Mine. But those darkling scrambles are like the Duke of Portland's subterranean gymnasia, a resource when foul weather prevents us from enjoying our pastime in the light of day; the climbs that are most to our liking are to be found on the breezy moorlands, amid scenery wild, romantic, and beautiful, and at the end of rambles which are in themselves a joy.

Men went first of all to the Alps to climb, and Alpine climbing had attained its majority as a British sport before it was discovered that the Lakes and Wales and Skye contained rock-mountains comparable with the others in all sporting characteristics save height. And, last of all, men looked for practice-climbs still nearer home. Next to the Lake District, no English district can be compared with the Peak and its neighbourhood for abundance of practice-climbs. But my readers will probably agree with me that many of the scrambles to be figured and described presently are far too good to be classed under that modest name. The psychological influence of altitude is a wonderful thing. It is not merely a question of danger, for there is not much difference between fifty feet and a thousand, so far as lethal possibilities are concerned. But a man faces with composure on a fifty feet cliff a problem that he would shudder at the idea of attempting on an aiguille of Mont Blanc, or even on the six hundred feet precipice of Scawfell. In purely technical merits, many of the Derbyshire climbs belong to a high order.

The High Peak is the centre and culmination of a wide district of hills, moors, and crags extending to the fringes of Staffordshire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, and even Leicestershire and Nottinghamshire, unpromising though the two last must sound. The traveller from town may break his journey at Nottingham, and four miles away spend an hour in mastering the various methods of climbing the Hemlock Stone, a fantastic pillar of sandstone with a drip-stone cap, and all its ledges overhanging. The thing resembles a gigantic mushroom, dreadfully distorted in the process of growth. It is the best rock in the neighbourhood for teaching the art of climbing by means of the hands, for each stage overhangs so much that the feet dangle in the air as soon as trustworthy grip is secured, and the ensuing struggle is severe. The Hemlock Stone, with its three routes up—to discover which is the greatest puzzle of all—affords some of the best studies in pure gymnastics of all the climbs in this district.

Continuing our northward journey, we find at Sheffield more good rock-work close to a big manufacturing town. Wharncliffe Crags, a shattered gritstone edge on the brow overlooking a richly-wooded dale, affords almost inexhaustible opportunities to the scrambler whose ambitions are not set exclusively on high altitudes. The first illustration gives a good idea of what climbing on gritstone means. That good-natured rock supplies most of the climbs in the district, and is held in sincere affection by every true cragsman, so kind a teacher is it to the beginner, and so accommodating to the lover of the extraordinary and the sensational. Ascents that would be impossible on almost any other rock are

rendered easy by the roughness of the millstone grit. Its corners moreover are rounded, and do not lacerate the feelings so unkindly as do the jagged angles of the local dolomite, the prickly surface of the gabbro in Skye, and the stern points bristling on every mountain arête from Wales to the Highlands. But let me warn the inexperienced that rock-climbing, even at Wharncliffe, where the crags range from twenty to fifty feet in height, is no child's play. An Alpine Club rope should be used as a safeguard—not, however, for any engineering purposes—whenever there is the slightest risk; and only the experienced is qualified to say that all risk is absent. This caution is necessary when numerous climbs are easy of access from large towns, especially as the uninitiated usually get a totally wrong impression of the easiness of a climb, when they happen to see an expert cragsman performing the ascent with perfect nonchalance. There are many climbs in the district which no wise man ever attempts without the rope, though he may have done them many and many a time without once pulling the rope taut.

WHARNCLIFFE CRAGS.
This crack has not yet been climbed, and not likely to be.

Our second illustration is peculiarly typical of Wharncliffe. You can hardly call this sort of thing a climb, though it is the accessory of a climb. A cluster of rock-towers is set round a dark recess in the cliffs. Each tower has a way up it, and most of these are difficult. But more interesting than the ascent of these is the method of passing from one tower to the next. The climber stands bolt upright on the edge of the crag, with hands extended straight above his head. Keeping himself rigid, he deliberately falls across the gap. His hands rest on the opposite rock, his body bridging the chasm. Then a leg comes across to steady him, the other leg straightway follows, and the forearms lift him over the edge on to the top of the rock-tower. Even more exciting than Long Jim's Stride is a neighbouring leap across a similar rift. But most exciting of all is the Monkey Jump, where the leap finishes under a projecting rock, and the jumper has to perform an indescribable twist in mid-air, so as to land on the shelf underneath with his head safe. An immense variety of chimneys, cracks, face-climbs, arête-climbs, hand traverses and other forms of mountaineering athletics brings the total number of scrambles at Wharncliffe up to about four dozen.

A short railway journey takes the itinerant scrambler on to Crowden. A mile or so north, on a wedge of Cheshire that is

driven in between Derbyshire and Yorkshire, are several piles of gritstone crags, the most imposing of which are the Laddow Rocks, a sheer gritstone face with chimneys and other climbs more than a hundred feet high. Crowden is on the edge of a glorious wilderness, desolate moors, black peat mosses, gritstone edges and tors, and deep, magnificent cloughs stretching away into Yorkshire. Southward, is a wider area of pathless desert, where the wanderer may spend days with no company but the grouse, the curlew, and the moorland hare, where there are no roads and no paths, and the eye may travel over range after range of fells without seeing a house, a field, or even a wall. Neither Dartmoor nor Cumberland, nor the solitudes of the Cheviots, can equal the utter solitude and savagery of this wilderness. The wonders of the Peak, Elden Hole, the Bottomless Pit, and the rest are famous; but the greatest wonder of all is, surely, the existence of such a large tract of desolate and well-nigh unknown country in the very middle of England. It affords some of the zest of mountaineering to make one's way across this desert from Crowden to the Alport Valley, or down the upper Derwent to Ashopton. The former would naturally lead one to that far-removed hostel, the Snake Inn, at the base of Kinder Scout, the crowning eminence of Derbyshire. From Ashopton, a host of climbs are easy to get at, most of them on that long array of edges, Stanage Edge, Higgar Tor, Froggatt, Curbar, and Baslow Edges, that extends like a high and rocky coast-line southwards to Chatsworth. But the black, gaunt cliffs of Fairbrook Naze, frowning over the Snake Inn, have a wilder attraction. They form the point of one of the Scout's far-extending forelands, and when the climber has exhausted their problems he can make his way across the bog, on the great table-land of the Scout, to an even finer assemblage of crags on the other side. Here the Kinder stream has fashioned for its course a profound rift in the hillside, with a noble series of cliffs on either hand. At the head of the ravine is the Downfall, where the river leaps over the cliffs at a height of 2,000 feet above tide-level. When the Downfall is frozen in winter, or dried up in summer, the water-worn rocks themselves can be climbed. But there is no lack of rock work to be done here at all seasons. My space would soon be exhausted if I attempted to enumerate every one. The most curious, a cavernous climb right through a high clump of rocks, has re-

WHARNCLIFFE CRAGS—LONG JIM'S STRIDE.

A CRACK ON HEN CLOUD.

ceived the ignoble, but not quite inappropriate name of the Twopenny Tube. Just outside it, up the outside edge of a deep cleft, is a more sporting climb—in the daylight. Here a startling incident occurred whilst I was climbing with two friends. We had clambered up a series of tongues of rock to a considerable height, and the two leading men were lodged in the upper part of the cleft, when a fall of rocks was heard below, and I felt a powerful tug on the rope. The third man had broken off one of these tongues, which we had both utilised as a support. It had cleared him, and rolled harmlessly down the fell, but we could not help wondering if all our precautions would have saved us from mischief, had the occurrence happened earlier. The last time I was there, a few weeks ago, the downfall was a cascade of ice, drifts streaked the high moorland ranges, and the long hill-crests mingling with the cloud crests of the horizon seemed to stretch away into infinity. One of my comrades had come straight from the Lakes, and filled with admiration at the vast and gloomy landscape, declared that he had not seen anything so fine even in Cumberland and Westmoreland.

Passing by a good few climbs in the vicinity of Castleton, let us make for Buxton and the Roaches. This high mountainous ridge—mountainous in all save height, for it scarcely reaches the 2,000 feet level—stretches along the borders of Staffordshire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, but is, physically, an outlier of the Peak. At the north end are a series of noble wooded glens, and deep in the heart of Back Forest lies the weird ravine of Ludchurch. The best of the scrambling, however, is at the southern

WESTON'S CHIMNEY, CRATCLIFF TOR.

extremity, on the peaky tops of Roach End, Hen Cloud and Ramshaw Edge. It will gratify aspirants to scansorial honours to learn that much good work remains to be done on these crags; in fact, the neighbourhood teems with rock problems of all sizes, from a boulder to a 200 feet cliff, and of all grades of difficulty. The steepness of Hen Cloud's front may be gauged from the third illustration, representing a difficult crack.

A beautiful walk, with plenty of ups and downs, takes the tourist from the Roaches across the valleys of the Manifold and the Dove to Birchover. This bit of undiscovered country is the prettiest in all Derbyshire, not so grand as the High Peak, nor so strikingly beautiful as the limestone dales, but just exquisitely pretty and picturesque. Over against Row Tor, which offers a climb or two, rises out of the trees the rifted and shattered face of Cratcliff Tor. A deep, straight gash in the middle of its countenance will readily be discerned. This is the Owl Gully, and the finest climb. It is very steep, the top part overhanging, and the passage out of the owl's deserted lair and round the projecting rocks above is sensational, though quite safe if proper care is taken. Weston's Chimney, a vertical cleft that is a misery to stout climbers, lies a few yards to the right. To the left is the North Climb, the latest good thing discovered here. In a square recess a crack goes up straight right in the corner, and at a height of twenty feet or so bends back at a lesser inclination. This might be called a friction climb, for holds of any kind worth the name there are none; the climber simply attaches himself to the rock by the contact of rough stone and rough woollens. It is a climb that one may descend pleasantly, for then the amiable disposition of the gritstone comes out, the roughness retarding one's movements conveniently; but to take it the other way ensures a tremendous struggle, and will possibly unfit a man for the rest of the good things to be enjoyed in a day at Cratcliff Tor and on the contiguous Robin Hood's Stride, with its redoubtable pinnacles and the

NORTH CLIMB, CRATCLIFF TOR.

famous boulder climb, compared favourably by excellent judges with Napes Needle on Great Gable. Some of our most renowned climbers have spent pleasant days here, and pronounced these things to be "interesting," a word that means volumes to a mountaineer.

One might make Birchover a centre, for there are climbs on the grit, on mountain limestone, and on dolomite, in every

DOLOMITE FACE CLIMB: BRASSINGTON.

direction; but inns and hotels are scarce hereabouts, and good farm-house lodgings not too abundant. Six miles away south are the dolomite cliffs of Harborough, and a mile further the dolomite tors of Brassington. The photograph above well illustrates the peculiarities of this rock, the rock, that is, of which the Tyrolese Dolomites are composed. These vertical crags, straight rifts, and splintered towers of Derbyshire show exactly the same configuration, though on a miniature scale. Tiny crevices are weathered all over the surface of the rock, and the substance being sound, these afford holds of rare excellence, so excellent that one may walk with ease up and down and across perpendicular faces. Here again the climbs, though short, are innumerable and of inexhaustible variety. The change from grit to dolomite, too, is wholesome for the learner, for grit, with its extraordinary roughness, tends to breed over-confidence, which a fall or two on sharpened splinters of dolomite will check, greatly to his improvement.

Again we take the road, and a dismal road it is, lacking all the beauty and grandeur that have accompanied us hitherto. But there are only four miles of it, and then the Black Rocks start up before us on the edge of a darkly-wooded slope commanding Matlock. This is another Wharncliffe, with fewer but better climbs, and among them the most difficult climb in the whole district. The illustrations on page 407 show the different stages of overcoming this little monster, for it is only a little one, twenty-five or thirty feet high, just an innocent-looking crack in the face of a gritstone cliff, a crack that no one but a rock-gymnast would look at twice. The crack has come off conqueror in many a set-to with able cragsmen, for it holds in reserve great powers of resistance, although the beginning of the struggle is seductively easy. As often happens with fancy climbs on the grit, all hand-hold of the orthodox kind is absent. One's grip is obtained by jamming the forearm into the fissure, and getting a pull or a thrust sideways. We climb vertically nearly to the top, and then, when we are at the last gasp, comes the stiffest part of the tussle. The crack steepens, and then finishes in a horizontal fissure, along which the climber has to execute a hand traverse of several feet, with his body dangling over the smooth cliff, and then swing himself up sideways to a sloping shelf. There he can take a well-earned rest before clambering up a smooth rock on the left or a short fissure on the right. Few men are justified in attempting this climb without a rope held from above; a tumble would carry one a long way past the foot of the climb, down the rough hill-side. The Sand Gully with its difficult central pitch, Pine-tree Gully with its preliminary squeeze, the Queen's Parlour and its entrance passage through the heart of the cliff, Stonnis Pinnacle, and

other problems furnish a pleasant variety of fare to the most gluttonous scrambler. If time hangs heavy on his hands, he can make for the Alport Stone next, which is only two-miles-and-a-half distant.

But, perhaps, the limestone crags of Matlock will have magnetised him, whilst peering out from the recesses of the Black Rocks gullies, or he may have read those egregious lines of the poet Montgomery:

> Here in wild pomp, magnificently bleak,
> Stupendous Matlock towers amid the Peak;
> Here rocks on rocks, on forests forests rise,
> Spurn the low earth, and mingle with the skies.
> Great Nature, slumbering by fair Derwent's stream,
> Conceiv'd these giant mountains in a dream.

The "mountains" of Matlock will disappoint him, however, and he will get no real satisfaction from their crags, if climbing is his chief object, for the climbs are either

STONNIS CRACK.

STONNIS CRACK, BLACK ROCKS, CROMFORD.

impossible, or so lavishly draped with vegetation as to make scrambling a penance. Let us, then, turn our steps southward for Alport Height, where our sentinel rock stands out on the hill-crest like the last outpost of the heather country, looking towards the woods and pastures and cornlands of South Derbyshire, Leicestershire, and Staffordshire.

The gritstone pinnacle is just under forty feet in height. It has two climbs, an easy and a difficult, the easy one up the longest edge, where a series of notches cut in the angle furnish a means of ascent. They are small, and year by year they get smaller; wherefore the climb requires caution, especially near the top, where four feet or so of blank wall have to be spanned by the scrambler's arms as he rests on a ledge that has dwindled almost away. But the last time I was there, a boy of eight climbed

the rock, unaided, until he reached this final difficulty, when the rope gave him a little more than moral encouragement. On the other side of the Alport Stone is a climb of genuine difficulty, shorter than the other, but of such a character that few would attempt it on a mountain side. The first step is to pull one's self on to an overhanging boss ten feet from the ground; then one rises gingerly to an erect position, until, by a long stretch, a feel can be got of a roughish corner eight feet higher. This extremely limited support is all that can be obtained, whilst we swing cautiously round the corner of the rock, feel with the finger tips for a wrinkle in a sloping ledge, and swarm on to this on our stomach. A few ungraceful contortions enable the climber to stand upright, and in another moment he is atop of the pinnacle.

ALPORT STONE—EASY WAY UP.

This is the last of our gritstone climbs, but on the way back to town we may make a detour into the wilds of Leicestershire, where, in full view of Charnwood Forest and the oldest rocks in Britain, stand a series of dolomite bluffs on the face of a sudden acclivity. The rock is not equal to that of Brassington and Harborough, being far less sound and lacking in secure holds. These Breedon climbs, unhappily, are being energetically attacked by a lime-burning company; several of the finest have been demolished and turned into quicklime, and one of the most striking land-marks in the range of cliffs is fast disappearing. Something remains, however, and enough to give valuable instruction in the use of

the Alpine rope on broad open faces. It is nearly all open work here, a wide cove in the cliffs, a pinnacled arête, the broken end of a ridge, and some well-nigh ledgeless faces—these are the commonest patterns.

Many good scrambles have not been alluded to in this brief summary, but the climber will perhaps discover them himself by following the line of route here sketched. Some of the best scenery in the district, unfortunately, is not associated with good climbing. Dovedale and the other limestone defiles look attractive, but are disappointing from this particular point of view. For a short visit, plenty of amusement can be got at Robin Hood's Stride and the climbs within easy distance of that centre, whilst an excursion to Kinder Scout should be made on the first opportunity.

SHOULDER CLIMB ON ALPORT STONE.

The novice who comes to Derbyshire to learn will surely acquire a lasting affection for both its climbs and its scenery; and I think the mountaineer who comes merely for exercise and practice will come again, and will come on purpose to repeat some of these fascinating little scrambles, or perhaps to make another attempt on something that repulsed him at the first essay.

Author of "By Right of Sword," "In the Name of a Woman," etc., etc.
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SYNOPSIS OF THE FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

Cyrus Grant, a wealthy American, is working some valuable concessions in Turkey, and resides in Constantinople with his sister Enid, her aunt, and his private secretary, Mervyn Ormesby, a young Englishman, and the narrator of the story. Grant is a persona grata *with the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, who gave him the concessions. A beautiful Greek, Haidée Patras, who is engaged in a conspiracy to dethrone the Sultan, has crossed Grant's path two or three times, arousing in him a strong interest, which is intensified by his discovery of what he supposes to be an attempt on her life. Grant and Ormesby came to her rescue at the apparently critical moment, and Grant insists upon her removing, with her servants, to his house, for greater security. Enid, his sister, resents the presence of Haidée from an impulse of distrust, and this antipathy she shows so strongly that the two girls become bitter enemies. Grant, however, grows more and more infatuated with the beautiful Greek, and they become engaged to marry, the price of Haidée's assent being Grant's adhesion to the conspiracy against the Sultan. The head of this conspiracy is a high Turkish official, Maraboukh Pasha, with whom Grant and Ormesby have an interview, in the course of which Grant pledges his support to the aims of the conspirators on condition that no blood shall be shed or the Sultan harmed. Maraboukh produces a document in Turkish, which purports to be signed by Rechad Effendi, brother to the reigning Sultan, whom the conspirators avow to be the person they design to succeed Abdul Hamid. By a ruse Grant gets possession of this document, to the evident consternation of Maraboukh, and takes it away with him. That same evening Grant goes to Ormesby's room to discuss this document, and in his Secretary's absence drinks a cup of coffee that had been prepared for Ormesby. Shortly after he is taken very ill with symptoms of acute poisoning. Ormesby, on his return to his room, finds it in confusion, and some papers lying on a table burnt to ashes. He also finds Grant lying between life and death, Enid violently accusing Haidée of having poisoned him and Haidée indignantly repudiating the charge.*

CHAPTER X.

THE PROBLEM OF AN UPSET TABLE

OF all Haidée's actions in that trial of strength between her and Enid, nothing produced a greater impression upon me than this return to try and catch her antagonist in a moment of weakness; and to me it seemed an almost irresistible proof of her insincerity. She had been bitterly disappointed and angry that Enid had taken her defeat with such upstanding calmness; and the desire to witness her humiliation, to see her cast down, had dominated for the moment all the passionate wish to be at Grant's side, of which she had made so much in the interview.

Enid would not allow her feelings to again get out of hand even before me, and when the Greek had gone for the second time, she said, with quiet significance:

"Scarcely the act of a woman absorbed by a passion for Cyrus. What was the real meaning of all that display of hers?"

"It will intensify her hatred of you; and I wish you had not been so quick to denounce her. It was a terrible charge."

"You don't believe it?"

"I don't know what to believe yet."

"But you yourself said you would not have let her go to Cyrus. Do you know? I did thank you for that; and if you wish to scold me, I will listen to you for the sake of that."

"We can't unsay what's been said, and I never care to thrash a dead horse."

"But you believe I made a mistake? I suppose I did," and she sighed. "I shall be real sorry if it makes things harder for you. But if you had only been at home!"

"That's another dead horse," I said, shaking my head regretfully.

"What are you going to do next?"

"Find out things if I can, but it's a ghastly tangle."

"I can't help you to-night. I can't think. I suppose I'm just mad. I shall be better in the morning. Had I better go to bed? Cyrus won't see me, so there's nothing to do."

"I may have some news for you by the morning."

"If only that woman were not with him," she said, despairingly.

"I fancy the doctor will see to that. His head's on quite the right way."

"Does he suspect her?" She flashed the question at me.

"He says its apoplexy, and of course he won't have his patient excited."

"Then I shall go."

"I'll send you up a line by Stuart, if you like, when I've seen Arbuthnot."

"Oh, do! You are so thoughtful. You've been awfully good to me in all this. Don't think I don't see that; I shall never forget it."

"You're a bit upset to-night." I spoke as indifferently as I could, for the look in her eyes moved me more than I wished her to see, and I had to put the curb on. She stood a moment in hesitation, then said, almost nervously:

"I—I am sorry I lost my head about that woman. I can see you are right. I—I ought to have held my tongue, but I couldn't. But for the future, I'll—I'll try and do what you think best."

"That's all right. It *is* a beastly muddle, but we shall pull together alright now. And by the way, you'll be careful for a bit?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, have your maid to sleep in your room, and be a bit careful what you eat and drink for a while."

She turned with a swift questioning look.

"Then you do agree Cyrus was poisoned?" she asked under her breath. "And you think——"

"We don't want to think too far at a time; but it's always best to be careful. I only meant it as a general hint. You see, this isn't quite like New York or London, and queer mistakes are made sometimes; and—well, there's no harm in being on one's guard."

"But what of yourself?"

"Oh, I'm nobody; not important enough to draw danger in my direction; besides, I do keep a lookout."

I did not wish to alarm, but merely to warn her; and when I saw to my surprise how scared she was, considering what tough nerves I knew she had, I rather regretted I had said even so much. But the truth was I was vastly puzzled by the whole business, and did not quite see the road ahead.

When the doctor came down, his first words showed me that I had guessed pretty correctly his line with the Greek.

"Did you leave Mademoiselle Patras with your patient, doctor?" I asked.

"No. I'm afraid I've kept you waiting, but I thought it best to remain while she was there, lest Mr. Grant should be excited. She has left him now, and I have requested that she shall not go to the bedside again until I have seen Mr. Grant in the morning."

"Excitement is very bad, isn't it, in—apoplexy?"

"Yes, some kinds of excitement in that form of—apoplexy. We're alone here, I suppose?" he asked, glancing about him.

"Oh, yes. What is it upstairs?"

"I'm afraid it's poison of some kind. I shall be certain after an analysis I'm going to make, but I'm virtually certain now."

"You think he'll be all right now?"

"Oh, yes, if no complications ensue."

"Such as—any more of it?"

"Such as any more of it," he repeated. "I was called in time, fortunately, and his magnificent strength and constitution enabled me to save him."

"I suppose if he had been in bad health, or a weaker man, like myself, say, or a woman, the thing might have been different?"

"I don't think anything would have saved him."

"I see; well, it's a good thing for me I didn't get it, then. You'll see him early in the morning, I presume?"

"Yes, but—have you any idea as to the cause?"

"I was out and didn't get in till nearly midnight."

"You've been some years in the East, haven't you? long enough to know that queer things of this kind do happen at times?"

"If I hadn't known it before, this would tell me. If I should want your help and—and confidence, I may rely on you?"

"Certainly. Poisons are rather a speciality of mine; and if you find out anything, I should like to know. Good-night."

"Good-night, doctor; and of course we all understand this is only apoplexy."

I did not think it necessary to tell him any more at the present stage. It was enough for my purpose so far that the attempt had failed, and as soon as he was gone I went to my rooms and took Stuart with me, first scribbling a note to Enid to tell her what the doctor had done in regard to the Greek.

While Stuart was away I made a careful examination of my room. Very few things had been disturbed. The papers on my table, which I had left neatly arranged—for in those matters I am a person of some method and order—had obviously been moved, and some few of them were tossed about in confusion. A closer scrutiny led me to think that this had not, as I had at first thought, resulted from some one searching among them for any particular document. They had rather the appearance of having been tumbled over hastily.

I remembered, of course, that Grant had been to my room, and it was quite possible that he might have wished to find some particular paper, and in the hunt for it had tossed the rest over impatiently. But there were not any papers of any real consequence on the table; they were all locked away; and he knew this as well as I. I didn't think, therefore, that he had done the work.

Then there was the little heap of burnt papers, with the half-consumed cigar lying near it. It was cleverly planned, to suggest that the cigar had caused the mischief; but here again there was a flaw which looked like the result of hurry. The cigar lay quite three inches away from the heap of tinder, and it had burnt itself out on the document—an old legal draft—on which it still lay. I jumped at once to the conclusion, therefore, that the cigar had not caused the fire, but had been placed there afterwards to suggest the cause.

Before I examined the burnt ashes more closely I looked round the room. My desk, drawers, and safe were all locked, and had not been tampered with; and it was therefore clear that whoever had been at work had either been interrupted before he could get to them, or had wished only to deal with the papers, or one of them, on the desk.

But I found that the small table, by the side of my writing-desk, on which my coffee was usually placed by Stuart, had been upset, and the coffee, milk and cup were lying on the floor. A dozen suggestions to account for this jumped into my mind; and then gradually an extremely disquieting thought began to take shape.

I should explain that not liking the thick coffee in which the Turks delight, it was my custom to have some made by Stuart, who had picked up the knack in Paris, and a small pot holding about two cups was always put ready for me in the evening. Grant had also a great liking for the coffee as Stuart made it, and frequently, when he

The small table had been upset, and the coffee, milk and cup were on the floor.

came to my room in the evening, would have a cup of it with me. Now, it was after leaving my room that he had been taken ill; and with this in my thoughts, I became suddenly intensely interested in the little problem of the upset table.

I picked up the cup which was broken and found coffee stains in it, but no drain of coffee; but in the coffee-pot itself, which was fortunately undamaged, there still remained perhaps a table-spoonful or more of liquor; and there were also a few drops of milk in the jug. I smelt them both, but could detect nothing unusual in either, and it occurred to me as exceedingly unlikely that anyone would be so clumsy as to tamper with either. I put them both away carefully under lock and key, however, and then another fact struck me: there was no sugar. I was speculating whether this could have any significance, when Stuart came back from delivering the note to Enid.

"Now, Stuart, tell me what made you lock my door to-night?"

"There's not much to tell you, sir, only that someone came in here to-night. I brought your coffee as usual, sir, at half-past eight, and not seeing you here, I just left it as usual, and lit the lamp, and went out into the big hall, where McPherson told me you had gone out before dinner. Then, somewhere between nine and ten, sir, Mr. Grant passed through the hall, and, seeing me, asked if you were here. I said I didn't think so, and he said he would come and see; and I came along with him. He was carrying a paper of some sort in his hand, and when he saw you weren't in, sir, he said it would be all right, that he'd stop and have a cigarette, and was going to leave a paper on your table which I was to call your attention to when you came in, and that I needn't wait."

"Was my coffee here then, did you notice?"

"Oh, yes, sir, because I asked him if I should make him a cup, as he often likes to have one, sir, as you know; but he said no, it didn't matter; and then I left him there. He didn't stay very long, sir, perhaps a quarter of an hour or so, and when he passed me in the hall again, he said: 'Don't forget to call Mr. Ormesby's attention to the paper, Stuart'; and I said I'd be sure and remember it; and then almost directly, not ten minutes, I'm sure, I thought I'd go and see where he'd left the paper, as I thought it was so important. And when I got near the room I heard someone in it. I thought it might be you, and that you'd come in by the private way; but the door was open and then I heard something fall down. I called out: 'Is that you, sir?' but no answer was made, and just as I reached the door the light went out. I felt sure something was wrong then, and ran in and struck a light. I heard a rustling and was so startled that, foolish-like, I let the match go out; and when I'd struck another, the room was empty, and in the mess you saw it, sir. So I locked the door and came away, and directly afterwards I heard that Mr. Grant had had a fit and was ill."

"Was Mr. Grant smoking when you saw him?"

"Not at first, sir. He lit a cigarette in your room."

"Cigar or cigarette? Can you be certain?"

"Quite, sir; it was a cigarette."

"One thing more, Stuart. Be quite certain. Did you forget to bring any sugar with the coffee to-night?"

"No sir, certainly not. I had to get it specially."

"Someone has taken a fancy to it, then; there's none left, Stuart."

"Perhaps it's got spilt, sir."

"Did you make a noise of any kind when you were coming to the room after Mr. Grant had been here? I mean a noise which anyone in here could have heard."

"I'm afraid I was whistling, sir; not loudly, but I'd got a tune in my head, and I think I remember stopping when I first heard someone, and I thought it might be you, sir."

"Ah, I wish you hadn't begun; but still, you did, and we can't help it. Now, take a light and look closely about the floor—there may be a stray lump of sugar. Search

carefully." He did search, very carefully, and I helped him; but we found nothing, to my mortification. "Take the light and look along the corridor, and in the hall, and wherever it occurs to you to look," I said; and a moment later he came hurrying back.

"I've found one lump, sir," and he laid it on the table. "It's a very extraordinary thing."

"Well, go on looking, and if the servants say anything to you, tell them you are looking for a gold coin or lira. It will be quite true. I'll give you that if you find another lump."

He looked at me in surprised mystification, rather scared, I think.

"Is it anything serious, then, sir?"

"You don't find me generally buying sugar at a lira the lump, do you? And look here, not a word about any of this."

"No, sir;" and he went away puzzled, turning at the door to glance round at me with the same half-fearsome, quite baffled, expression.

When he had gone I turned to the little heap of burnt paper and the cigar. The cigar was one of Grant's. I knew it well enough; and this fact showed that whoever had got this thing up for me had done it realistically. These Easterns are great at realistic stage-craft—off the stage.

The paper was entirely consumed—mere tinder; but, nevertheless, that part of the business had been bungled — probably through haste. It had been burnt on the table as it lay, but the burner had made a mistake. He was either careless or had been disturbed, and had neglected to crush the tinder, leaving the leaves as they had been folded. With much care I managed to get off the outer envelope, and then by careful examination of the little sheets, holding them up gingerly to the light, I could distinguish Turkish characters, and on one of them part of a signature, "Rechad."

Then I sat down and, lighting my pipe, set to work to put the pieces of the tragic puzzle together; and to see how they would fit in with the solution already in my thoughts—that all this trouble had been taken, not on Grant's account, but on mine; and that, but for an accident, I, and not Grant, would have been at that moment battling for life against an insidious poison.

I recalled Dr. Arbuthnot's words, too—that had I had that kind of apoplectic fit, in all human probability I should have died; and the recollection of Grant's grey death-like pallor, when I saw him, set me shuddering as with a chill of frost. I could not drag my thoughts away from the look and the words; and, if I own to the truth, I think I was for the time just horribly afraid.

I was still in the cold clutch of this phantom fear when Stuart came back.

"I have found another lump of sugar, sir, but I don't know whether it's out of the same lot;" and as he gave it to me he started and said: "Excuse me, sir, but are you ill? You look quite white, sir. Can I get you anything?"

"Yes, mix me a brandy-and-soda, strong; I've had a shake-up of my nerves. But where did you find this?" holding up the sugar.

"On the stairs of number three staircase. It's the back way up to the rooms of Mademoiselle Patras and her servants, sir."

"Then it's not very likely it's part of the same lot, as you say, Stuart."

"No, sir, perhaps not, but——" he was pouring out the brandy and stopped and turned to look at me—"it's funny, for it has the same queer faint smell."

"So it has," I answered, sniffing it. "It may be as you put it—funny—but it's a kind of fun that doesn't exactly make me laugh." And, indeed, I had never felt more serious in my life.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RESULT OF THE ANALYSIS

WHEN I had packed up carefully the coffee, the milk, and the two lumps of sugar, I sent Stuart off at once with them to Dr. Arbuthnot, calculating that he would be at work still on the other analysis; and then turned to consider my next step.

My theory was that the attempt had been made on my life, and not on Grant's; and that the medium of the poison was the sugar. Probably after Stuart had placed the things in my room the poisoned sugar had been substituted, in the expectation that I should return, take my coffee, as usual, notice nothing in the sugar, and so—exit.

Grant's visit to my room had, however, upset the plan altogether. He had no doubt helped himself to a cup of coffee, and this had been immediately detected, the poisoner being on the alert; and what had occurred in my room afterwards had been hurriedly done. The poisoner must have come back to the room almost the instant Grant left it—unless, indeed, as was possible, he lay concealed there all the while—with the object of securing the doctored sugar, and then had had to deal with the paper on the table.

That paper was without doubt the Turkish document which Maraboukh Pasha had handed to Grant in the afternoon; unquestionably it was a forgery which any one knowing Turkish would discover, and consequently instructions had been sent to his spies in the White House that it must not come into my possession. Thus the first idea was to use the lump of sugar to put me out of the fight altogether; and when Grant upset that scheme, the paper had been burnt on my table and the lighted cigar left there, as if to suggest the cause of the accident.

While this was in the doing, Stuart had come whistling down the corridor, thus giving the alarm; a scramble had been made to get the doctored sugar, the light had been extinguished, and the table upset in the excitement and hurry of the moment.

Who, then, was the spy-poisoner? The answer was easy enough, I thought. It was certainly not Haidée. She would never risk two secret visits to my room, and was far too conspicuous a person to move about the house unobserved. She could not have done it had she wished, indeed. But the case was very different with her two servants—the woman, Lelia, and the man, Koprili; and I set it down to the man.

That poison should have been used did not in the least surprise me, and will surprise no one who knows anything of the undercurrents of life in Stamboul. Does not everyone know of the case where an English governess had unwittingly roused the jealousy of an inmate of a certain well-known Pasha's harem, and who was only saved from taking poisoned coffee by the whispered warning of an intelligent little slave boy who was handing it to her? Murder in that case was attempted as an incident in a mere conventional visit. And I could recall a score of cases of a similar kind.

The question which really concerned me was how to bring it home, first to Koprili, who was but the tool of someone else, and then to ascertain whether that other was, or was not, Haidée the Greek. I could better understand her attitude now in the interview with Enid. Her horror and emotion at Grant's sudden illness might be perfectly genuine, because of the mistake that had been made; and yet she might have been privy to the whole thing. On the other hand, this might have been wire-pulled without her knowledge and by someone influencing her servant directly.

But, in any case, it was clear we might all be surrounded by very real danger, and that some decisive step must be taken.

I got no farther that night, and went across first thing in the morning to Dr. Arbuthnot. Like myself, he had had no sleep, having been engrossed by the task I had given him.

"I'm puzzled, Mr. Ormesby. I've completed a rough analysis, and there's no doubt it's poison. That coffee and milk were all right, but I found it in the sugar, and found distinct traces in what I brought from the sick room. I'm not yet quite clear as to its exact nature, but I suspect it's a subtle and very powerful preparation with strychnine as the main basis."

"In both lumps of sugar, doctor?"

"Yes, certainly in both: but you needn't have sent two."

"It was rather a point in the case; that's why I sent both," I answered. It was a great point, of course. It was clear that Koprili had dropped both lumps in his hurry—one in the corridor by my room and one on the stairs near his own.

"I shall go on with my experiments as soon as I have time," said the doctor, "and will let you know the results."

"It will be a satisfaction, but it isn't really important now, as I know enough; and of course this thing won't come out. By the way," I added, as a thought occurred to me, "the sugar had what my man termed a queer smell."

"Nothing in that; it was a faint, very faint, scent of musk intended to neutralise the odour of one of the drugs."

"Could you doctor a couple of lumps for me so as to deceive anyone who knew what the sugar might contain?"

"Easily, of course; but what do you want them for?"

"Merely for a little experiment I'm going to make;" and in a few minutes he had complied with my wish. I returned to the White House, and my own opinion of the poison theory being thus confirmed by the doctor's analysis, I gave effect to a step I had had in contemplation.

"While Mr. Grant is ill, McPherson," I said to the porter, a dry, dour Scotchman, an old soldier and a staunch, invaluable servant whom Grant had brought from America, and who was ready to lay down his life for his master, "we must keep the house as quiet as possible. I leave the matter in your charge, therefore. Lock all the doors but this, and yourself keep the keys, and allow no one to pass either in or out without a permit signed by me. We want no disturbance made and no exaggerated stories carried outside."

"No one at all, sir?" he asked.

"No one except Miss Grant and Dr. Arbuthnot. Refer everyone to me. You will, of course, take all messages, and let me have them by Stuart. You understand it is only because the house must be kept quiet while Mr. Grant is ill. And you will not leave your post on any consideration."

"I understand, sir."

There was a large door shutting off the wing where the offices were from the rest of the house; and this I locked, taking the key.

When I got to my room Stuart was laying my breakfast, and giving him one of the lumps of sugar, I asked him in a casual tone whether it was one of those he had found. He seemed to know it instantly; and I was satisfied, and put the stuff carefully away under lock and key.

After breakfast, which Stuart made a point of telling me he had prepared with his own hands, I went to Grant's room, but as Mrs. Wellings told me he was asleep still, and seemed better, having passed a satisfactory night, I did not see him. She was disposed to question me about poison, but I put her off with Dr. Arbuthnot's theory that the illness was really a slight attack of apoplexy; although I gave her a hint that Grant was never to be left alone in the room, and that she or one of the nurses must always be with him.

Then I sent Stuart to enquire after Enid, and he came back with an urgent request that I would go to her in the morning-room at once.

"Have you found out anything, Mr. Ormesby?" she asked eagerly. "You look dreadfully pale and worried."

"I have not slept much. You see, your brother's illness will throw a great deal on me for a bit, and I've been thinking about things."

"Have you found out anything?" she repeated.

"What there is to find out. I've seen Arbuthnot again, and he says that in cases of apoplexy rest and freedom from excitement——"

"You won't tell me, then?" she interposed. "How hard it is not to be trusted. And you promised."

"I know very little for certain yet."

"Yes, yes, but what do you think?"

"I think the position's a very grave one, and will be much graver for our plans here if your brother doesn't make haste and get well. I expect the doctor over directly."

"Oh, please don't talk in that conventional way," she cried impatiently. "Can't

you see I am half beside myself? I haven't slept a wink all night, thinking, thinking, thinking of it all."

"I have satisfied myself completely that your brother was not poisoned intentionally —if poisoned at all. I am quite certain."

"Why do you think that? Why do you think that?" she asked, almost feverishly, looking at me intently.

"In the first place, it is nobody's interest in the whole of Turkey to injure him just now. Only yesterday some most important negotiations were virtually arranged that make his active help in—in the matter here, of the most urgent value to — to everyone, especially those with whom Mademoiselle Patras desires him to act. Turks are not such fools as to kill geese which can lay real golden eggs."

"Ah, then I am right; I knew it, I saw it all in the night. It came to me quite clearly. This thing was aimed at you."

I started, I could not help it, in my surprise at her guess.

"Isn't that rather a wild supposition?" I asked, with a smile, to cover my momentary astonishment.

"No, no, it is true, it is true," she cried, her eyes riveted upon my face. "Cyrus was all right before he went to your rooms, I have found that out. And he must have taken something there which caused this—and it must have been meant for you. Oh, it is horrible, horrible," and she covered her face impulsively with her hands in deep agitation. "I saw it all in the night, I'm sure."

"I am scarcely a person of sufficient importance, Miss Grant," I answered, smiling again.

"Did he take anything there? Tell me; I will know; I will find it out. I know he often has coffee and whisky and cigarettes with you, and—oh, Mr. Ormesby, please tell me."

"I was not there, Miss Grant, and I don't think he stayed more than a minute or two."

"Do you think you are doing me a kindness by trying to hide this from me?"

"I think you will be very foolish to make a mountain of a mole-hill."

"Very well, perhaps I am doing that;" and she smiled, to my great relief, as if quite reassured. "One does make such foolish mistakes in excitement, doesn't one? I must try not to worry; it would be so foolish to do that when there's nothing to worry about, wouldn't it?" And she laughed nervously. It was such a causeless laugh, and was so unlike her to laugh at such a moment, that I ought to have been on my guard. "And Aunt Constance tells me Cyrus is better this morning. That's good news, isn't it?"

"Dr. Arbuthnot doesn't think there is any danger now," I answered, watching her curiously as she fidgeted nervously with her handkerchief. "Will you excuse me if I say I think you ought to see him about yourself? You are looking anything but well."

"There is nothing the matter with me. I've had an excellent night's rest."

"Just now you said you hadn't slept."

"Did I? What a memory you have. I shall do now—now that there's nothing more to worry about, and as you're sure no harm was meant to Cyrus."

"I shall ask Arbuthnot to see you."

"I don't see that my health concerns any one but myself—and certainly not you."

"That's not exactly what I should have expected you to say, Miss Grant; I think everyone about the White House cares about that."

"I didn't know I was a person of such importance," she said, almost flippantly, and with another forced smile; "but if that's so, I must take care of myself; and, by the way, there is one thing you can do for me." She spoke lightly as of a trifle, and passing me, went to the window and pointed out. "What is that building over there?"

I looked at her in astonishment at such a question, and to humour her, went to the window.

"Do you mean that red mosque?"

"No, stand a bit closer, there," she said, in the same tone of half banter, and before I could guess her intention, she turned on me, my face being full in the light, and in

a tone of concentrated energy, she asked rapidly, "Now, Mr. Ormesby, on your honour as a gentleman, was not this an attempt to poison you?"

The swift change of tone and manner and the fierce directness of the question and look caught me quite unprepared, and she read the answer in my looks and blundering unreadiness of words.

"I think you tried to take me at a very unfair disadvantage."

"You need not fence any more; I read the answer in your face. Now, perhaps you will tell me all about it?"

"I have nothing to tell," I replied, angry with myself for having been caught in such a way.

"Do you mean to allow these poisoners to remain in the house so that they may make another attempt?"

"I do not say there has been one attempt yet."

"Mr. Ormesby, why won't you trust me? Can't you, or won't you?"

"Of course I would trust you."

"Would, but don't, is that it? I would have trusted—but there, I can't force you, of course. Very well, I cannot urge you more than I have." The reproach in her tone was hard to bear.

"If I thought there was anything you ought to know, I should tell you, of course."

"Of course," she repeated, with a shrug of mortification and disappointment. "But I am a woman, and so, I suppose, not to be reckoned able to help you."

"I should be very stupid if I thought any such thing," said I.

"As if I don't know why you won't trust me," she answered quickly. "As if it wasn't because you think I might do something indiscreet—something like that on the launch, or yesterday with that woman. But I have deserved it, and now perhaps you'll issue your orders for my behaviour and conduct to-day. What am I to do, if you please, Mr. Ormesby?" she cried with mock humility. "I suppose you have come with some orders for me?"

"The first thing appears to be for us to quarrel, although I don't know that that will help us very far."

"And having quarrelled, what next?"

"Make it up and resolve not to do such a useless thing again."

"And then?"

"Just keep on guard, both eyes wide open, as I suggested last night."

"And if I promise to wait patiently, and show you I can really keep my head and not blunder, as you have taken care to tell me I have done hitherto, will you tell me everything?"

"I will tell you all that I know for certain the moment it becomes necessary for you to know it. I promise that."

"It is not much, considering my impatience and anxiety. But you *do* think I wish to help you?"

"I am sure of it."

"Ah, it's only my capacity and discretion you doubt," she said, shaking her head.

"You have done one or two rash things, and have made mistakes." She smiled deprecatingly, and shrugged her shoulders.

"You are frank, at any rate."

"This is a very difficult business, and it's best to say what I think. I hope sincerely you won't make any more." I spoke as earnestly as I felt.

"You mean I must be careful to keep my temper for the future—with that Greek woman, for instance?"

"I did not put it so, but we have an ugly country to negotiate, and none of us can be too cautious for a while."

"You make me feel horribly mean and small," she said, ruefully.

"I wish to do no more than put you on your guard."

"And you? You will be careful? You are in the worst danger, and if anything happened to you, I should—I mean, just now, when Cyrus is ill, it would be disastrous." She did not look at me, and spoke hurriedly and rather nervously, as if the temporary importance of my safety was something that ought to be impressed upon me, although rather a delicate ground to touch upon.

"I have had a lesson, and shall not forget it, I assure you."

"And we are quite friends again, Mr.

Ormesby?". She was still nervous, I thought.

"We can never be anything else, Miss Grant—especially if you will leave the development of things to me for a time."

"As if I did not trust you—whatever I said, and although you won't trust me;" and with that I went away to resume my work of investigation.

I was glad to feel that Enid trusted me, and I caught myself more than once recalling little incidents of the conversation; her looks and expression and chance gestures, many of which pleased, even while they puzzled me. And at times I was half sorry I had not told her everything at once, and enlisted her woman's wit in the work of enquiry. It might have been much better if I had; but I was really afraid lest she should do something indiscreet. But we all make bad blunders at times; and I think I did then.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ORDEAL BY SUGAR

MY hands were very full of work that day, as may be imagined, and the detail was considerably increased by the step of making myself the one medium of communication between the house and the world outside. A large catch of trivialities were swept into the net thus spread, but only one or two of them were of any consequence. A Turk, who gave no name, called for Koprili, and a woman brought a letter for Mademoiselle Patras. The man I immediately had shadowed by one of my spies, and the letter I put aside, determined to deliver it with my own hands. In the meantime Dr. Arbuthnot saw Grant twice, in the morning and afternoon, and the result was not satisfactory. After the morning visit he enjoined absolute quiet, refusing to allow anyone but Mrs. Wellings and the nurses to see the patient; and when he came to me in the afternoon he admitted that he was uneasy.

"I don't like the look of him at all," he said, with a shake of the head. "I can't understand it. He ought to have thrown off all the effect by this time and be well on the up grade: but he is worse this afternoon, if anything."

"I wish to see him as soon as practicable, doctor; there are fifty things to be discussed and settled, and all important."

"My dear sir, it's out of the question today, absolutely. Indeed I have been thinking I should like a consultation. There's something wrong that there oughtn't to be. He has a lot of pain he oughtn't to have; he can't take even the light food, can't retain anything—a preposterous state for a man of his strength A gastric condition that worries me."

"By all means call in anyone you think of. I needn't tell you his life is a very precious one; and if there's anyone in Europe you think should see him, we'll wire at once." His manner alarmed me. "You've *carte blanche*, of course."

"There's no one here," he replied, with airy criticism of his local medical colleagues; "but if Vienna were nearer, I should like old Eberhardt to see him. Not that I believe in the German school of treatment as a rule, but Eberhardt does know a good deal about poisons. He'd come for me."

"We'll wire for him," I answered, and we drew up the telegram there and then and the doctor said he would send it off. "In the meantime, is no one to see Grant?" I asked.

"No one, of course. If he asks for Mademoiselle Patras, send over for me, and I'll see about it. I'm very anxious."

The news was very grave, and disturbed me profoundly, plunging us back into a mist of doubt just when I thought we were beginning to feel a way out. Why should there be this setback in Grant's progress? It was not possible that anything given to him since the attack could have been tampered with. Mrs. Wellings and the nurses in attendance were beyond suspicion; and Enid herself had so arranged that nothing for the sick room should pass through any but absolutely trusted hands. In such a case the cause must be looked for either in Dr. Arbuthnot's treatment—an improbability to be scouted—or in some conditions already existing in Grant himself. Could

he have been the victim of any attempt previous to that of the night before?

Did Haidée know anything? Could this infernal business have been in progress before our suspicions were thus roughly roused? It was possible, of course: anything was possible in this land of intrigue and treachery, where cases of slow poisoning were anything but unknown.

But then, why should they wish to poison Grant at the very moment when they were seeking his help and hoping to use his money and influence? The thing was inconsistent. I had probably got the idea of poison on my brain, I told myself, and was frightening myself with a bogey. I began to feel as if I was letting my wits get out of hand, and making a fool of myself in consequence.

If anything was clear at all, it was that Grant's life was as precious as any life could be to Maraboukh and the whole gang of conspirators; and so I was tossed back into the surf of distracting thoughts and baffled speculation.

While I was pondering this there flashed back into my thoughts the strange impression which Maraboukh's conduct had produced at that point of our interview when the money needed for paying the troops had been mentioned. That suggestion of some belated unavailing regret with which he had declared it too late for Grant to find the money. Could that feeling have any connection with this horrible development? Could he have known that already the work he had planned had been done by his spies in the White House. The thought frightened me intensely.

The truth was the thing was altogether beyond me; it was too big for me to handle, and the mystery too great for my wit to solve. And yet there was no one whom I could consult. I could not open my mouth to a soul without a gross breach of faith to the sick man; and while he lay ill, all I could do was to go blundering along in my own way. Had he been well, his own vigorous clear-headed self, he would have solved the whole problem readily enough; but without him, I was like a rudderless ship, drifting any way and all ways at the mercy of winds and waves.

I was in the midst of the most depressing uncertainty, and was debating whether I ought not to take the drastic course of bundling Haidée Patras and her two spies of servants out of the house, when Stuart came in to say that Mademoiselle Patras wished to see me at once.

"Good evening, mademoiselle," I said, and then ordered Stuart to light the lamps, the dark having fallen during my meditations. While he was lighting them, she sat without saying a word.

"You will know why I am here, Mr. Ormesby," she said the moment he had withdrawn, and her voice was a sufficient indication that she was angry.

"There might be several reasons, mademoiselle."

"I wish to know why you dare to keep me and my servants prisoners in the house?"

"Prisoners? How do you mean?"

"You have presumed to give orders that no one is to leave or enter the house without permission from—you." She spoke with a fine contempt and scorn.

"There can be no objection whatever to your leaving the house when you wish. You are not a prisoner in any sense."

"Yet the servant refused to allow me to pass with my servant just now."

"McPherson is a Scotchman and an old soldier, and thus apt to interpret his orders very literally."

"Then he is wrong, and we are free to go?"

"I shall be happy to go to him now and explain that so far as you are concerned the door is to be open."

"And my servants?"

"None of our servants are excluded from the order; and to make any exceptions in the case of yours might lead to trouble. You will see that, I am sure," I said blandly.

"I see only the insult in this, sir," she answered, blazing up.

"I think you misunderstand the position, mademoiselle. My object, as McPherson should have explained to you, is to secure that the house shall be kept perfectly quiet

while Mr. Grant is so ill; and for this end all coming and going has been stopped."

"That is all hypocrisy: nothing else. You have aimed this blow at me, and at me only; and it is only following up the dastardly charge made against me yesterday by Miss Grant."

"Pardon me, it has no connection whatever with that charge. I myself have told Miss Grant her statement was absolutely without any foundation. I have proofs of that."

"Proofs?" she asked quickly with a start. "Or do you say that only to try and blind my eyes? I do not believe you."

"As you please, mademoiselle"; and then we sat for, perhaps, a minute in silence, until she asked angrily:

"What are your proofs, pray? What do you pretend now was the cause of Mr. Grant's illness?"

"As you do not believe me, it will save time if I do not say any more," I answered; not that I intended the interview to end there.

"I did not mean that. Oh, Mr. Ormesby, why do you play with words when you know I am almost beside myself? Why will you always misunderstand me? Why insist on being my enemy? Of course it is your doing that I am kept from seeing Mr. Grant."

"I myself am not allowed to see him, mademoiselle. He is too ill. The matter is now entirely in Dr. Arbuthnot's hands."

"Is that true? I mean, is he really so ill? Oh, it will kill me!" she cried distractedly.

"You will best understand the gravity when I tell you that we have to-day telegraphed to the great Vienna specialist, Dr. Eberhardt, to come here at once." At this she caught her breath and stared open-mouthed at me, her face drawn in agitation and distress, and leaning forward, asked in a low tense tone:

"Is he really in such danger?"

"There is, I fear, no doubt of it, mademoiselle." At this she closed her eyes and sank back in her chair, and put her hands to her face, and I heard her moan under her breath in her own tongue:

"Oh, God, if he should die, if he should die!" followed by a long shuddering sigh of agony. It was impossible not to see, not to feel indeed, that this agony was no pretence. The pause that followed was very painful.

"But he was so much better?" she said presently, as if trying to find reason to ease her sorrow and doubt my statement.

"I know no more than Dr. Arbuthnot tells me; and, like you, I wish I could persuade myself that he exaggerated the danger. It is terrible news for us all."

"I can't believe it; I won't believe it," she cried wildly. "Why, up to the moment of his being taken like this, he was so strong, so well. Oh, Mr. Ormesby, give me some crumb of comfort, some ray of light and hope. You would, if you knew what it meant to me." And when I was silent, for I could give no satisfying reply, she threw up her arms and pressed her clenched hands to her face like one in a frenzy of despair. And another embarrassing and painful pause followed until she had collected some measure of self-control.

"And can I do nothing? Cannot something, some little thing be given me to do to help him? I don't care what it is, anything, anything, anything, rather than sit with empty, idle hands, parted from him: waiting, fearing, thinking, thinking — oh God, ever thinking—and doing nothing. May I not even share the watching? Who can watch and nurse and tend like one whose heart and hands are inspired by love? Mr. Ormesby, you have power to do this for me. Pray, pray let me be with him."

"I am sorry, but I can do nothing, it is entirely in Dr. Arbuthnot's hands." I was sorry for her; I could not help it, as I saw her bitter suffering. "I cannot interfere: and indeed I have not the power to do so."

"But you know that Mr. Grant would have me with him. If you had seen last night how he greeted me, how his face lighted, and the smile he gave as our hands touched. Oh do, do help me—help us to be together. It is such happiness for him!

He looked at the two small lumps as though they were things accursed.

Think of that and of him, even if you are dead to my feelings."

"If Dr. Arbuthnot——" I began, but she cut me short.

"He will not, he will not. He has been set against me. I urged him last night to let me remain and share the watch. I prayed him; but he would not: he turned me away on the pretence that my presence caused excitement. You are all against me, all, all: now he is ill and helpless, I have not a friend in the house;" and once more her agitation overcame her.

"But if I may not go near him, can you not suggest some other way in which I can be doing something to help him? I am not like other women. I cannot sit down and do nothing."

"I think that this is possible," I answered slowly.

"Tell me, and I will do it. I will do it readily. Do you think Dr. Arbuthnot is doing all he should? Who is this specialist you spoke of, this Dr. Eberhardt?"

"I think you could help me, and, helping me, help Grant at the same time, of course; but you must be prepared to hear unpleasant things."

"Tell me, tell me quickly. Compared with what you have already told me, what can matter?" she said excitedly.

"You can probably help to throw light on the cause of the illness."

"What do you mean?" she cried, her face alight, intent and eager.

"Dr. Eberhardt is the greatest living authority on poisons, mademoiselle, and Dr. Arbuthnot is anxious to have his opinion on that account."

"You are mad, Mr. Ormesby. Miss Grant has infected you. Mr. Grant is not suffering from poison. If you think that, and the doctors think it too, you are all blind and you will kill him."

"It is the doctor's opinion, not mine only; and—it is true. I know it."

"Put that delusion aside. It is a mere cobweb that must be brushed away. Stay, listen," she said, as I was about to reply. "Who would take his life do you think? Would I? Do you think my love for him is the love of a vampire seeking his blood? If not I, who in this house: nay, who in all Constantinople? Has he not just joined us and become one of us? Was not his help eagerly sought, was it not as eagerly welcomed? You were present yesterday, only yesterday, within a few hours of this illness, with the Pasha when the arrangement was made? You heard what passed; you know the help he promised to give. Do you think the Pasha so blind and so foolish as not to see that of all, Mr. Grant is the one whose life is the most precious?"

"Nevertheless——"

"Wait, I will tell you more, which should not pass my lips had not a crisis like this come upon us. But you must know it now. The chief reason of my coming here was that I might persuade Mr. Grant to join us; and it was done at the Pasha's wish and instigation. He is necessary to our success—and should we thus sacrifice his life? Why there is no one whom we would one and all more carefully guard and protect. You are mad when you talk of poison."

"Then you will help to prove I am wrong?"

"I will do anything you wish."

"Will you tell me, then, precisely who is this man in your service, Koprili, and the woman, Lelia?"

"They are my servants, nothing more—except that they both know of the conspiracy, and are ardent workers in the cause."

"How long has Koprili been in your service?"

"Some months, and a faithful, confidential, reliable servant he has been."

"Did he come to you on the Pasha's recommendation?"

"No: certainly not; but the Pasha knows his whole life and, when he found him in my service, told me all about him. Shall I tell you?"

"It is not necessary yet. And the woman, Lelia?"

"I can vouch for her in the same way. They would both give their lives for me. I don't understand your questions; they mean nothing to me."

"If I tell you that my friend Grant was

poisoned by your servant Koprili, what would you say?"

"That you are mad, as I have said before. Oh, it is impossible."

"Nevertheless, it is true, and I will prove it to you."

"You cannot," she cried incredulously and disdainfully. "I will answer for him as for myself."

I rang my bell and summoned my servant.

"Stuart, tell mademoiselle's servant, the Turk, Koprili, that his mistress is here, and has asked for his permit to leave the house, and that he is to come here for it. Do not leave him until you reach the room; and when he is here, place the woman, Lelia, under lock and key, and then return to be within call should I need you. And, stay, you had better have a couple more with you—Mr. Grant's man, Dennison, for one, and Millward."

"What does this mean, Mr. Ormesby?" asked the Greek when he had gone.

"It means that I am going to prove my words to you, and that, when I have done so, your servants will have to remain for a time, at least, in safe keeping."

"It is almost infamous," she said, indignantly.

"One thing more, mademoiselle; I must ask you to be merely a witness of what passes." With that I got out the lumps of sugar which the doctor had given me, and kept them in readiness, and we waited without speaking until Stuart returned with Koprili.

He came without a suspicion of what was in store for him, as I had intended by the form of my message; and as he entered he salaamed to his mistress and then to me.

"Stand there, Koprili, will you?" I said in Turkish, putting him so that the light of one of the lamps was full on his face. He was a man of about my own age and height, and, except that his complexion was bronzed, the cast of his features was European, and he had unusually light eyes for an Ottoman. They were fixed on me now with a light of expectation, but not of fear or suspicion; and of the two of us I think I was the more nervous.

"Your mistress has told me you wish a permit?" I said.

"That is so, your Excellency," he ananswered, salaaming.

"Where do you wish to go?"

"To do the commands of my mistress and then to return."

"What are they?"

"May the light of your Excellency's life ever burn strongly, they were but to purchase some few trifling things in the Bazaar."

"That is all?"

"By the beard of the Prophet, that was all."

"Before giving you the permit I have a question. You came to this room yesterday; what did you want me for?"

He smiled and spread out his hands to cover the start which the question provoked.

"Some one has misled your noble Excellency, whose justice is known to all. It is not for me, who am but as a dog in your Excellency's sight, to question your words. But as Allah is my judge, I was not here."

"You are lying to me, Koprili," I said, slowly, "and that makes me think there was some reason in your coming which you would hide from me and from your mistress. She wishes you to tell the truth. Now, why were you here?"

There was an instant's pause before he answered, during which he shot a quick furtive glance at the Greek.

"By the tomb of the Prophet, your Excellency has been misled. I was not here."

"Say so, if you were, Koprili," said the Greek.

"My words are words of truth, madame," he declared, with an elaborate gesture and profound salaam. "By the beard of the Prophet, I swear it." He was a good liar, and had I not known, he would have impressed me.

"Then we'll go a step farther," I said, slowly. "You were here not once only, but twice, Koprili; once before Mr. Grant came here, and once afterwards. Nor is that all; when you left the second time you left something behind you," and I picked

up the little packet and began to undo it. I caught the gleam of his eyes as they fastened upon it for a moment, but he covered them quickly and drooped the lids over them.

"I am but a thing in your Excellency's hands; but, as I live, I know nothing of what you say."

"You are still lying, Koprili," I said, sternly. "But you will have to tell the truth." Again as I paused and seemed to glance down at the twisted paper in my hands, I caught the gleam of his eyes as he stared at it. Your Turk is intensely curious, and he was just on fire to know what I was fingering. Intentionally I paused, and then looking up swiftly let him see that I had intercepted his glance. But he crossed his hands on his breast, and bowed his head, as though he were a martyr, ready for torture.

Mademoiselle Patras herself was scarcely less curious than the surly scoundrel in front of me.

"When you came in the first time my servant had just placed my coffee ready for me—for me, Mademoiselle, you notice," I broke off to say to her. "And you brought with you some sugar," I paused and glanced at him to emphasise this, but he made no sign; "some sugar which you substituted for that which Stuart had placed with the coffee." He looked up now and made a gesture of complete denial and ignorance of the whole thing. "When you came the second time, you had more to do and were doing it when you were interrupted. You then seized the sugar you had brought before, and put out the light, because you didn't wish to be found in the room. In the darkness, you overturned the little table on which the coffee stood, and in the confusion of escaping from the room you"—I paused again, took out the two lumps of sugar—"you dropped these, Koprili"; and I held them up.

My lengthy description of his acts had given him time to think and he allowed no sign of confusion or astonishment to escape him.

"Your Excellency is of the just of the earth and would blame no man, not even a servant, causelessly. Someone has, I repeat, misled you and lied about Koprili to you. I repeat I know nothing of this: I swear it by the tomb of my fathers."

"I quite thought you would," I said calmly; "but you are lying, Koprili, and I know that as well as you." Then I changed and spoke with all the sternness I could put into my manner.

"Now, I am going to have the truth: you have sought to take my life, and I give you a chance to prove your innocence if you can. This is part of the sugar you placed here last night—you will know the scent of it and why it's there—you shall swallow that sugar to prove it is harmless or I'll put you to the torture to drag the truth from you. Quick, decide," and I set it within his reach.

The light was full on his face as I stared into it fixedly, and the blood rushed from it as he looked at the two small lumps as though they were things accursed. The sweat came out on his forehead, his hands were clenched and unclenched in turn, and his features began to work convulsively. He tried to speak but his lips were dry and refused to obey his will. He stood half paralysed, speechless with the fear of death in his staring eyes. A ghastly sight he made.

"Come, quick, decide," I thundered out. "That or the truth, or the torture."

His panic was heightened by my tone, and he started and stretched out a hand hesitatingly, half-way, to take what he believed was the deadly poison, but drew it back again shuddering, with a quick convulsive movement, while his breath came fast and thick from his labouring chest. Again he tried to nerve himself; and again he failed: and then, with a wild cry of despair, he seized one of the two white lumps and hurled it from him as he fell on his knees and begged for mercy.

The ordeal had answered: I was to get the truth out of him.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HOME OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

UNDER THE DOME OF THE PALAIS MAZARIN

The French Academy

By M. T. BEAUGEARD-DURAND

ON the 4th of last month, Edmond Rostand was the hero of the day in Paris. Fair ladies of society, celebrities of the stage, church dignitaries, authors and playwrights, the *élite*, in fact, of intellectual and aristocratic France, had assembled under the dome of the Palais Mazarin to witness the reception of the poet of *Cyrano de Bergerac* in the French Academy. It was truly a Rostand day. To the young dramatist, who had just celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday, the Divine Sarah, on the same evening, paid the graceful compliment of performing *l'Aiglon* at her own theatre, while Coquelin impersonated *Cyrano* at the Porte Saint Martin, and M. Jules Claretie gave a special *matinée* of *Les Romanesques* at the Comédie Française.

How the last-named work came ever to be produced is worth relating. M. de Féraudy, the well-known actor, brought one morning to the manager of the Comédie Française a one-act play, bearing the then unknown signature of Edmond Rostand. M. Jules Claretie read the manuscript with growing delight from beginning to end, and expressed the wish of having the play staged at no distant date. *Weeping Pierre and Laughing Pierrot* (such was the title of the little masterpiece) had, however, according to the usual rule to be submitted to the *Comité de Lecture*. Apparently they

did not share M. Jules Claretie's enthusiasm, and rejected the delightful poetical fancy showing light-hearted Colombina indifferent alike to the woes of Pierre and the gay ditties of Pierrot.

"They say there are too many Pierrots on the stage at the present moment," explained the genial manager of the Comédie Française to the young author, "but bring me another play and I feel certain it will be accepted."

THE SALLE DE CONFÉRENCE, PALAIS MAZARIN.

Edmond Rostand then set to work again and wrote *Les Romanesques*, which, it will be remembered, achieved a triumphant career in France, and not long ago was produced in London and New York, under the title of *The Fantasticks*.

On taking his place among the Immortals, the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac* was eulogised by Viscount Melchior de Vogüé, whose remarkable works on Palestine and Syria have earned for him the rather grandiloquent surname of the "Chateaubriand of the Third Republic." It is curious to note that whatever titles an Academician may possess, he must always be addressed as "Monsieur" by his colleagues. Only two exceptions to this rule are known: Cardinal Dubois and Cardinal de Fleury retained the privilege of being called "Monseigneur," even at the Palais Mazarin.

An address to the Immortals has ever proved to be a trying ordeal.

"I have delivered many speeches in my life," confessed once the veteran statesman Thiers to the dramatist Victorien Sardou, "but I never felt more nervous than on the day I had to speak at the Academy, on my reception."

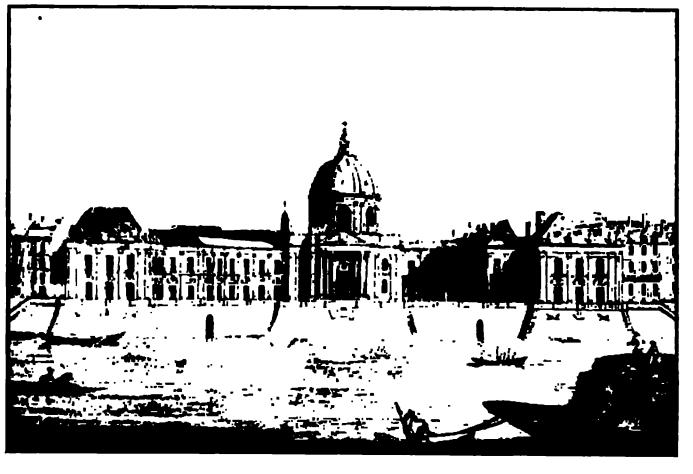
Another well-known minister, the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, used to say: "When addressing a political assembly I am not apprehensive in the least; I know then I have to show a combative spirit and I show it; but here, in the Academy, I realise that every word I utter will be weighed and criticised."

The "stage-fright" experienced by Academicians, old and new, is not hard to understand. The reception of an Immortal is an event of almost unique interest; a social function which cannot be witnessed in any other capital in the world but the "Ville Lumière." What impression will the new member make on the refined, elegant, and by no means uncritical audience? The feminine element wonders how he will look in the old-fashioned costume embroidered with green olive branches, while the men speculate on the subject and style of the discourse he is about to deliver.

THE PALAIS DE L'INSTITUT AND PONT DES ARTS.

But the long expected moment approaches. The voice of a military officer is heard above the hum of conversation. The troops present arms, and the new Immortal makes his appearance, accompanied by the Director and the Chancellor of the Academy, and his sponsors, two brother Academicians. The usual orations are then delivered, and win applause according to the wit or eloquence displayed by the respective speakers.

On two occasions only did the Immortals cast aside their traditional polished style of speech and grow vehement while addressing their colleagues. The first occasion was when Count de Montalembert took his seat in the Academy, soon after Louis Napoléon's famous *coup d'état.* The dictator had sent to exile three of the most illustrious members of the Institute: Victor Hugo, Thiers, and de Rémusat. Regardless of all risk, Count de Montalembert spoke in unmeasured language of Louis Napoléon's policy. For one reason or another the fearless Academician escaped the usual consequences of such frankness, but his speech, when printed in the Official Gazette, had been considerably curtailed.



THE PALAIS DE L'INSTITUT (FORMERLY LE COLLEGE DES QUATRE NATIONS) IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

Again, at the reception of Father Lacordaire, the celebrated Dominican

preacher, M. Guizot, who belonged to the Protestant faith, and to whom had been allotted the task of replying to the new member's address, spoke as follows:

"What would have happened if you and I had met six hundred years ago, and were both called upon to influence each other's destiny? If my co-religionists had met you they would have looked upon you as their hated persecutor, while yours, on the other hand, carried away by their relentless rage against heretics, would cry out: 'Strike on, Strike on! God will recognise his own!'"

It was perhaps with a view to checking the repetition of such awkward incidents that the founders of the National Institute had decreed that the speeches, before being delivered at a public meeting, should be first submitted to a special commission. Even then, the "genus irritabile" of the Immortals would not unfrequently assert itself. During one of these private sittings Ernest Renan criticised with unwonted warmth the works of some French novelists, whereupon Octave Feuillet got up excitedly and cried out: "I should like to know whether your remarks are intended for me!" With some difficulty the author of the "History of Israel" was persuaded to withdraw his observations, and order was restored.

When Chateaubriand submitted in 1811 his speech to the special Commission, all the members objected to the sarcastic passages referring to the Emperor. The author of "The Martyrs" proved obdurate, and would not hear of any compromise. His discourse was sent to Napoléon, who declared that, if it were ever delivered at a public reception, Chateaubriand would be thrown into a dungeon and the French Academy wiped out of existence. The speech, needless to say, was never pronounced. The curious will find it printed at full length in "Les Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe," which were published only after Napoléon's overthrow.

The veteran Academician, Emile Ollivier, met with a similar experience. When he submitted his discourse to the Commission in 1874 the members took exception to the Imperialist minister's remarks on the Republican Government. Though Emile Ollivier took his place subsequently among the Immortals he was never allowed to deliver that particular speech.

Politics, as we see, played an important part in the history of the French Academy. The very fact of its foundation in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu is replete with significance. It is also to be noted that the influence of the Immortals, taken as a body, on the French language and literature, has been in the main conservative and directed to taste rather than originality. The Academy itself is but a branch of the Institute of France, which is divided as follows:

The *Académie Française*, comprising forty members; the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, forty members; the *Académie des Sciences*, sixty-eight members; the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, forty-one members; and lastly the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. With the foreign associates and correspondents the grand total of members of the whole Institute can be reckoned at about 500. Each academy has its own jurisdiction and work; the common fund is managed by a committee of ten members (two from each academy) under the presidency of the Minister of Public Instruction. Members are elected by ballot, but the election must be ratified by the President of the Republic. The *Académie Française* meets one hour, and the other four Academies two hours every week; each has also one public annual sitting, and finally, on the 25th October, there is a general public meeting of the five.

The French Academy has also the disposal of the valuable Montyon prize awarded to the writer of the book "most conducive to good morals," in the course of the year; the The'rouanne prize, worth £160, given annually for the best historical work; the Archon-Despérouses prize, £160, for the best poetical work; and a number of other prizes varying from £800 to £20 in value.

Although the French Academy was founded "to labour with all care and

Photo by Brown Clément & Co., Paris.

RECEPTION OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA BY THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

From the Painting by André Brouillet, the property of the French Government.

diligence to give certain rules to the French language" (*Art.* 24), "to cleanse the language from the impurities it has contracted in the mouths of common people, from the jargon of the lawyers, from the misusages of ignorant courtiers, and the abuses of the pulpit" (*Letter of the Academy to Cardinal Richelieu*), the first forty members elected in the seventeenth century were not exclusively literary men. The same may be said, to some extent, of their successors. Such eminent men, for example, as Louis Pasteur, Claude Bernard, Ferdinand de Lesseps, Joseph Bertrand, de Freycinet, &c., to quote only a few well-known members, could scarcely lay claim to a seat under the dome of the Palais Mazarin on account of their literary achievements. More than this, the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier was elected in 1878, though no work of his, political, scientific, or otherwise, has ever been published. This strange anomaly existed also in Voltaire's time: "The Academy is an Institution," he said once in his usual ironical style, "composed of titled people, prelates, lawyers, doctors, arithmeticians, and even literary men."

The witty assertion of the sage of Ferney may be quoted with some appropriateness even at the present day. Without going as far back as Molière, Beaumarchais, Pascal, Rousseau, Diderot, and La Rochefoucauld, who did not succeed in entering the Academy, we may mention that Balzac, Dumas the elder, Michelet, Flaubert, Théophile Gautier, and more recently still, Goncourt, Daudet, and Zola were ostracised from the National Institute. If, on the other hand, we go through the archives of the Palais Mazarin, we come across a considerable number of Immortals whose ephemeral fame strangely belies their immortality. Take, for instance,

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

The Founder of the French Academy.

From a Painting by Phillipe de Champaigne.

Photo by Nadar, Paris.

EDMOND ROSTAND.
Author of "Cyrano de Bergerac."
The latest Academician, received June 4th, 1903.

the following list, ingeniously turned into rhyme by M. Jean Psichari:

"Saluons les sommets où la gloire demeure;
Nous, les petits traçons, notre petit sillon.
Foncemagne, Alary, Jay, Valon de Mimeure,
Bardin, Bourdon, Habert, Chambre, Lavau, Sillon,
Cöetlosquet, B. Baro, Fraguier, Esprit, Caillières,
Girard, Tourreil, Malet, Doujat, Guiraud, Boimont,
Ballesdens, Cordemoy, Rose, Arbaut de Porchères,
Gombauld, Massieu, Montmor, Boissat, Tressan,
Nesmond.
Baudoin, Bissy, Servien, Choisy, Chénier (Marie-Joseph), Golbeau du Bois, Bréquigny, Salomon,
Sallier, Cailhava, Paul et Jérome Bignon
Ont été de l'Académie."

On the same subject Piron's celebrated epigram may be quoted:

"Ci-gît Piron qui ne fut rien,
Pas même académicien."

The author of "La Métromanie," as we know, had all his life long vainly knocked for admittance at the door of the Palais Mazarin. Alas, sorrow and disappointment are, more often than not, the sole result of the "Green Fever," as the uncontrollable craving for the academic palms is called. One of the statutes in force at the Palais Mazarin expressly enjoins all candidates to personally canvass for votes from the Academicians. The "green-fever" stricken man is compelled therefore to go round visiting each member, who receives him more or less cordially. It is said, that not long ago two candidates found themselves at the same time at the residence of a well-known Immortal in Paris. They had, of course, both come to canvass for a vote. The Academician received them most courteously, paid the highest compliments to both equally, and assured them he would certainly have voted for one of them—diplomatically, he did not say which—had he not pledged his word to support the election of a third candidate!

And yet, in spite of everything, the greater number of literary men in France still consider the title of Immortal as the "Summum bonum." For the two seats now vacant at the Palais Mazarin twenty candidates have already sent in their applications.

Years ago the road to success for many a future Academician was through those celebrated literary salons which now unfortunately no longer exist in Paris. The days are gone when wit and beauty assembled at Princess Mathilde's, the Marchioness de Blocqueville's, Madame Aubernon's, or Madame Juliette Adam's. How many literary aspirants, from Alphonse Daudet to Pierre Loti, found through these salons their way to fame and fortune?

A young poet anxious to be present at one of Madame Aubernon's receptions enquired from a friend how he could get an invitation.

"Be tactful and . . . witty," was the reply.

In the country of Voltaire and Beaumarchais this advice is not without value. Tact and wit are golden keys that may open any door, even the Academy, as the following story shows:

The qualifications of a proposed candidate were being discussed one evening at M. Guizot's house. Some were in favour of the nomination, and others against it.

"As regards myself," declared M. Guizot, "I shall vote for him, for he has, to my thinking, all the qualities of a true Academician; a distinguished presence, no pronounced opinions, and he is tactful and witty. You may urge that his writings are against him, but after all," concluded M. Guizot, "we cannot all be perfect!"

Photo by Bary, Paris.

THE VICOMTE MELCHIOR DE VOGÜE,

Who answered Edmond Rostand's speech on the occasion of the latter's reception by the French Academy.

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, LL.D., F.R.S.

By JOHN M. ROBERTSON

SINCE the retirement of Mr. Lecky, Mr. Balfour is so far as I remember the one distinguished Unionist author in Parliament. It is not, however, our business to dwell on that fact when seeking to estimate him as a writer, though when he says in the preface to his "Essays and Addresses" that "none of them have any relation to party politics, except, perhaps, to a very slight extent, the review of Mr. Morley's 'Cobden,'" he misconceives his own work. Both of his rectorial addresses, and his paper on Politics and Political Economy, have more than a slight relation to party politics, and the criticism of Cobden is very broadly so related.

The truth is that Mr. Balfour writes more often than not with an eye on propaganda which directly or indirectly affects his party; and as his mind is not speculative or constructive, but negative, he has difficulty in keeping out the partisan note. It has been asked of many authors who entered Parliament whether literature had not lost by their change of arena; and concerning some—as Mr. Morley and Mr. Birrell—there is a presumption that it has. But it is not plausible to suggest this of Mr. Balfour. With the exception of his very interesting paper on Handel, he has written almost nothing by way of spontaneous, positive exposition; and even in that case he was perhaps as much moved to write by other men's disparagement of oratorio as by his own interest in it. He is not a man with a message: he is for the most part a message-mocker.

In all this there is no harm: negative minds have their rights like others, and their place in nature. Mr. Gladstone, who had cause to say it, pronounced Mr. Balfour "a master of the *tu quoque* argument"; and probably no man could better have played devil's advocate than he as against Mr. Morley's eulogy of Cobden. But to be merely negative: to be negative not with a view to fresh construction, but in defence of the *status quo ante*, is to miss sounding most of the great notes of literature; and Mr. Balfour on the whole does this. It would be hard to find in his speeches any large utterance, any suggestion of imaginative contemplation, such as is so often given on the Conservative side by Burke, at times even by Disraeli, and on the Liberal side by Gladstone and Mr. Morley. Rarely does he get away from the preoccupation of discrediting the adversary. It was this prevalence of the shrill in his speaking that put the Irish members long ago on calling him "Miss Arthur." He had the skill to live down the epithet, and to win, by sheer address, a new parliamentary reputation for amiability even among opponents. But in his literary work the primary bias tells as regards the matter, despite his care to mellow the manner.

If his two rectorial addresses be broadly regarded, it will be found that in the first he can find nothing easy to say to the youth of St. Andrew's University save by way of genially opposing Mr. Frederic Harrison's limitary counsels about reading; while for the second he found his inspiration in the purpose of urging the students of Glasgow to discard the hope of progress in human affairs. It was Mr. Balfour making "his mark." Even in the first address he got in a shot at sociology; and the second is as essentially a plea for Conservatism as it could be under the circumstances.

A deep note is indeed struck in the Glasgow address, in the passages expressive of what is commonly called pessimism: it is in that key that Mr. Balfour can best be grave. But when we remember that the St. Andrew's address wound up with the words: "Whatever else it [the world] may be, so long as we have good health and a good library, it can hardly be dull," we are somewhat slow to attune ourselves to the official sadness of the note struck at Glasgow. And there is a similar trouble in regard to Mr. Balfour's celebrated work on "The Foundations of Belief." I believe I chime with the verdict of most students when I say that his earlier work, entitled "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," is the more worthy and workmanlike treatise; and that the second is somewhat obviously a bid to the gallery. And whatever view they may take of its argumentation—as to which some are deeply disrespectful—they can probably agree also to say that Mr. Balfour has broadly failed to convince his readers of his positive as distinct from his negative sincerity.

Putting all other issues aside, one can freely credit Mr. Balfour with a good literary faculty, though his lack of nervous energy tells against it. He is somewhat too frequently incorrect. In the first paragraph of his St. Andrew's address on "The Pleasures of Reading" he detracts from those pleasures inasmuch as neither the first nor the last sentence will parse; in the preface, as we saw, he writes "none have"; and I have heard him deliver a speech before the British Economic Association in which every sentence was out of syntax. But he is in the main both an impressive and (theory apart) a lucid writer; and I do not doubt that his writings will keep their public as long as those of—well, Mr. Lecky. He is quite the most intellectual Conservative of his time and country, and he strikes the negative note with the skill of a great negative talent. At times his gift keeps him conspicuously right where more facile thinkers on his own side go astray: such virtue is there in intellection. If he ever fails to show talent (outside of politics) it is when, as in his address to the Church Congress, he seeks to be popularly positive by way of negating positivists. There he is away from his gift.

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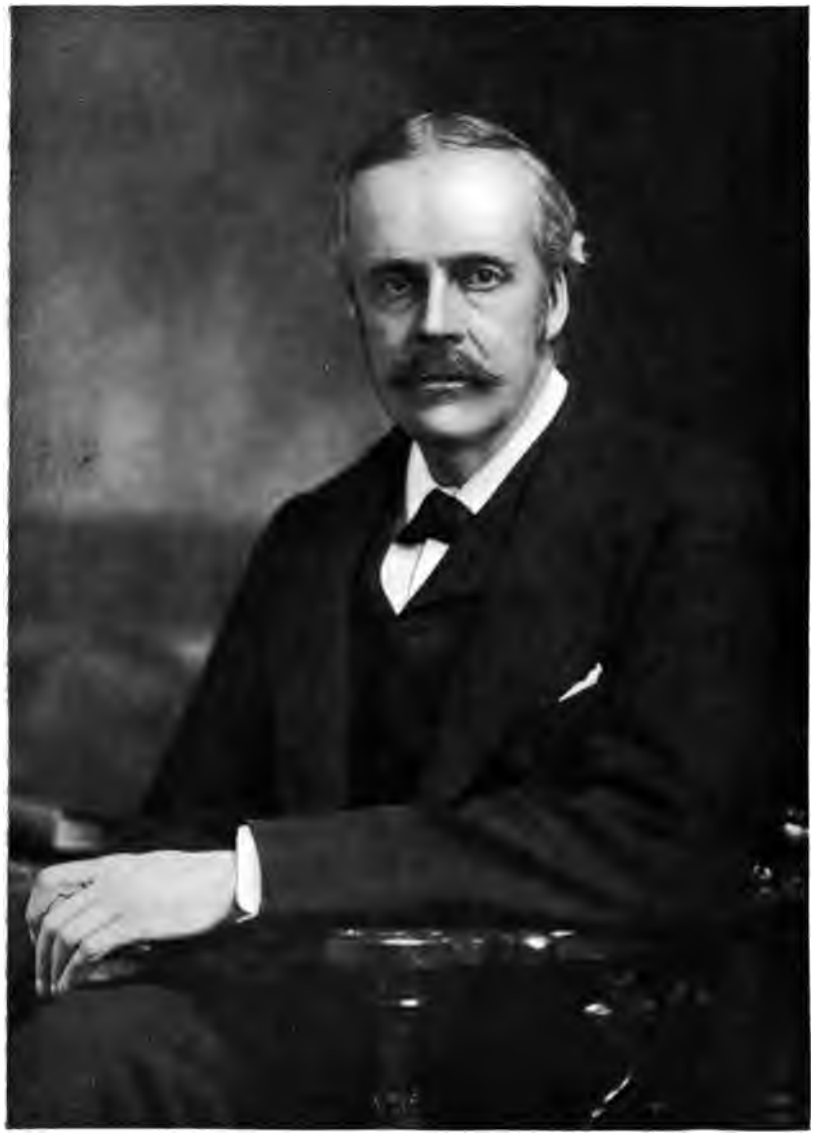
(Continued on page 442.)

OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—X.



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RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.P.

Born July 25th, 1848.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

By CLEMENT SCOTT

"DEAR Clement Scott, will you do me a critical appreciation of George Bernard Shaw, five hundred to one thousand words, for my July number?"

Five hundred to one thousand words indeed! Why, a whole volume would not contain all I could write about the extraordinary and brilliant personality of Bernard Shaw—about his, at one time, almost tragic existence, into the heart of which only a few very intimate friends were ever permitted to penetrate, and his splendid and heroic struggle for fame in the unpalmy days when journalism was "treated for" by measurement, literary quality was not recognised or even required, and the purse of a newspaper writer was unhealthily flabby and tired from sheer lack of nourishment—nay more—it was frequently an altogether superfluous commodity.

Well, and what of this man of letters, this student of fantastic fancy? What can I liken him to?

Do you know when gardeners chance on some remarkable and unlooked-for flower, what they call it? They call it a "sport." And this is precisely what I should say of George Bernard Shaw: he is a "literary sport." He is unaccountable, he is *sui generis*, he is unique! Utterly unlike anything that has gone before him in the domain of letters, he has fortunately been spared the flattery of the imitator tribe that endeavours to echo with such pallid pains the peculiar style of every original genius in existence.

Yes, George Bernard Shaw is a genius! No one can deny his claim to the title! And that he has no second-hand mimics is due to the fact that his distinguishing characteristic is an intellectual attitude which is exclusively his own. No other writer or public man who has loomed in the world's eye in our generation has viewed things from such a weirdly eccentric point, or defended his convictions with such keen logic and dialectical skill.

Who, for instance, but Bernard Shaw would dream of suggesting that a soldier's best outfit when going into battle is chocolate? Not merely a provision of chocolate, but that it should take the place of ammunition, as being from the entire field of view more expedient and useful.

When this proposition was submitted to the public in the sparkling dialogue of "Arms and the Man," the first-night audience naturally screamed with laughter. But Shaw likes to take his humour seriously, and in one of the principal magazines afterwards, he argued that his suggestion was meant to be taken seriously, and that it would undoubtedly be for the good of the army, and our fortunes in warfare, if his suggestion were put into force.

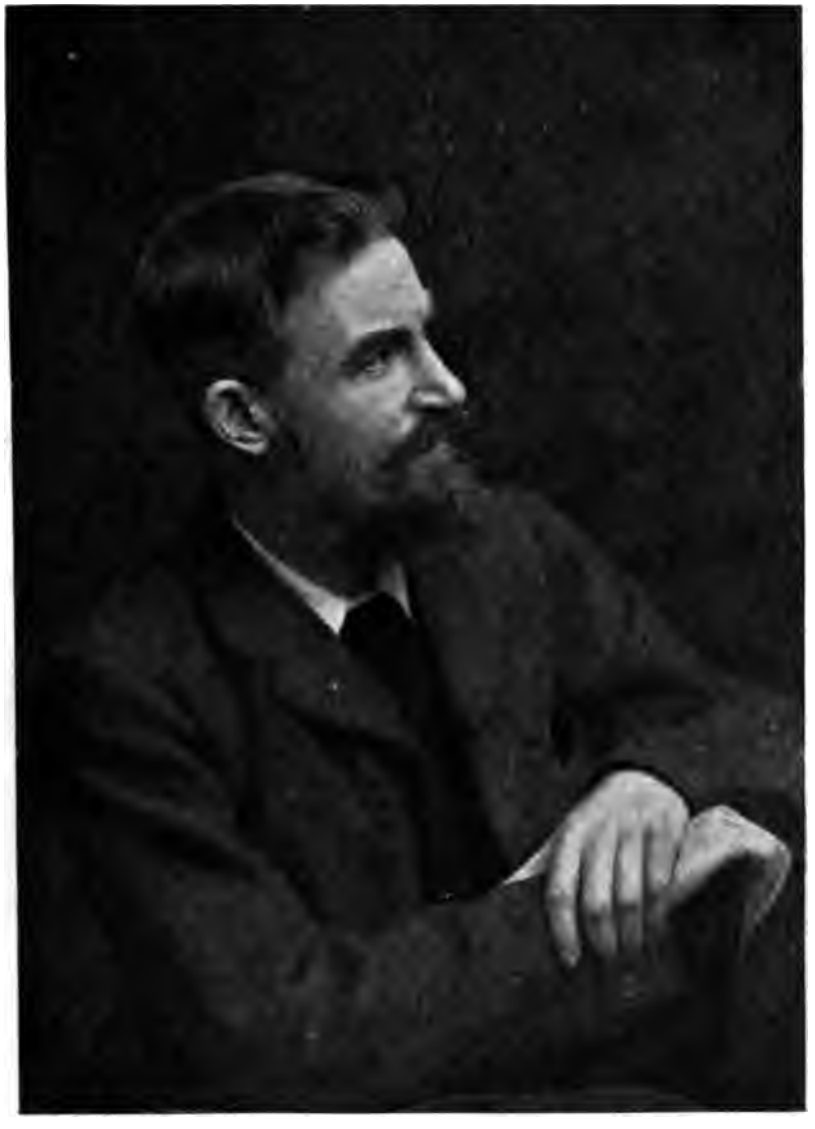
Everything in life comes under this topsy-turvy glass of his with the oddest results; but just as an object seen in a distorting mirror is none the less real and true, so Bernard Shaw is always able to argue back to the fundamental truth, and then apply his almost unrivalled debating skill to defend the view he has taken, or has elected to take for some purpose of his own.

One thing which makes him the tremendous power he is in current thought—especially in matters of art—is his fearless sincerity. There is perhaps no critic in England to-day who more thoroughly understands and admires Ibsen than Bernard Shaw. But he sees Ibsen whole, and honestly avows the nature of every fact. Unlike other admirers and students of the Norwegian poet and dramatist, he does not attempt to square the Ibsen philosophy with honest English prejudice. This was brought out in a most striking manner in connection with the historic production of "Ghosts" at the Royalty Playhouse, under the auspices of the Independent Theatre. I felt then, as I feel now, and wrote then, as I write now, that such lesson as the play is intended to convey is not suitable for stage exposition. I was so convinced of the terrible consequences which such an innovation, if it were not effectually routed, might work, that I did not pick my words in denouncing the propriety of the representation and its baneful influence.

The ordinary Ibsenites argued all round my denunciation, and evaded my direct charges. They wrote and talked with eloquent inanity of the "Art" of the work, the simplicity of the construction, and the naturalness of the dialogue. All this was beside the case, my denunciation being directed to the theme.

Shaw in due course wrote his masterful exposition of Ibsenism—the well-known volume—"The Quintessence of Ibsenism."

OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—XI.



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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Born July 26th, 1856.

In this he quotes *in extenso* my most direct and denunciatory sentences, and with a candour which is characteristic of himself, quite frankly declared that every word I wrote was true, and that every charge I made against the style of the work was well founded. In effect he wrote: "This, and more than this, is exactly what Ibsen meant!"

Bernard Shaw conveys more in a paradox than many other writers could convey in a couple of chapters, and he is, without a doubt, one of the most brilliant wits of the age. He is not a humorist, because the mechanical application of wit to the purposes of literature, journalism, or public affairs would nauseate him; but he gets home by witty phrase, and sly sarcasm, where the slavish humorist would hopelessly fail.

The egotism of Bernard Shaw is perhaps his only affectation, but it is so open that one immediately recognises in it the only avenue in which he descends to the methods of the modern type and the blatant expedients of the log-roller.

What place does he occupy as a dramatist? you ask. Frankly, a little side chapel dedicated to himself, where the devout worshippers are at times sorely perplexed as to the genuineness of the canonisation.

A dramatist to succeed must be true to human nature, and must view things with the eyes of his contemporaries. Shaw sees life as no one else sees it, and so his dramas—clever as they are—are always more or less in the constitution of experiences to the audience.

Whether he will ever put on the spectacles of the world he lives in, and write a play in which his marvellous and rare talents will be devoted to its enrichment, while the play itself will present the life we all know and understand, is more than I can say.

Perhaps it is more than he can say himself!

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STEPHEN PHILLIPS

By RICHARD A. STREATFEILD

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S decisive appearance in the world of letters dates from the publication of his "Poems" in the last days of 1897, but for some years previously his poetry had been known to a restricted circle of readers. "Eremus," privately printed in 1889, and re-issued in a revised form some years later, like certain "sug'red sonnets" of an earlier day, had been circulated "among his private friends"; "Primavera," the little collection of poems by four authors in which another poet now famous, Mr. Laurence Binyon, figured for the first time in print, extended the limits of Mr. Phillips's fame, and "Christ in Hades," which first appeared in Mr. Elkin Mathews's "Shilling Garland," made him known to all regular readers of poetry. But the turning-point of Mr. Phillips's career was the publication of his "Poems." Rarely in recent times has there been a more sudden leap into fame. At once Mr. Phillips's name seemed to be in all mouths. He was bought at bookstalls; he was discussed in suburban railway carriages. He was extravagantly praised; he was unjustly decried. His handling of metre gave rise to vigorous discussions in the daily press, and the horny-handed readers of the *Star* found to their amazement that the question of the hour was not the Japanese Alliance or the eight-hours day, but the permissibility of a trochee in the third foot of a blank verse! Viewed apart from the controversies which it excited, it is easy to see why Mr. Phillips's book of poems made so irresistible an appeal to the reading world. It contained ample promise of a splendid future. If it could not be held to strike a note new to English poetry, it had at least the novelty that springs from a new presentment of familiar things. The blank verse poems had a suggestion of the dignity of Milton coupled with the fluent suavity of Tennyson. The shorter poems had a touch of the bitter intensity of Heine, and the tragedies of London life were realistic enough to convey to reviewers the "authentic thrill" by which it appears that modern poetry is chiefly judged. Yet all this would have been as nothing without that charm of verbal melody in which lay the true secret of Mr. Phillips's success. He had, and has, that mysterious power over words which we find above all in Spenser and Keats, that infinite suggestion of beauty beyond the defining power of language. Like his own "Marpessa," his poetry is "full of whispers and of shadows." It breathes of mystery and enchantment; it has an echo of "perilous seas in faery lands forlorn," and of "old unhappy far-off things, and battles long ago."

But Mr. Phillips was soon to win fresh triumphs in a wider field. It was observed by certain careful readers of the "Poems," that his natural bent was towards drama. "Christ in Hades," though epic in form, was dramatic in substance; "Marpessa" might almost have passed for a scene from a Euripidean play, so strictly did it follow classic tradition in the grouping of its persons and in the development of its fable. These critics have been justified by the poet's subsequent career. Since the publication of his "Poems," Mr. Phillips has devoted himself almost entirely to the drama. His three plays, "Paolo and Francesca," "Herod," and "Ulysses," all successfully produced at London theatres, incontestably prove his right to rank as a dramatist as well as a poet. His natural faculty for the stage was plain from the first, and in each of his plays he has shown a firmer grasp of the technique of his art. "Paolo" is a beautiful dream, "Herod" a splendid pageant, "Ulysses" a noble play. "Paolo" has all the verbal magic of "Marpessa," but the characters are shadowy and indistinct. Paolo and Francesca are spectral lovers moving in a phantom world. The play contains treasures of poetical beauty, but it lacks vitality. The dramatic element is too often subordinated to merely inconsequent prettiness. "Herod" is a far stronger piece of work. It is a gorgeous and ringing piece of rhetoric, lacking profundity of thought and subtle discrimination of character, but skilfully constructed upon broadly effective lines, and worked up to a vigorous and original climax. "Ulysses" is unquestionably Mr. Phillips's masterpiece. In every point it shows an advance upon his other plays. The firmly-knit texture of the drama, the concise and spirited dialogue have that certainty of touch in which modern work for the stage is so often deficient. It was a remarkable *tour de force* to make a play out of the Odyssey at all, and such variations and embroideries as Mr. Phillips has allowed himself are remarkably felicitous, as, for instance, his device of making Ulysses's return

to Ithaca contingent upon his enduring the unearthly terrors of Hades, which converts what would otherwise have been a merely spectacular incident into an integral part of the drama. Admirable, too, is the prologue in Heaven, which, though fiercely denounced by critics armed with little Latin and less Greek, is as a matter of fact entirely in the spirit of Homer, with its touch of humorous cynicism, the only possible criticism being that it represents the attitude of the Iliad towards the gods rather than that of the Odyssey. But, after all, it is the human element of "Ulysses" that lifts it from being a clever *pasticcio* to the level of a great drama, and here the advance made by Mr. Phillips in his art is most conspicuous. The clear and vigorous design of the play, the simplicity and sincerity of the central motive, the brilliant and subtle characterization shown even in the least important parts—witness the speeches of the three suitors—the tragic irony of the last scene, and throughout the play the sense of inevitable advancing fate—everything in "Ulysses" shows the hand of a poet, who is at the same time a singularly expert dramatist. "Ulysses" gives us bright promise for Mr. Phillips's future career, and we can only wish for him that his next drama, which is said to be an adaptation of the story of Uriah to the times of the Civil War, will show a similar advance towards the highest ideal of art.

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THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, LL.D., F.L.S.

(*Continued from page 436.*)

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OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—XII.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Born July 28th, 1864.

THE PASSING HOUR BY Edward Bennett

FROM my window I have an extensive view of sky and landscape; and, except perhaps during four months of the year, it is possible for me, if atmospheric conditions are favourable, to watch the setting of the sun. There is a certain clump of trees in my direct view which has a sort of tragic interest for me. It marks every year the furthest point to the north-west that the setting sun reaches. He never goes beyond that point, though he seems to linger long and lovingly at the end of June in the same position, and not until the early days of July am I conscious that he has begun the return journey into winter quarters. The change in the direction always depresses me a little. So long as the sun is marching forward there is a feeling of expansion, of growth, of infinite possibility in the air. One year I even fancied for a time that he was standing still: he seemed to be defying his time-table, and cherishing, as I do, the antecedent credibility of the miraculous, I hoped for success in the effort he appeared to be making. One longs so sometimes to see the reign of law in the natural world experience a disturbance. If nature, "in whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning," were to exhibit only occasionally a fit of waywardness; if every now and then during the course of a century the law of gravitation failed in some particular direction, it would be a relief to many wandering minds, and even an aid to faith in others, though it would revolutionise all our modern thinking. The actuarial basis on which our chances of life are estimated would have to be reconsidered. But the situation would not be altogether a new one: it would in many cases be merely a return to the intellectual atmosphere of the Middle Ages, but with a difference due to our increased knowledge. I cannot, however, hint publicly at my dreams and fancies nowadays, even to children. The little folk always tell me exactly why the things I hope for and dream about can't happen. They pin me down to hard and forbidding facts with all the zest of the members of the Statistical Society. The best answer that I remember to have seen to the question—"Why are the days longer in the summer than in the winter?"—was that of the high-school girl, who replied, "Because heat expands, and cold contracts." It is an answer which, with a certain scientific speciousness, makes a bold appeal to the imagination, and for this reason I readily accept it. It is an answer which appeals especially to a child who is, or ought to be, poetic and imaginative, and who sees in phenomena more than the man of science does:

> Still as they run they look behind,
> They hear a voice in every wind,
> And snatch a fearful joy.

It is terrible to meet a child who has been introduced to the methods of exact science when he or she ought to have been dreaming, and nurturing the soul on fairy tales and nonsense rhymes. What a sad confession was that of John Stuart Mill: "I never was a boy, never played cricket; it is better to let Nature have her own way." Yes, it is better so undoubtedly, and the method of Nature is illusion. On a certain evening "between the lights" I was introduced to a little girl with whom I speedily became friendly, and I told her stories. As the darkness came on I started

a ghost tale, but as I thought she shuddered, I pulled up suddenly, with an apology: "I mustn't go on," I said, "I will change the story." "Go on," said the little maid quite calmly, "it has been explained to me exactly what ghosts are; there are no such persons." But I didn't "go on." I had no spirit to romance in an unbelieving atmosphere. But for her scepticism I should have liked to tell her many things. I should have liked, for instance, to tell her, as solemn truth, the explanation by the savage of the phenomena associated with the setting of the sun, that every night he descends into Hades, and we see in the sky the reflection of the nether regions. I knew, however, that she would have confronted me with a page from her Science Primer, and so I held my peace. Modern children are so old, so blasé, that the fancies which delight me in my middle age are derided even by those to whom they should be realities. It is surely best for all of us to have looked on Nature at some time of our lives with the untutored eye of the savage, which is, or ought to be, also the eye of the child. I was not even allowed by my little friend to flatter her. After a little while I fancied she was asleep, and I told her young brother to "be quiet, or else," I said solemnly, "you will wake the Sleeping Beauty." Then the voice of the little exact thinker chirped in deprecatingly, "I do not think you can call me that: it is because you cannot see me you speak so. I am told" she went on with stoical calmness, "that I have not a single good feature." This honesty, this matter-of-factness, sent another chill into my bones. But she was a child for all that, and this is how I made the discovery. I took her the following day for a walk along a seaside parade, thinking she would enjoy, as I did, looking at the people, the costumes, and the life of the town. But her little eyes were wandering, though I knew it not, seawards, and at last when I seemed disposed to turn round and do the parade once again, she could stand it no longer; she clasped my hand eagerly and said insinuatingly, "Don't you think we could go indoors and ask our mothers whether we can paddle?" It was she this time, and not I, who was assisting at the renaissance of youth. I made the wicked proposal that we should do the deed without parental consent, and she was as eager for mischief as was her mother Eve. But that curious exactness in her little mind which I have already noticed came out again as we returned from our adventure. I paid a penny for her fare in the lift from the shore to the cliff, and her face at once became downcast; she made a little show of searching for a non-existent purse. She was sad and thoughtful as we walked to the house. All at once she squeezed my hand and said confidently, "My mother will repay you." And I thought to myself that although it might be too early for a girl of five years to be an exact thinker, it is never too soon to show the world that she is a lady.

I might almost include my little friend in the title, "Dainty Dames of Society," which is given to a set of little volumes written by Mr. W. Willmott Dixon, and recently published by Messrs. A. and C. Black. The sub-title is "A Portrait Gallery of Charming Women," and the illustrations are taken from pictures by masters of British and French Schools. The books deal for the most part with the great ladies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and they form together a very entertaining picture of a society which is past, but which is not so remote from us but that we are able to touch it in sympathy at many points. Miss Burney wrote of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, "that vivacity is so much her characteristic that her style of beauty requires it indispensably; the beauty, indeed, dies away without it." And this criticism, it seems to me, might be applied to all these ladies who held so magnificent a sway over their fellow-creatures. It is the keynote of most of their characters; the portraits themselves, in several instances, convince us that the ladies' admirers reasoned something like this: "She has spirit, therefore, she is beautiful." Mrs. Fitzhugh once exclaimed to Fanny Kemble: "Fanny Kemble, you are the ugliest and the handsomest woman in London," and we know instinctively what she meant. There are certain women who, when the spirit is active and willing, undergo a sort of transfiguration, and it is the spirit which makes them beautiful. The man of genius who writes when he is uninspired is not to be distinguished from the most ordinary writer of common-place prose, and in a similar way some of the women who impress us at certain times as being divinely beautiful, are quite ordinary and common-place when their spirit is not active. It is the most heaven-born of all gifts, this gift of the spirit. By its means

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, secured the election of Charles James Fox for Westminster, and by methods which not even the dames of the Primrose League have ventured to imitate. "God bless you, my lady," exclaimed a grimy admirer, during the election, "I could light my pipe at your eyes." "And then, Sir," said an old elector, recalling those times to Allan Cunningham, "if we hemmed and hawed they'd ask us for our wives and children; and if that wouldn't do they'd think nothing of a kiss—ay! a dozen or so. Kissing was nothing to them, and it all came so natural." No wonder Fox was elected: small wonder if half a constituency hemmed and hawed before they recorded their votes. Nowadays canvassers only kiss the children. If the dames of the Primrose League had the spirit of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, there would be no Liberal reaction.

Fox had an unequalled power of exciting affection, and Lady Holland began her career as a great hostess as his champion. Lord Holland, writing in September, 1802, said, "Lady Holland is deep in political intrigue and means for the *preservation of peace*, to make it necessary that Fox should be in power." I note with admiration that description of Lady Holland's motives; peace is to be preserved, not for its own sake, but to make it possible for her leader to rule; it is the spirit of party glorified by a delightful hero-worship. Her rule at Holland House was undisputed for years. No great hostess has attracted to her table so many celebrities. She irritated, offended, and wounded them, but they came again and again. She took a tyrant's delight in making her subjects feel her power. She had, for instance, a favourite habit of dropping her handkerchief so as to exact a service from her guest. This was willingly rendered, and sometimes with wit as well as grace. "Pray my lady," said Count D'Orsay, on picking up the handkerchief for the second time during the evening, "had I not better take my seat under the table?" Others in rebelling against her imperiousness were simply rude without being witty. Lord Melbourne, on being ordered peremptorily by her to change his seat, exclaimed, "I'm d——d if I dine with you at all!" and he walked out of the room. To be unable to prevent Lord Melbourne swearing in her presence, marked the limitations of Lady Holland's influence, and Queen Victoria succeeded where she failed. When the young queen came to the throne, the question which troubled not only the Opposition, but society generally, was, "How will she stand the Prime Minister's language?" But Lord Melbourne himself never put her to this test, though it was suggested that he made up for his self-imposed restraint at the meetings of his Cabinet.

It seems in accord with the fitness of things that Lady Holland's husband should have been quite unlike her in temperament. Macaulay said of Lady Holland, "To me she was excessively gracious, yet there is a haughtiness in her courtesy which, even after all that I had heard of her, surprised me. It is to one 'Go,' and he goeth; and to another 'Do this,' and it is done. . . . Lord Holland, on the other hand, is all kindness, simplicity, and vivacity." Lord Holland was a martyr to gout, and dined by himself. After dinner he was wheeled into the room, and then, for many of the guests, society began. Lady Holland cast spells over her visitors: Lord Holland insinuated himself into their affections. She dominated the dinner-table; he brought with him an atmosphere of urbanity and sweet reasonableness. I confess I like to think of the picture of that gentle but strong man winning allegiance without assertion and without consciousness of power. Ugo Foscolo, the Italian poet and patriot, exclaimed, after a visit to Holland House, "I would not go to heaven with Lady Holland, but I could go to hell with Lord Holland." But I suspect that he, too, had eagerly picked up her handkerchief. It is only after the fascination has passed that we are cool enough to sum up the situation with an epigram.

Then there is that other great hostess of the early nineteenth century, "the most gorgeous Lady Blessington." She had a past, and to the end of her days scandalised society by the Bohemian arrangements of her household. But her vivacity and her genuine sympathy with literature and art drew to her side a most distinguished company. Disraeli, Bulwer-Lytton, Thackeray, Landor, Dickens, Barry Cornwall, were all in her circle. "Everybody goes to Lady Blessington's" wrote Haydon in his diary. She was Irish, and she had a full measure of the virtues and vices of the Celtic temperament. She was warm-hearted, generous, extravagant, and both she and Count D'Orsay, who was one of her household, lived beyond their income.

Her efforts to retrieve her declining fortunes had, however, a certain nobility about them which was absent from the manœuvres of the witty and fascinating Count. For two years he could only venture out of Gore House on Sunday, the day when the debtor was free to go about without molestation. At last Howell and James managed to serve a writ on him. I notice that Mr. Dixon does not tell the story of his reception of this document. Count D'Orsay is reported to have rushed down to the shop saying, "Who has had the impudence to serve me with this? Send me one of the partners." "I am one of the partners," was the reply. "Then," said the Count, quite unabashed, if you are James, d—n Howell: and if you are Howell, d—n James," and he flung himself out of the shop. But Lady Blessington worked like a galley slave at newspapers, novels, and magazines, and it is to her credit that before she died she was practically solvent. If Lady Holland fascinated and cast a spell over her guests, it must be said of Lady Blessington that to know her was to love her. Three years after her death, Landor wrote to a friend: "Since she was intercepted from me by the shadow of death, I never have enjoyed society, and have rarely and reluctantly entered it." The inscription over her grave, which begins, "Underneath lies all that could be interred of a once beautiful woman," was written by Landor. Thackeray went to the great sale at Gore House, and was moved to tears at the sight. "I have just come away from a dismal sight: Gore House full of snobs looking at the furniture. Foul Jews; odious bombazine women, who drove up in mysterious flys which they had hired—the wretches—so as to come in state to a fashionable lounge; brutes, keeping their hats on in the kind old drawing-room. I longed to knock some of them off, and say, 'Sir, be civil in a lady's room.'"

Several of the ladies described in these volumes lived to a great age, and have only died within recent years. Fanny Kemble died in 1893, aged 85; Mrs. Procter (Barry Cornwall's wife) died in 1888, aged 89. Of the latter, Charles Lamb wrote as long ago as 1825, "Barry Cornwall has at last carried off the pretty A. S. They are just in the treacle moon. Hope it won't clog his wings—*gaum* we used to say at school." Now this same pretty A. S. was at a dinner party as recently as the year 1883, a few weeks before the opening of the Reynolds Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, and she asked this question: "Why all this fuss about an exhibition of Sir Joshua Reynolds' works? There has been one already; I remember it quite well." "Yes, Mrs. Procter," was the reply, "but that was in 1817." Up to within a few years of her death Fanny Kemble went to Switzerland on every 1st of June, and returned as punctually on the 1st of September. It was said of her that she could not keep her servants. She was a difficult woman to live with, but she never quarrelled with her Alpine guides. A forty years' passion for Switzerland had familiarised her with these men, and they worshipped her. To them she was always "la dame qui va chantant par les montagnes." When she could not walk up her beloved mountains she was carried around them.

Fanny Kemble's pastime is becoming again fashionable. Action and reaction is the law which governs all human movements, and, therefore, it is not a bit curious that the immense development of automobilism should be accompanied by a revival of the old-fashioned pastime of walking. So far as I can gather from the newspapers the road to Brighton has been thronged during the last few weeks by stockbrokers, civil servants, bankers' clerks, readers of the *Evening News*, and British Tea Table waitresses. The omnibus drivers and conductors intend, it is said in August, also to take to the road. As it is then the beginning of the silly season, it is possible that politicians and journalists may follow their example. I think that for the present I shall avoid the road to Brighton. If I wish to visit that delightful watering-place, I shall, like the young lady of Sweden, in Lear's "Nonsense Book," take "the slow train" to my destination:

There was a young lady of Sweden
Who went by the slow train to Weedon,
When she arrived at Weedon Station she made no observation,
But returned by the slow train to Sweden.

I have always felt drawn towards that young woman: she and I have much in common. So many times have I been moved by the spirit to a certain place; but the mood has passed during the journey, and I, too, have returned, making "no observation," except under my breath to myself. The re-action in favour of walking is excellent, so far as it goes, but in the form it has taken of road-racing, it

means simply the degradation of a noble pastime. The really profitable reaction would be against speed. Speed is the enemy we have to fight in all departments of life. A league which binds its members "to go slow" is the need of the hour. The loafer at street corners is, to the philosophic mind, a saner individual than the man who can only be happy in a state of perpetual motion. But, as usual, it is something "betwixt and between" that is the goal of the wise man. The way to Brighton, literally or metaphorically, is the only thing he cares about: he preserves his liberty to leave "the road," like his career itself, at any point. Now the way to Brighton is the very land for the loafer: it has purple patches and by-paths of haunting beauty that demand inequality in speed. The road-racer seeks to attain an even average of so many miles per hour, irrespective of the country he is passing through. He has lost all sense of perspective, all imagination, all real love of the road in this insane ambition. His goal, the dream of his journey, is the Brighton Aquarium! I believe that a Sabbath-day's journey, which is occasionally mentioned in the Bible, represented a little over an English mile, and a man could accomplish this much in the way of pedestrianism without breaking the fourth commandment. The distance from Mount Olivet to Jerusalem is described as a Sabbath-day's journey, but what a walk it was; how crowded with associations, with memories and regrets! Would a day be sufficient to cover that enchanting distance? "The way to Brighton," not necessarily the road, lies over Ashdown Forest and the South Downs. In the case of the cyclist, the motor-car driver, and the road-racer the notice: "This Hill is Dangerous," is all that these districts mean to them. To the loafer such notices are usually a sufficient excuse for an indefinite halt. He will probably get no further. On the top of the hill there may shine upon him suddenly, as in the case of St. Paul, a light from heaven, and his eyes will be opened. It is said that while the ingredients of a London fog are often found in places miles away from the metropolis, they are never known south of the North Downs. The Downs act as a sort of filter. They have, or ought to have, a similar effect on the mind. The craving for Brighton Aquarium should not survive a halt on Ashdown Forest. It is all so symbolical of human life, this attempt to get to Brighton. One half of our lives we are hard at work endeavouring to attain some goal, to fashion ourselves after some approved pattern, and fate, experience, and the general cussedness of things are building us up into something quite different. The sporting instinct tempts us to applaud a man like Disraeli, who makes up his mind early in life to be Prime Minister of England, and in the end achieves his ambition. There is something clean-cut, tangible, and easily understood about such a career which wins the applause of the multitude. We all like to see the winning post passed. But the man who loses even the ambition to be Prime Minister in following up by-paths and side-walks, who touches life at too many points to be enthusiastic in any one particular aim, is called by the opprobrious name, "a rolling stone," and he is used as the awful example in all Sunday-school books, in letters of self-made merchants to their sons, and in handbooks "How to succeed in business." He has left the high road, and therefore he cannot succeed. He has no average rate of speed, and therefore he is out-distanced. The handbooks, however, usually omit one important item, viz., that the man himself is probably enjoying his existence, he is ministering, perhaps unconsciously, to the enjoyment and happiness of others, and is possibly only regretting the time wasted in pursuing his early ambitions. On some breezy North Down of his existence, life has been revealed to him as something which could not be included in one single aim. He has learnt the art of going slow. He prefers "the way" to "the road." He has had, perhaps, the courage to renounce deliberately the ambition of his life. It needs pluck to go on; it sometimes demands actual heroism to go back.

When she arrived at Weedon station she made no observation,
But returned by the slow train to Sweden.

In the light of what I have just said, these lines sound a note of tragedy, and are no longer nonsense. They tell the story of a Great Renunciation.

A CALM DAY ON THE BROADS.

Drawn by Harold Percival.

The English Illustrated Magazine

WHERE PAINTERS ARE MADE

By VIRGINIA BLANCHARD

Illustrated from Drawings by the Author

"*QUE faites vous pour le Salon?*" says one ambitious student to another, as the autumn days grow shorter and the thought of the great event of the last of April stirs the pulse of artistic Paris.

Mystery is in every corner; strange models appear and disappear; small sketches are made in the white heat of inspiration, which later evolve into ten-foot canvases on the walls of the Grand Palais; easels are put up in the spare corners of the studios, and chalk marks drawn around the sacred spots. These are for the confident, and sometimes for the impecunious; others, more sensitive to criticism, take studios in the neighbourhood where the idea can be nursed in private, sheltered from the blighting witticisms of the tyro, who is proverbially the most caustic critic to be encountered. There are solemn consultations with the masters, from which the student emerges, swelling with importance.

This is in the beginning.

As time passes and the work grows, the painter diminishes. First, the artificial inflation of vanity and importance exudes like the escaping gas of a balloon, and then, ounce by ounce, the flesh yields to the spirit!

When the final day arrives, and the men come—sometimes with a hand-cart—and carry the work away to the Palais in the Champs Elysée, the emaciated genius "goes flop," doubles up in the middle, and goes away to the country for an airing, or off holiday-making in the gardens and gay boulevards of Paris.

There remains only the congratulatory telegram from a comrade, mentioning the number and class of destination at the "show"; for the crucial moment was really passed on the day when, at the invitation of the subdued and hollow-eyed student, all the great men of the Academy Justinian came around and passed judgment on this thing of his creation.

The great men are very discreet.

Though it is well known that they form more than half of the committee of the Salon, they shrug their shoulders and say that the picture is "*pas mal*," but, of course, they do not know if it will get in; how should *they* know? They hear the Salon is to be very difficult this year, etc., etc. They have not advised abandoning it, so the Rubicon is passed; for pictures are seldom rejected by the Salon which have already received even the equivocal sanction of these much rosetted gentlemen who honour the Academy with their names and the students with their criticisms.

A great many spiteful things have been said about Justinian's and its connection with the Salon. Some evil-minded persons have even averred openly that "the Justinians always get in," an accusation which suggests the murky atmosphere of politics rather than the rarefied heights of art.

It is true that most of the infants in art who emerge from this incubator for geniuses and present themselves at the doors of the Salon are admitted, but think of the number who die in the process! Survivors can't help being reasonably decent painters in the end any more than they can well help not being aggressively good ones. We are not speaking of geniuses—only painters, of whom there are many.

I think it is Stevenson who says somewhere—in "The Wrecker," perhaps—"I used often to wonder where the painters came from, and where the brutes of

students went to." It is just possible that some such metamorphosis as the chrysalis and the butterfly takes place.

In Rue Fontaine is a one-story building, which also opens into the Rue Fromentin in the rear. Dividing the building into two great studios is a wall—very high and very solid, with not even so much as a hole like the one which Pyramus made in that wall on the other side of which was the fated Thisbe—for one studio has a sign over its unprepossessing back door, "*Atelier pour Dames.*"

A new student arriving in the latter is startled by strange sounds. There is the roar of far-off cannon, wild music, and the shouts of mobs!

"What is it?" she exclaims.

"That? Oh, that's only the men!" says the old student.

"The men? What men?"

"What! You did not know there were over a hundred on the other side of that wall?"

"But why the wall? Is there no door?" and she takes her little powder-puff out of her apron pocket, dabs her little nose, and pats her curly hair.

"Because we are French."

"Oh! I see. How stupid!"

"To be French?"

"No; the wall."

"Don't grieve; they are an awful lot. The neighbours are demanding to have them ejected."

"Really! Where to?"

"Oh! *they* don't know. No other neighbours will have them."

"*Tiens!* Are they really so bad? Shall we never see these roaring lions?"

"See them? Go over to the Rue du Dragon the first Sunday of every month from October to February to the *Concours*, and to quote from the nursery rhyme: 'The beasts and birds will be there.' It's a jolly Zoo, I can promise you."

"Do they take all the *prix?*"

"I should think not. We let them get one now and then, but they are fairly quaking in their boots! Look at Maynard, Bertram, and de Calais over there — they are staggering under their honours!"

AS TIME PASSES AND THE WORK GROWS, THE PAINTER DIMINISHES.

To the *Concour* in the big studio of the Rue du Dragon, the new student goes.

Monsieur Justinian himself is there, portly, suave, and politic as ever. He has the memory of a statesman; he never forgets to inquire for the grandmother in the provinces, the father in England, the uncle in Germany, the mother in America, the sister in South Africa. He encourages the discouraged, trims the wings of the too ambitious, pours oil upon the troubled waters and, above all, reminds one by his criticisms of art, that if it is the meek who inherit the kingdom of Heaven, it is the bold who inherit the earth.

The student who has not "sent in" enters the *atelier* these Sunday mornings with a serene mind consequent upon the

conviction that, had he tried, he, before all the nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine others, would have been the one to carry off the *prix*. On the whole he thinks it a fortunate circumstance for the real winner that extreme modesty has prevented him from entering a contest which, had he done so, must have proved fatal to the latter's aspirations.

Quite the contrary with the being who has worked like one possessed all week, and sent his canvas in at the last moment on Saturday evening; he goes in with his heart in his mouth and a thousand little hissing devils in his ears. He wears a jaunty air of indifference with about the same result as a corpse might parade a gaudy ribbon. He is afraid to meet his best friend, tries to avoid him, and runs into his worst enemy, whose amiability prepares him for the direst misfortune.

The world is divided into two halves; between these two unequal portions is a piece of white pasteboard with the terrible words "*Non Classée*" in large blue letters, and a hideous arrow which seems to single out and point at his own work with a fiendish persistency.

Wherever he finds his canvas, whether with that splendid minority of twenty members or in the majority, it looks incredibly bad, and he goes away wondering why he did not do thus and so and so—which would have made it perfect.

A young fellow of one *atelier* meets one of another, a former chum; they both wear tweeds and speak English.

THE NEW STUDENT.

"Helloa, T——, where are you?"

"Oh, I'm here," says T—— with a dry smile.

"Have something in there?"

"Yes—rather, I should say I have something *out*."

"Oh, I see; they have a way of putting the best men at the bottom in these things."

"No; that's the worst of it. I think I am a deuced failure, you know."

"Cheer up, that's how we all feel sometimes."

"And you?"

"Oh, I'm all right *this time*."

"What is your number?"

"Why, the fact is," growing red, "it is over there—at the top. You see I *happened* to get the medal."

THE BEING WHO HAS WORKED LIKE ONE POSSESSED.

They shake hands and go off to look at the Prix.

The success of the *Concours*, the gold medal winner, goes to his place on Monday morning amid shouts of triumph from his comrades, and his *atelier* forthwith goes on a celebration in his honour. A girl finds flowers and gifts on her easel from her comrades, but the men, it is said, invest their sympathetic joy in more hilarious and less enduring forms.

Monsieur is always on time, often ahead of it. They tell a tale of how he went to a *soirée*, and on his way home stopped at the *atelier* to give his weekly criticism. His indignation was so great when he found no one there that he refused to return again for weeks.

It is not an uncommon sight these Friday mornings to see sleepy students hurrying along Rue Fontaine, their hats pulled down over uncombed locks, and glimpses of collars and neckties protruding from pockets where they have been hurriedly thrust on the way. As for the girls, there was one whose *chic* was a matter of renown, and being unwilling to sacrifice either her vanity or her art, she was reputed to do her hair overnight and then sleep like an effigy on a tomb, turning neither to the right nor to the left on her elaborate pompadour; and in the morning you may see her quite perfectly attired, flying down Rue Fromentin followed by her little maid.

Monsieur arrives at the *Atelier pour Dames* at eight o'clock. Not a petticoat in sight! An awful stillness reigns. The model is rubbing her eyes, and yawning by the big stove! Lucette is overcome; she remembers the size of the *pourboires* dropped into her capacious pocket the evening before, and is moved to do battle for the cause.

"What, nobody here!" exclaims the irate little man.

TEN MINUTES LATE! THEY THROW THEMSELVES WITH ALL THEIR FEMININE WILES UPON THE MASTER'S MERCY.

"Oh, monsieur, it is just eight o'clock. Monsieur! they will be here immediately! Only wait five minutes, monsieur!"

"Wait!" he roars. "*Wait!* Do you talk to *me* of waiting, Lucette? Why should *I* wait for young ladies who take their eight o'clock breakfast in bed? Ha!"

"But *just* five minutes, monsieur; *only* five minutes, monsieur! Think of the distance, monsieur, and it is *very* cold—*so* cold! only think, monsieur!"

"Cold! did *I* ever stop for cold? Distance! Ha! did *I* ever think of distance? No, I shall *not* wait; do you understand, Lucette, I shall NOT wait——"

"But, monsieur——"

"Don't talk to me! I tell you I shall *not* wait. Ha! they expect to be famous, do they? these young ladies who breakfast in bed! They expect to wear *this*, do they?" touching the rosette in his buttonhole, and forgetting in his wrath that women do not have that incentive for early rising.

"But, monsieur—they come!" I hear them in the court!" pursuing his disappearing coat tails and wringing her hands.

"*Monsieur, je vous prie!*"

The door opens, and the first of fifty panting, sleepy-eyed, dishevelled maidens precipitates herself almost into the arms of the enraged master.

To enter the studio after the master is a misdemeanour; to be discovered is a crime.

The girl gasps and turns pale. She sends one swift, agonised look at the clock on the wall.

"Yes, mademoiselle, it is *ten minutes past eight!*"

"But, monsieur——"

"Yes, mademoiselle, *ten minutes past eight*, and I am a man past sixty, and always rise at half-past six!"

A gasp of admiration from the forty-nine quivering on the threshold.

The great man moves on.

"*Oh, monsieur!*" from the fifty.

They know better than to make excuses, so they throw themselves with all their feminine wiles upon his mercy.

"*Monsieur, je vous prie! Nous sommes desolée, je vous assure! Pardon, monsieur, je vous prie!*"

He melts. After several feints of rage and intended departure, he returns, followed by

SHE DOES A BALLET IN GREEN GAUZE DIVINELY.

the fifty from easel to easel. He is soon appeased, and in his usual charming humour scintillates right and left. He has a witticism for every effort which he cannot praise; praises everything he conscientiously can, and finally ends the morning before the compositions in the gayest of moods, bestowing the coveted numbers with as much pleasure as if it was his first week at the atelier.

"*Qui est ça?*"

"*C'est moi, monsieur.*"

"*Mais pourquoi——*"

And then followed a torrent—a cross-examination of the innermost being of the unhappy student, who is not always clear as to her real meaning in the charming but vague little picture on he easel. When he has reduced her to a pulp he twinkles merrily, and bestows a one, two, or three on the composition. Then the limp student revives. At other times he affects to overlook entirely the perfectly obvious best of the whole exhibit, and only happens to see it as he is turning away. He will then start in surprise, and give it a number one changing all the numbers he had previously bestowed.

LOTOS.

Monsieur is beloved for his wit, but "Bobbie" for his beauty. Besides having figured in a certain remarkable and romantic "*Journal*"—the diary of a one-time student of this same *atelier*—he has been called the handsomest man in Paris. Then, too, he is a bachelor: the combination is irresistible. The Fates seemed to have designed him for the delight of the

feminine heart. But he is a rock in those swirling waters of agitated femininity!

There is a tale—but that was long ago; girls are wiser now—of how a girl, very young and superlatively foolish, wrote a letter to this Adonis, and posted it. Its contents are not recorded. The next day was criticism day at the studio, and when he had delivered his criticism in his usual judicial tones, as he turned from her easel he handed her a letter which he had held in his hand all the while. With a courtly bow, he said:

"Mademoiselle, permit me to restore to you something which I think you have lost!"

The surrounding students marvelled at his urbanity in picking up lost letters, but the humiliated maiden had hysterics. I had forgotten to say that she was French.

Pandemonium! It is Monday morning. Everybody arrives early to get his place for the week, and take a hand in posing the model. Everybody is cross; everybody is quarrelsome; everybody hates everybody else, and despises herself.

It is early rising.

The model bears the brunt of it, sometimes with patience, more often with contempt.

A half-dozen of them gather about the stove, shivering and gossiping. The shrill voice of the *massier* is heard above the hum of the students. The signal is given, and the first model rushes upon the throne and assumes his best pose. He is greeted with a chorus of contempt.

"*Non, non! Descendez, descendez!*"

Apparently he is not sensitive. He joins the group at the stove, and the second leaps upon the throne. He strikes an attitude of high tragedy, whereupon he is greeted with jeers.

ONE OF A FEW SERIOUS OLD MAIDS.

The voice of the *massier* is now heard commanding, expostulating, imploring for the votes. The noes have it, and the second model comes down, and so on through several, until at last the ayes carry the day, and the happy model remains upon the throne, while the others go their several ways in search of work.

A scramble then begins for places. The *massier's* voice is again heard above the Babel, calling the names of the honoured of the previous week according to the numbers received, and the others by an alphabetical system.

After an hour of confusion, dissension and wrangling, order is restored, and only the sound of charcoal as it is dragged over the rough surface of the canvas, breaks the silence.

When the hand of the big clock reaches the hour, and

YOU MAY SEE HER QUITE PERFECTLY ATTIRED FLYING DOWN RUE FROMENTIN, FOLLOWED BY HER LITTLE MAID.

the *massier* calls "*Cest l'heure!*" the model reposes, and the students make a rush for the old green divan in the corner. For a quarter-of-an-hour the walls echo with all the languages of Europe.

The custom of hissing is in high favour in the *ateliers*. It is a practical and effective method of settling all differences, disputes, intrusions, and impertinences. The offender who can continue in his path of iniquity in the face of one of these uncivilised performances has not yet appeared.

"La belle Marguerite" has risen above its power, but through sheer frivolity. She is the beauty of the *atelier*, and at once its delight and despair. She comes late, drops all of her things, falls over the easels, gets into everybody's way, gossips about tennis, ping-pong, and the last *matinée dansante* in audible whispers, always leaves her place before the hour and comes back after it—in short, does everything under the sun except paint.

A few serious old maids have tried hissing, but she was so amiable about it, they lost interest. Altogether she is so pretty; so unconsciously egotistical; so sweet when she begs your pardon for knocking over your wet canvas on its buttered side, that you are only too pleased to be inconvenienced and to go on adoring her.

Quite another sort is Lotos. She also never works, but she divides her time between Buddhism, woman's rights, and English literature—I don't think her nationality was ever very clear. She is seventeen, and wears her peroxide-red hair down her back in a mop of gaudy curls; her skirts are short, and her pretty feet are always encased in Louis Quinze slippers. She wears a bright ribbon around her neck, but is quite indifferent as to the rest of her toilet. She does a ballet in green gauze divinely, and has an opinion on every subject under the sun. Her favourite authors are Hichens and Richard le

SHEER FRIVOLITY.

NO OTHER NEIGHBOURS WILL HAVE THEM.

Gallienne, and her advanced ideas on woman would make our grandmothers shiver. She has decided that drawing is not her forte, but is still wavering between a career as a Paris dancer and that of a contributor to English magazines!

Prefixes, like other superfluities, are done away with among girls as well as the men, and a new student finds it awkward at first being called "Jones," and when she lapses into the ceremony of "Mademoiselle," being greeted with jeers. However, she soon gets used to it, and finds herself some afternoon at a function of polite society curbing a sudden impulse to say:

"Here, Brown, I want to introduce you to my friend Smith!"

The situation is particularly critical if her "friend Smith" happens to be a middle-aged French lady of the old *régime*.

A good story comes from the rival academy on the other side of the Seine. This academy is dear to the hearts of the English and American students. It represents to a certain extent a revolt from the old principles—the "machine-made methods," as they call them—of the Justinians and the old Salon.

The story goes that the son inherited from his father this excellent school of art which bears his name. The part of the owner was, as is usual in these cases, to act as financial agent between students, masters, models, and landlords, having the profits as his reward. The school was a flourishing one and remunerative, but the son had a passion for play which eventually ruined him. One morning the academy awoke to the knowledge that it had been gambled away!

Something had to be done. The thing was impossible; it was heinous; it was not to be endured.

All the associations which clung to the

old man's name rose up and clamoured for preservation, protection, vengeance!

There was much talking in subdued tones; meeting in quiet corners; plans and counter-plans.

The days wore on. At last the day arrived when the new owner was to take possession. When he arrived he found a building (which was rented) with a large sign over the door, "*Academie* ——," some old model thrones in deserted *ateliers*, a few casts, and a number of invalid easels! Around the corner, in Rue de R——, the academy had begun life over again, and engaged the services of its former owner.

Photography has its seductive charms for even the most *distrait* of geniuses.

The morning for the great event—the photographing of the *atelier*—arrives. The one small mirror—which makes a fright of the most ravishing beauty—is the magnet. Everybody is trying to see herself in it, even though she must make the effort over her friend's friend's shoulder, and to the despair of ten others behind her. She powders her nose, arranges her coiffeur, and smoothes her neck ribbon.

The excitement grows.

"Bobbie" arrives, looking almost humanly beautiful in his indulgent smile and perfect clothes. There is a superlative touch to his tie, and his iron-grey beard is parted to a hair.

The photographer is, as usual, fat, facetious, and important. He drives the girls together like a flock of miscreant geese. They make a great noise, and are altogether unmanageable. The photographer gets into a rage, the girls are delighted, and the frivolity increases. Lucette comes to the rescue, horror and indignation written on her face. It is the same expression she wore under similar circumstances last year.

She assumes a Napoleonic attitude. Nobody sees her.

"*Mon Dieu! quel dommage!*" she shrieks, flinging her fat arms heavenward in despair.

She is greeted with loud applause, and shouts of "*Très bien! Encore! Encore!*"

She grinds her teeth, rolls her eyes, and stamps her feet in impotent rage.

"Bobbie," who has been counselling a salon aspirant on the other side of the great screen, comes to her relief. A hush falls upon the studio as he steps into the place reserved for him in the group of pinafores. A few suppressed giggles break the silence, then the photographer, making passes in the air with an imaginary baton, says, "*Alors, mesdames!*" snaps the camera, and once more a record is made of the personnel of the old *Atelier pour Dames*, with the adored "Bobbie" in its midst.

IN THE PARK.

Drawn by Leonard Linsdell.

ROUND ABOUT SICILY

By E. C. PEMBERTON

SICILY is a land of myth and legend and romance, and this reason alone would make it an interesting country to travel in; but when in addition to those attractions can be added most beautiful and picturesque scenery, it is no wonder that the traveller who has once sojourned there should feel an ardent desire to return.

The journey thither is not so long or so tedious as many imagine. The best route is undoubtedly by steamer from Naples to Palermo, a passage accomplished in about ten hours by the largest and fastest boats. The approach to Palermo by sea is very fine. The town is situated in a small bay, encircled by verdure-clad and rocky mountains, prominent amongst them, and heading one end of the bay, being Monte Pellegrino. The drive through the streets from the Quai to one's hotel in the early morning (for the passage is made at night) is full of interest. The vociferous and yelling mob on the Quai is not altogether pleasant, but that is soon left behind, and one's attention is attracted by the sight of gaily-painted two-wheeled carts, the brightest of colours having been used in depicting scriptural subjects or scenes from the Sicilian vespers. Not only is the body of the cart painted, but the wheels also come in for their share of decoration, and the horses or mules by which they are drawn have trappings which are quite in keeping with the carts. These consist of a network of yellow and red cord and tassels, and over the saddle and head rise cone-shaped plumes of red or red and blue mixed, surmounted with small metal bells. One drives past warehouses, where packing-cases are being manufactured for the exportation of oranges and lemons, and others where one sees the fruit in process of packing. At this early hour, too, the cattle and goats are being driven through the streets for milking purposes; the same custom being in vogue here as in many Italian towns, the Sicilians preferring to see for themselves that they are served with the pure and unadulterated article. Another sight is the water-carriers, with their brightly-coloured wooden or ornamented brass stands, holding glasses and lemons, and water for drinking. There is much to interest one in Palermo, though it does not possess as ancient remains as some other cities in the island.

The cathedral is a fine building, in red sandstone, dating from the twelfth century, with much detail in carving on the exterior. The interior is not interesting in appearance, owing to the lavish way in which plaster has been used over walls and pillars. In a side chapel are the "Tombs of the Kings," in red porphyry.

The Cappella Palatina, in the Palazzo Reale, also built in the twelfth century, by King Roger II., is in Arabic-Norman style, and the interior is most profusely decorated in mosaic work of the finest description and richest colouring.

Close by the Palazza Reale stands, perhaps, one of the most picturesque buildings in Palermo—San Giovanni degli Eremiti. It was originally a mosque, and it is still surmounted by its five red cupolas, which stand out in bold relief against the sky. The Normans transformed it into a church, and it was used by them as a burial-place for their nobility. Whilst under their control they added cloisters, which, though small and partly in ruins, are most picturesque and enchanting, the garden in the centre being filled with bright sweetly-scented flowers, and with a variety of roses and vines climbing in and out of the archways and creeping up the walls.

The vegetation in and around Palermo, and, indeed, in all parts of Sicily, is most

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1. GOATHERD PIPING; 2. IN TAORMINA; 3. GAY TRAPPINGS; 4. STREET IN TAORMINA.

luxuriant, and the botanical and other gardens in the vicinity are well worth visiting, for in them grow many tropical plants, as well as gum, rubber, date, cocoa, and other trees, besides flowers which in our country can only be cultivated under glass.

Not far from Palermo and easy of access by electric tram, lies Monreale, a mountain town with a very picturesque situation, and a cathedral which contains some of the finest mosaic work in existence. It is difficult to obtain a good view of the exterior of the building, but there are some fine architectural points to be noted about the east end. The cloisters are most beautiful, the pillars of the archways being very varied; some of them are richly carved with scroll designs, others with twists and plaitings, while others again are bright with mosaic work. From the monastery garden, which leads out of the cloisters, there is a very good view of the surrounding country, known as the Conca d'Oro, or Belt of Gold, so named in allusion to the extensive orange and lemon groves which stretch over a large tract of land, and from which the fragrant scent rises even to this elevated situation.

At the time of my visit to the cathedral it was densely crowded with rough mountain folk, who had assembled in thousands to listen to the preaching of a Franciscan

monk. Such a sight was most impressive and picturesque—the women all wearing brightly coloured shawls, and still brighter kerchiefs on their heads; the men in rough homespuns, and they too were wearing shawls wound round them, with one end flung over the shoulder. Looking at them closely traces could be found of their varied origin—Greek, Roman, Saracen, and Norman—who had each in their turn held sway in this island.

Farther away, but also to be visited whilst staying in Palermo, are Céfalu, and the Greek temples of Segesta and Selinunte. The first-named place is by the sea, and the railway line thither follows the coast nearly all the way, and most enchanting are the views we get of Céfalu as we approach, with the sea on one side and green mountains on the other. Hedges of scarlet geranium and cactus, and aloe trees, 12ft. and 14ft. in height, grow on each side of the railway line, and look very bright and gay when the geranium is in flower.

Visits to Segesta and Selinunte should by no means be omitted, though it may involve some little trouble and early rising. Perhaps the best plan is to visit Segesta one day and take the train on to Castelvetrano, where the night can be spent and the ruins of Selinunte inspected on the following morning.

The temple of Segesta will call to mind the temples familiar to many travellers at Paestum, but the situation of this temple is very different. It stands in solitary grandeur, in a now isolated spot, amongst the mountains, out of all sight of human habitations. It was built about 600 B.C., and is very well preserved, the columns and entablature being intact.

The temples at Selinunte present a very different appearance. Here all is chaos, consisting of ruins of a city and several temples. Nothing but an earthquake could have caused such confusion worse confounded. It is a grand conglomeration of ruins which baffles description, so immense are the fragments of columns, entablature, capitals, and coping-stones lying about and piled on the top of each other. Involuntarily one thinks that there must have been "giants in those days" to have erected such stupendous buildings! It will give some idea of the scale on which these temples were built and of which three stood on one hill, if the diameters of some of the columns are noted. These varied from 11ft. to 13ft., and every other part of the building was of course proportionate in size. Thirty-six columns was the usual number used in erecting these temples. The beauty of the ruins is much enhanced by the profusion of flowers which grow amongst them, the large yellow chrysanthemum daisy predominating, mingled with which was a bright purple vetch.

Among other places in Sicily to which a visit should be paid is Girgenti. Here again there are many Greek temples to be seen, some well preserved, others in ruins. The town itself is situated on a hill, and from a distance looks thoroughly Eastern. The temples, five in number, lie below it on the plain, between the city and the sea.

Every traveller in Sicily goes to Syracuse, and here it is that so many traces of the Greek settlement in the island are found. Here are to be seen a Greek theatre, excavated out of the rock, and a Street of Tombs. The Latomie, or quarries, are many in number, and in time of war prisoners were confined in them. In the Latomie dei Cappucini no less that 7000 Athenians were confined by the Syracusans, and there left for seventy days, when those unfortunate beings who had survived the heat, damp, overcrowding, and starvation were sold into slavery. These Latomie are now full of trees and plants, and exceedingly pleasant places to wander in, but in those days incarceration in them must have been a terrible and hopeless existence. The cliffs are 80ft. in height and access to and from the bottom was by means of ladders only. The prisoners would be scorched by the sun during the day, and chilled by the damp at night. Near Syracuse is the river Anapus, or more correctly Cyane. On the banks of this swiftly-flowing river, in some places scarcely more than 9ft. or 10ft. in width,

grows the papyrus, which was sent more than 2000 years ago by Ptolemy of Egypt, as a present to the Syracusans. A curious fact about it is, that this is the only place where it now grows naturally. It has long been extinct in Egypt. It is very beautiful and graceful in appearance, with long green stems, finished oft with a fringe-like tassel. It grows to a height of about 12ft., and lines both banks of the river.

On the outskirts of Syracuse stand the ruins of Fort Euryalus, the ancient Epipolæ, where the extensive walls, built by Dionysius to enclose the city, converged. It is placed in a most commanding position and from this point there is an excellent view of the fine natural harbour of Syracuse. The railway journey from Syracuse by the coast to Taormina is not without interest. One passes through extensive orange and lemon groves, and beyond Catania are several lava beds emitted from Mount Etna. These are fully cultivated with vines and orange and lemon trees, the latter being almost more luxuriant than any previously seen. It is said that the species of orange known as "blood-orange" is cultivated on lava beds. Whether it is peculiar only to such soil we could not ascertain, but certain it was that when staying in the vicinity of Mount Etna, we found them to be very plentiful.

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1. CATHEDRAL, PALERMO; 2. MOUNT ETNA FROM CATANIA; 3. TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX; 4. SAN GIOVANNI, PALERMO.

The views along the coast are very fine and varied. One passes the seven islands

1. GREEK THEATRE, SYRACUSE; GREEK TEMPLE, SEGESTA; 3. SEA-COAST FROM TAORMINA; 4. RUINED TEMPLES, SELINUNTE; 5. ON THE QUAI, PALERMO.

of the Cyclops, which Polyphemus, in a rage at having been blinded by Ulysses, is said to have hurled after him, as he sailed away on fresh adventures.

Taormina is soon reached, though there is a drive of nearly an hour, up a steep and winding road, from the station to the town, which is situated on the mountain side, 200ft. or 300ft. above the sea. It has been described by many as the most beautiful spot in the world. It certainly casts a spell over most people who visit it, many coming for a few days and staying on for weeks and even months, so fascinating do they find it. Its situation is very picturesque, on the edge of a cliff, with mountains rising up behind it.

On a hill at the back of the town stands the old castle, now in ruins, and further back on a still higher point the ancient town of Mola. In front is the sea, across which can be seen the Calabrian coast, and the mountains of the mainland, but the predominating feature of Taormina is that most lovely of mountains—Etna, with its snow-capped summit, and the strange blue atmospheric effect about its base. We never tire of looking at it. Its aspects are so many and varied—at sunrise, sunset, or in shadow, it is always beautiful, and one quite feels a sense of injury when the clouds descend and hide it from the gaze.

The town of Taormina consists of one principal street with many off-shoots, which are worth investigating, for along them we come across quaint bits of architecture. It is certainly an artist's "Paradise." Every step we take brings something picturesque into view, old arches, carved Norman doorways, ruined castles, and palaces and water-fountains, and in addition to all are the people themselves, who, with their bronzed and rugged faces and brightly-coloured clothing, help to form all that is necessary towards a picture for even the most fastidious of artists.

The principal sight of Taormina is the Greek theatre, and the day does not seem properly spent if at least one visit has not been paid to this most charming of spots. From here the best view of Mount Etna is obtained, the theatre forming the foreground, with its marble columns and Roman archways, through which can be seen glimpses of the sea and coast.

There are delightful walks round Taormina, but not of the easiest description, the paths being often rough and stony, but one is generally rewarded for such slight discomfort by the beautiful scenery.

On the seashore are quarries, noted for the variety and beauty of their marbles, and round the headland are grottoes which almost vie with the Blue Grotto of Capri, so intense is the colour of the water.

Much more might be written about the delights and interests of Sicily, but perhaps enough has been said to inspire others to investigate them for themselves, or at any rate to read about them in the numerous books on the country which have been published in the last few years.

SHEILA

By ANGELA HOPE

FAIR is the day as it was when we parted;
  Little we thought it was good-bye for aye.
Sunshine for me will bring only a sadness,
  The angels, mavourneen, have called thee away.
Sheila, my jewel, in fancy I see thee,
  And hear thy dear voice whisper softly good-bye;
I see those dim eyes gazing sadly upon me,
  When voices were falt'ring and sigh answered sigh.

Could but some warning have told me, mavourneen,
  We parted, to meet never more on this earth,
No golden dreams, e'en for thee, would have lured me
  To leave for a moment the land of my birth.
Sheila, my jewel, if only 'twas dreaming,
  And I could awake to behold thee once more,
The soft light of love in thy gentle eyes beaming,
  Ah, what would I give if it could be asthore?

Fair is the day as it was when we parted;
  Softly my tears on thy little grave fall;
Sunshine for me will bring only a sadness,
  Thou wert my sunshine, my angel, my all.
Sheila, my jewel, I ne'er can forget thee,
  Guard thou my life till I meet thee above.
Angel thou art and thy spirit shall lead me:
  Sheila, mavourneen, my heart's only love.

THE GAMEKEEPER

By DOROTHEA DEAKIN

"PETER'S gone!" I announced gloomily.

Nina looked up from her manuscript with a bewildered air.

"I am sorry to interrupt you," I repeated emphatically, "but *Peter is lost.*"

"Lost!"

"Yes! I am going to the wood to look for him. He has been hunting rabbits, I suppose, and the keeper has shot him."

"Oh, Dolly!" By the distress in her voice I saw that Nina had at last grasped my meaning.

"I haven't seen him since yesterday breakfast-time," I went on. "Don't write to-day, Nina. Come into the wood and help me to look for him! You spend too much time over those stories."

Nina smiled rather sadly, and looked wistfully out of the window at the pleasant greenness of the June day.

"The stories mean bread-and-butter for both of us, dearest," she said quietly.

I put my arm round her shoulder with a sudden impulse.

"Nina," I said gravely, "I sometimes think a day's holiday from writing would be better than bread-and-cheese for you and me."

But Nina took up her fountain pen again.

"I must write to-day," she said; "I have an idea. To-morrow, perhaps——"

Out in the lane all the birds seemed to have gone mad with the delight of finding at last a really perfect summer day, and the hawthorn and wild roses in the hedges almost made me feel—for the moment—that Nina was right, and that the country was better than the town after all.

"If all the days were like this," I said to myself, "and it was never muddy, or east-windy, or rainy. What a pity Nina can't come out and feel it all, instead of writing about it."

In the wood it was delightful—cool and green and quiet, with little spots and dashes of yellow sunshine striking through the trees here and there, and only the quick scutter of the rabbits, or the whirr of a rising pheasant to break in upon the pleasant chorus of the thrushes and linnets. But there was no sign of Peter at all.

I lifted up my muslin skirt and, after a hasty glance round, plunged into the green bracken, and waded across to that part of the wood where trespassers are prosecuted—if they are caught. No one was in sight, and I whistled softly and called my Peter as loudly as I dared, with a faint hope that it might reach his dear furry ears, and bring me the beautiful sound of his pattering feet.

Ah! something bounded through the undergrowth, almost touching my skirt; but, alas! it whisked away from me again directly, and I realised that it was only a silly rabbit, with a white fluff of a tail, and sat down on a fallen tree, almost crying with disappointment.

"I beg your pardon, but——"

A keeper!

I jumped up, gave my eyes a hasty dab with my handkerchief, and stared stupidly without speaking.

The keeper—he was quite young, I noticed, and clean—went on:

"Do tell me what has happened," he said anxiously, "to distress you so."

His manner was most respectful, and when I saw that he wasn't going to turn me out of the wood and prosecute me, I hurriedly decided to tell him everything, and ask him to help me look. I generally find that people help me to do things if I ask them nicely.

"I am looking for a cat," I said sadly.

I daresay it was all fancy, but I couldn't help thinking that he looked uneasy.

"A cat?"

"Yes, a tabby cat—a very large tabby cat."

I sat down suddenly on my log, and felt just as if I was going to cry again. The young man propped his gun against a tree and came a little nearer. He had a pleasant, open kind of face, and didn't look as if he had a murder on his mind; but you never know.

"I haven't seen a tabby cat in the wood for days," he said hastily. "I am sure your pet will come back. Please don't look so unhappy; tell me all about him."

I gave my eyes a final rub, and the keeper man took the other end of my tree and leant his elbows on his green velveteen knees. There wasn't much to tell, but he listened very respectfully, and I noticed as I was speaking to him that his eyes were blue. I always trust people with blue eyes, because my own are nearly black.

"So you see," I ended up, "he has been gone twenty-seven hours exactly."

"About nineteen, I should think," said the keeper in a musing tone.

I stared.

"I beg your pardon," he said hurriedly. "Twenty-seven hours, you said?"

"You will look out for him," I asked imploringly, "won't you? And you will remember what he is like? A brown tabby, you know, not a grey one, beautifully marked, with a necklace of black fur round his dear neck, and eyes——"

"Eyes like the darkest kind of purple pansy," said the keeper dreamily, "almost black!"

I got up from my end of the tree and shook my skirt.

"Yellow eyes!" I repeated icily; "but I see you are not listening to me. I won't keep you any longer. Perhaps one of the other keepers——"

He sprang up hastily from his end of the tree, and I saw that he looked quite sorry that he hadn't attended to what I was saying. Perhaps living in the woods all the time makes people absent-minded. It would do more than that to me. It would drive me stark, staring mad!

"Please forgive me," he said. "I was trying to think of a way to find Peter; and I wouldn't ask any of the other keepers if I were you. They—they haven't much sympathy for cats, you see."

"Anybody," I said gloomily, "would have sympathised with Peter, if they had known him."

"He may have been caught in a trap," the young man said thoughtfully.

"Oh!"

"I will go round to-night myself, and examine all the traps," he went on.

I thanked him, and wondered whose business it was to examine the traps if it wasn't his.

"I am rather new to this kind of thing," he continued, with a pleasant laugh, "and don't quite know my business, but I will make every enquiry, and I will try and stop the other fellows from potting at any more cats. If you could be here to-morrow at the same time"—looking at me rather doubtfully—"I might have something to tell you."

I don't know why he looked so apprehensive when he said this, but he was certainly most kind, I thought.

"Thank you very much," I said; "of course I will come."

And then I went home feeling very queer; not altogether as miserable as I might have been, and wondering how it was that an under-keeper should speak and behave exactly like a gentleman.

"Green velveteen is very becoming," I said to myself with a sigh, as I went up the lane; "and even a talk with a gamekeeper is better than nothing, when one is alone from morning to night, and can't find a soul in the world to speak to."

We had no friends. People didn't approve of Nina and me for some reason or other, and the Vicar's wife hadn't called upon us, so of course no one else did; but I can't think why, unless it was because Nina wrote magazine stories, and we went about the lanes without hats. Miss Priddam told the milkwoman that we were unconventional, and that it wasn't nice for girls to behave differently from other people, and the Vicar happened to be passing one Sunday when I was mending Nina's stockings at the parlour window. I

"And you really think the girl ought to pretend?" I asked.

couldn't call out and tell him that she had only just found out that there was a big hole in the instep and that she wanted to go to church in them, and so of course he didn't know that we didn't always do our sewing on Sundays.

I had always had plenty of people to talk to before, and I was beginning to feel horribly lonely. It only took about an hour-and-a-half to do our housework, and there was no cooking to speak of, so the rest of the time I had nothing to do, and I was getting bored to death.

And Nina could write so well in the quiet here, and she was getting so strong again in the country air, that I hadn't the heart to tell her how badly I wanted to go back to town.

So you will understand how it was that I was almost pleased to go to the wood again next morning, to ask about Peter.

The gamekeeper was waiting for me by

the fallen tree, and he looked so tall and nice and gentlemanly that I was quite glad to remember that I had put on the muslin with the green sprig pattern.

"No luck!" he said, as I came up. "None of the other chaps has noticed a tabby cat, and there was nothing in the traps but an old brute of a rat and one of the ferrets from Wood Farm."

"Oh, dear!" I sat down on the tree, and looked up mournfully into his face, and he was so sorry for me that he sat down beside me again and tried to cheer me up. I found him very interesting after six weeks of loneliness, and he had lots of things to tell me about the woods and the game. He said he hoped they would have some fun with the poachers presently, and he gave me a baby hare he had caught in the long grass, and told me to feed it with blades of grass dipped in cream. I stayed there talking to him for an hour, and before I went home I promised to come again the next day to hear if he had any news of Peter.

I laughed to myself as I went home down the lane.

"If any of the Mainwaring people had seen me to-day," I said to myself, "they would have something to say. But I don't care. Whether he is a keeper or not, he behaves a good deal better than either of the curates, and it is their fault. If I hadn't been so lonely—and idle—Satan wouldn't have found me any mischief, and I shall go to the wood again to-morrow."

But when I went into the kitchen to get dinner ready for Nina and me, I found Peter fast asleep on the hearthrug. I was so glad to see him that I forgot everything else for at least ten minutes, and then the thought suddenly struck me with a rush that I shouldn't have to go to the wood again to look for him.

"I ought to go and tell the keeper he is found," I said to myself; "but I can't go more than once for that."

It was just like my wretched luck, and after dinner I sat and thought and thought, and wondered and wondered, till right and wrong got hopelessly muddled in my head and I went into the parlour and disturbed Nina.

"Nina!" I said diplomatically, "I have been thinking of a plot, and if I don't tell you at once I shall forget it."

Nina looked up at once.

"Oh, Dolly!" she said, "he is just telling her why he can never hope to win her for his wife. What is it?"

"Never mind Geoffrey Arden," I said, smiling; "I suppose it it Geoffrey still?"

"Yes! Well, about the plot?"

"Supposing," I said slowly, "a very lonely and lazy sort of girl, with no settled habits and a badly-regulated mind, was to be wandering about in a wood, looking for something—a pet canary, say?"

"Yes?" said Nina.

"And suppose she was to meet a young gamekeeper who was handsome and quite nice?"

"There's nothing original in that," said Nina with some contempt. "He is a gentleman in disguise, of course. The lord of the manor, most likely——"

"Yes," said I, "of course! And the girl——"

"The girl," said Nina, eagerly taking the words out of my mouth with a facility born of much experience, "thinks all the time he is only a poor keeper, and falls in love with him for himself alone."

"But suppose the girl guesses?" I said slowly.

Nina laughed.

"The girl wouldn't guess," she said; "or, if she did, she would have to pretend that she didn't. It would be all the same in the end, and the man would never know. She could be just as surprised when he told her the truth, and it would be very inartistic if she told him she had found out at once."

I got up to go.

"And you really think the girl ought to pretend?" I asked as I crossed the room.

"She *would* pretend," Nina laughed. "She would have to be a little cat, of course, but the man would like her none the worse for that. I don't think much of your plot, Dolly; it is as old as the hills."

"It is new to me," I answered meekly, but I felt glad to think that Nina had made up my mind for me.

"'The lord of the manor!'" I said to

myself as I rocked to and fro under the kitchen window. "It isn't the lord of the manor, because *he* is middle-aged and fat, but it may be one of his sons."

And then all at once I remembered something I had heard when we came to the village. How Lord Mainwaring's youngest son had been abroad for years, shooting big game and fighting in India, and how since he had come home he hadn't been able to settle down, and had even dressed himself up in velveteens that he might join the keepers in their midnight frays with the poachers.

"It is the Honourable Martin Mainwaring who has been helping me to find Peter," I told myself with a thrill of excitement at my discovery, "and he is going to fall in love with me. I ought to know the symptoms pretty well by this time, and I saw it in his eyes this morning."

And so for a third time I went to the wood to meet my gamekeeper; and a third time I asked him—yes, I actually asked him—if he had found my tabby cat.

He was very nice that third day, and he told me a lot more things I never knew before. He showed me the little wooden coops where the baby pheasants were brought up by common barn-door mothers; and he finished up by telling me that his name was Martin, and that he had been abroad for ten years.

After that I went to meet him every day. Every day I asked if he had seen Peter, and every day I saw that he was falling more and more in love with me.

"He won't tell me the truth till I have accepted him. He is waiting to find out whether I love him for himself alone, and I certainly don't. He wouldn't be half as nice if he wasn't the disguised son of an earl."

And then at last one morning, after I had been going regularly to look for Peter every day for a fortnight, the gamekeeper sat down close beside me on the tree, and told me that he loved me to distraction, and could I ever bring myself to marry a poor man?

"Don't keep me in suspense," he finished.

I looked up into his eyes and smiled without speaking, and the next minute his arm was round me, and he had kissed me.

"I couldn't feel happier if I loved him for himself alone," I said to myself. "If I was one of Nina's heroines this would be the moment when I should tell him all. Fancy telling him about Peter!"

He made love very nicely indeed, but presently he seemed to think of something, and his face grew grave.

"Do you know what you are doing, darling?" he asked slowly.

"Perfectly," I answered softly. ("Better than you think," to myself.)

"Do you know that I am only very, very poor?"

"I can cook quite decently," I said, with a smile.

"Can you bring yourself to marry a working-man—a mere gamekeeper?" with a sigh.

"'He was but a landscape-painter,'" I murmured under my breath. "It is the Lord of Burleigh over again. He is sounding the depths of my affection."

"We shall have to live in a cottage," he persisted.

"A cottage, with you, will be a palace to me," I said softly.

"No more pretty dresses," he pursued, touching a frill of my buttercup muslin respectfully with one finger.

I laughed.

"Muslin is cheap enough," I answered, "and I always make my own frocks. Nina's too, for that matter." But in my heart I felt I could shake him.

"I fancy I see Lord Mainwaring's daughter-in-law in home-made dresses," I thought. "He is very trying! Now that he knows I love him for himself alone he ought to tell me the truth. Nina would say it wasn't artistic, but I really must give him a start."

"You have asked all your questions, haven't you?" I said. "It is my turn now."

"Ask away!" he said happily, "I am not afraid. You know the worst of me now."

"And the best," I thought.

"Martin!"

"Why have you come back?"

My lover looked surprised.

"My christian name is Dick, dearest. Don't call me 'Martin' now."

I shrugged my shoulders impatiently. Why should he think it necessary to keep up that stupid farce any longer?

"Don't you think you ought to tell your father at once about—about me?"

Martin looked still more surprised.

"My father died a year ago," he said sadly.

I could hardly believe my ears. Lord Mainwaring drove through the village yesterday; I saw him myself. But perhaps this was only another blind.

"Where—where did he die?" I asked.

Martin sighed.

"He died at home," he said slowly. "In Yorkshire. He had a little farm there, and it failed. He lost everything, and died. I was abroad then, in New Zealand; but, of course, I came home at once to look after my mother."

I felt as if I were going to choke, and I know my face went as white as death. What a fool I had been, oh, what a fool! I knew now that he had been speaking the truth all the time—that it was I who had been deceived by my own silly, romantic mind, and, worst of all, that I only had myself to blame.

But Dick didn't seem to notice.

"My mother is dead, too," he went on sadly. "Her heart was broken, I think."

I was silent, and my whole heart and mind were flooded with humiliation and shamed remorse.

"But you——" I said at last, in a voice that sounded harsh to my own ears, "you are educated — you are a gentleman!"

He looked surprised at the change in my tone.

"Am I?" he said with a half-smile. "I hope I am. But I never had much education. I've knocked about a good bit, you see, with all kinds of people, and I lived alone for two years with an Oxford chap. Most of my chums have been—gentlemen. But I never had a bit of real luck in my life till I met you," he said, smiling at me so kindly and gently that the cruel words I had found to say seemed to choke me as I uttered them.

"When you met me," I said slowly, "it was the worst luck of all."

Dick started, and his face grew grave.

"I have been deceiving you," I went on slowly and deliberately, "because I thought you were Lord Mainwaring's youngest son."

He didn't speak, but turned very white, and took away his arm.

"I thought you were the Honourable Martin Mainwaring, disguised as a gamekeeper, and that you didn't tell me the truth because you wanted me to love you for yourself alone. You think I am simple and straightforward and disinterested. I am nothing of the kind. I wish with all my heart that I had never seen you."

He rose slowly to his feet and faced me.

"I wish to God you never had," he said, and when I heard the change in his voice I was struck nearly dumb with remorse and pity, and rose to my feet, standing silent and ashamed before his stricken face.

Indeed, there was nothing more that I could say, and I turned and left him, to creep home with shaking limbs and a miserable, guilty heart.

I told Nina I had caught neuralgia with sitting on the damp grass, and I cried nearly the whole of that day and the next night without stopping. I thought at first I was crying because I was sorry for him, but the next day I felt I couldn't keep up the pretence of neuralgia any longer, and I told Nina everything. She kissed me and petted me, and cried with me at first, and then she forgot my feelings and got interested in the story.

"It can't end here," she said absently. "It would be very inartistic."

"It has ended here," I said gloomily.

"I am not so sure that it has."

Nina leant her pretty chin on her inkstained right hand, and gazed into the fire

"First of all—why are you crying so much, Dolly?"

My sobs redoubled.

"Because I am so sorry for him," I murmured.

"I don't agree with you," said Nina. "You don't understand your own heart,

Dolly. You don't care a bit about money. We neither of us do. We both know that love is the only thing in the world worth having. I know why you are crying. You are crying because you have lost him."

"Nina!" indignantly.

Nina smiled.

"You will have to go and tell him so, Dolly—in the wood."

"Nina!"

I laughed hysterically, and my sister took me in her arms and kissed me again.

"Don't be a goose, Dolly," she said. "You must see that it is the only possible ending."

* * * *

He was sitting on my fallen tree, with his face buried in his hands, and I crept up softly to stand before him silent and ashamed, till he looked up and saw me.

"You!" he cried. "You!"

"Yes," I answered in a low voice, "it is me."

"Why have you come back?" he asked slowly, looking up into my face with miserable eyes. "There isn't any more to say. Why have you come back?"

"I—I came to tell you that I have been deceiving you about Peter. He came home the very next day."

The gamekeeper laughed.

"I know. I saw him meet you at your cottage gate every day. You didn't come to tell me that," catching quickly at my two hands. "Why have you come back?"

"I don't know," I whispered, smiling at the ground, "unless it is because Nina says it is the only possible ending."

WATER-SKIMMERS AND SKATERS

By JOHN J. WARD

Illustrated with Photo-micrographs by the Author

ON approaching a pond or river in summer-time our attention is almost immediately attracted by those curious spider-like animals which jerk and dart their long legs and blackish bodies about the surface of the water in a most quaint and extraordinary manner, apparently never getting submerged, although the surface-film of the water is depressed and rippled continually by their movements.

Of course we have to try and catch one, they come so readily to the margin of the pond, not one or two at a time, but often in quite large numbers; so we stoop down with outspread hands. Water-skaters, however, possess a wonderful faculty for calculating the exact distance to where your arm or net can extend, and immediately take up a position just outside this area as you approach them, and there they tantalize you, running in and out just sufficiently near to induce you to stay and waste a lot of time on the chance that one will eventually be sure to run just a little closer, which it never does. After you have indulged in this harmless, though exciting pastime for some considerable time, and have got your boots thoroughly wet through and covered in mud, and have nearly overbalanced in your frantic efforts to make at least one capture, you give up the sport and move away. Whereupon the water-skaters immediately glide to the bank-edge, where your feet previously were placed; but it is seldom that you are induced to make another effort. As a matter of fact, you have learnt a great deal concerning water-skaters while you have been endeavouring to make a capture. Of course, under the circumstances you do not care to be told that you have learnt anything, but the fact remains, you have grasped certain important points regarding the natural history of these insects.

In the first place it is evident that these insects are perfectly adapted to their environment, the surface of the water, and can conduct their movements in this sphere just as skilfully as a winged insect in the atmosphere above or an animal on *terra firma*. Also it is certain that these creatures possess a keen sight and are always on the alert, as their natural situation demands they should be, being placed between enemies from both the air above and the water beneath.

Having, then, grasped these two facts, we may enquire how these water surface insects obtain their food, and of what it consists? We learn that they are carnivorous, feeding upon the juices of other insects, which they either capture alive by quickly swooping upon, or such insect-fry that may fall into the water from overhanging trees or when flying near the surface, a number of which can always be found floating on the surface of pools. If, then, it occurs that a gnat or other small fly falls on to the surface of the water, almost before it has an opportunity to attempt to escape it is detected by the keen eyes of one or more water-skaters which immediately make for it, one eventually becoming possessor, and at once inserting its sharp beak and lancets to suck its juices. (See Figs. 2 and 3.)

So that their rapid movements and skilful tactics which tantalized us so while we endeavoured to effect a capture, are just the necessary characteristics required for their livelihood, for even if it should be an injured insect, or one with wet wings, and, therefore, unable to make its flight, it is just as necessary that it should be taken possession of

quickly, for there are numerous hungry sticklebacks and other animals below the surface of the water which are ever glancing upwards for such tasty morsels. We may often see a water-skater just as it seizes its prey, by a quick jerk or movement suddenly leap for a short distance, only just in time to avoid the attempt of some denizen of the depths below to rob it of its capture.

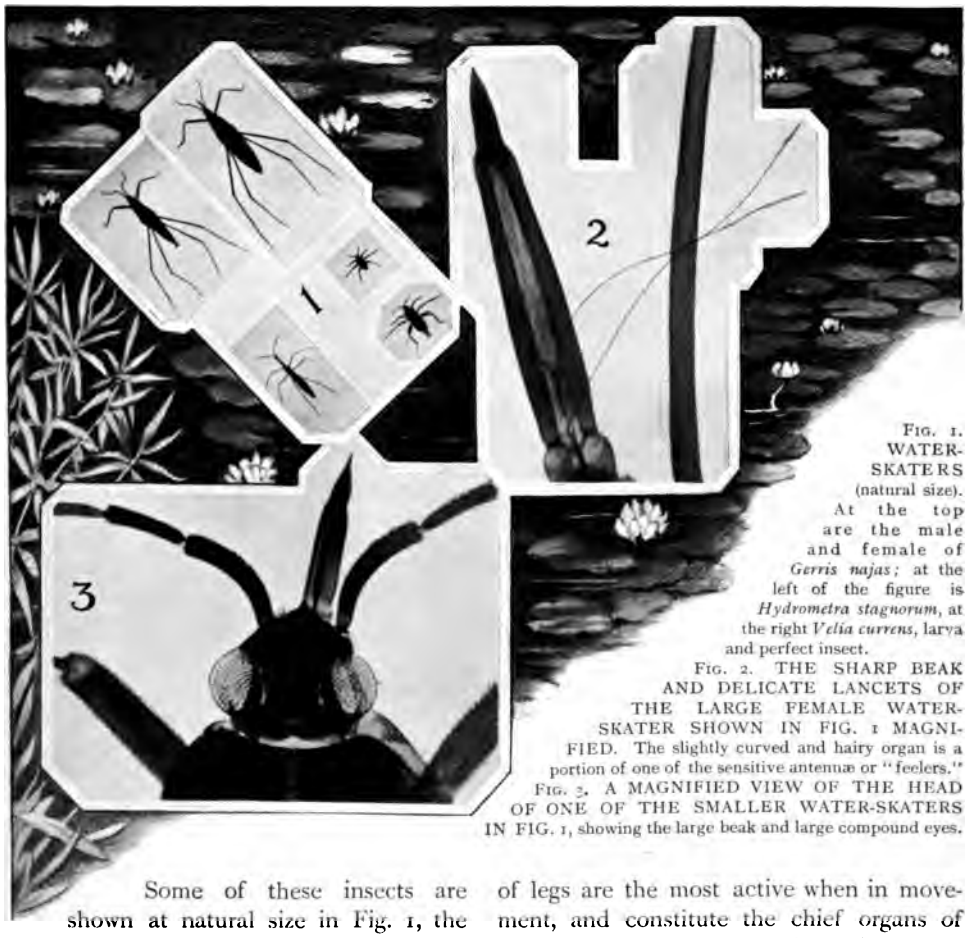


FIG. 1. WATER-SKATERS (natural size). At the top are the male and female of *Gerris najas*; at the left of the figure is *Hydrometra stagnorum*, at the right *Velia currens*, larva and perfect insect.

FIG. 2. THE SHARP BEAK AND DELICATE LANCETS OF THE LARGE FEMALE WATER-SKATER SHOWN IN FIG. 1 MAGNIFIED. The slightly curved and hairy organ is a portion of one of the sensitive antennæ or "feelers."

FIG. 3. A MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE SMALLER WATER-SKATERS IN FIG. 1, showing the large beak and large compound eyes.

Some of these insects are shown at natural size in Fig. 1, the two upper and larger forms being commonly found on running waters. It will be observed that these water-skaters have only six legs, although when seen on the surface of the water they often appear to have eight, and so are somewhat like spiders, this being due to the antennæ, or "feelers," resembling another pair of legs. Also it will be seen that the first pair of legs are shorter, and of a different form to the second and third pairs, these being prehensile and used for holding their prey, barely touching the water, and little used for locomotion. One of these forelegs, by means of which the insect grasps its prey, is shown at the top in Fig. 4, while in the centre of this same illustration is shown the foot portion of one of the second pair of legs, which chiefly come in contact with the surface-film of the water. The second pair of legs are the most active when in movement, and constitute the chief organs of locomotion, the hind pair being used largely as rudders to steer the course. Below these, one of the forelegs of the smaller species illustrated in Fig. 1 is shown, all these, of course, being represented as seen by means of the microscope.

It should be observed, too, how the legs are clothed with tiny hairs, producing a velvety pile which refuses the water; the body is clothed in a like manner, and so the insect is rendered impervious to water.

The body of the insect does not come in contact with the water, but is held above, and often on a windy day these insects sail about like little boats, being simply blown by the wind catching their bodies as they stand above the surface.

These creatures belong to a class of insects called *Hemiptera*, which do not pass through the caterpillar and chrysalis stage like most insects, but in their early stages differ apparently only in size. The two smaller examples shown together at the bottom of Fig. 1 represent the young, or larval, and the advanced or fully developed forms of the same insect.

Some species develop wings, one of which is shown at Fig. 5, arranged to show its wings. These winged forms are necessary for the migration of the species to fresh pools.

A very remarkable example of this group of insects is that of the slender species, *Hydrometra stagnorum*, shown at natural size in Fig. 1. This is one of the slenderest of British insects, and is able to leave the surface of the water and walk about on the bank, and so at its will change its sphere of life, being at home in either place. The former and larger species we have glanced at are clumsy and quite out of their element when removed from the water. Yet, curiously enough, this insect if submerged is easily drowned, and rarely survives a complete submergence.

Its body is about one-twentieth of an inch in diameter, and its legs and antennæ

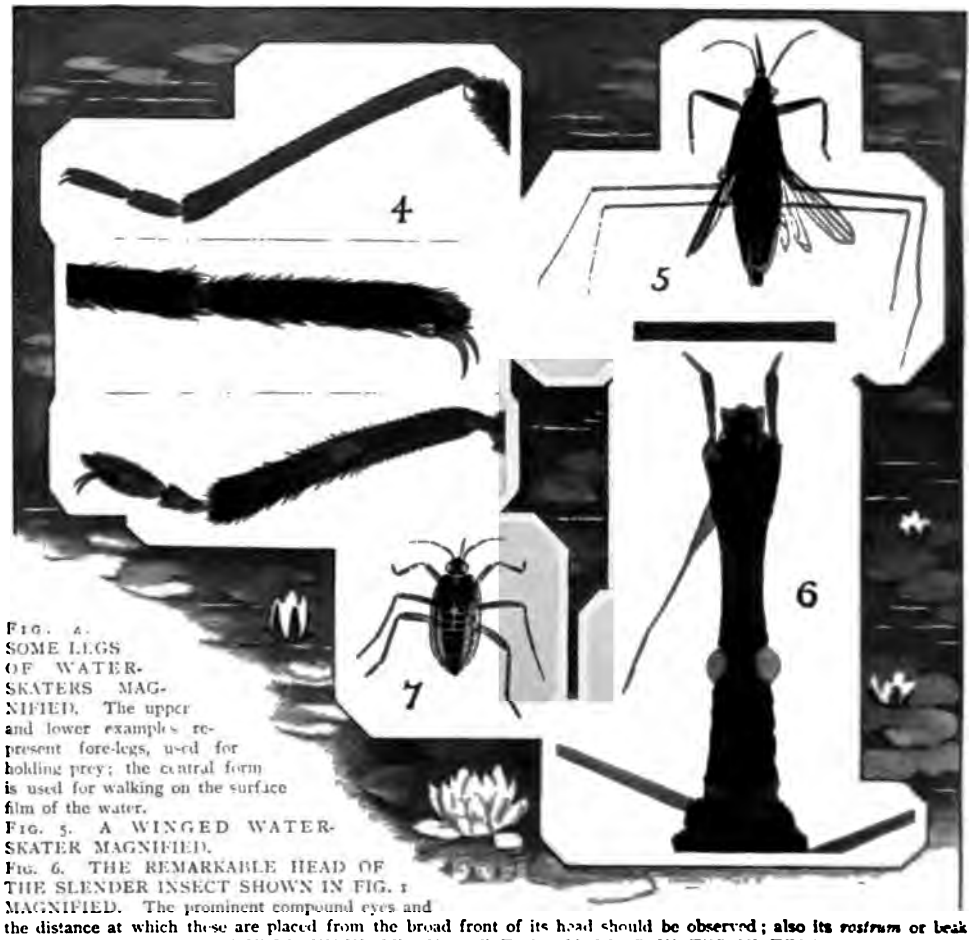


FIG. 4. SOME LEGS OF WATER-SKATERS MAGNIFIED. The upper and lower examples represent fore-legs, used for holding prey; the central form is used for walking on the surface film of the water.
FIG. 5. A WINGED WATER-SKATER MAGNIFIED.
FIG. 6. THE REMARKABLE HEAD OF THE SLENDER INSECT SHOWN IN FIG. 1 MAGNIFIED. The prominent compound eyes and the distance at which these are placed from the broad front of its head should be observed; also its *rostrum* or beak appendage. FIG. 7. MAGNIFIED VIEW OF ONE OF THE SMALLER WATER-SKATERS.

are like fine hairs, while its head is drawn out to about one-third the length of its body, and under the microscope presents a curious appearance (Fig. 6), its prominent eyes being placed at some considerable distance from the front of its head; the latter are very broad at the beak end, to which the delicate antennæ are attached.

The smaller form shown at two life-stages in Fig. 1 is familiar on the surface of streams where eddies and currents are frequent, numbers of various ages often being congregated together, and amongst them winged forms may sometimes be found.

There is a number of different species of these insects found in rivers and pools in most countries, some ten species of the genus *Gerris*, or the larger species we have considered, inhabiting British fresh waters, some of which are common everywhere, while others are more local, only occurring in special districts.

Some similar insects to these go so far as to inhabit the surface of the ocean in tropical and sub-tropical seas, sometimes appearing hundreds of miles from land when the sea is calm, and diving sufficiently deep when it is rough to gain protection. These insects feed on dead marine organisms, and so, like those of our ponds and streams, become scavengers upon the surface of the waters, removing dead and decaying matter which would, if left, eventually cause it to become stagnant and unsuitable for living organisms.

Although these insects have been largely neglected by entomologists and but little is known of their life-histories, yet they are wonderful little creatures, and well worthy of study, presenting many points of interest to the intelligent observer.

THE STRANGE BURIAL OF A "PAPIST" WOMAN

By FLORENCE HAYLLAR

Founded on an incident mentioned by Mr. Wise as having happened on the borders of the New Forest

ONE midsummer evening, in the year 1681, there was great clamouring and disturbance in the village of Long Stretton. All the inhabitants were gathered in the market-place, clustered in groups, talking excitedly and gesticulating. A strong south wind was driving masses of clouds hurriedly above them; the kerchiefs and petticoats of the women flapped and waved distractingly. The crowd was ranged in a semi-circle, which had for its centre a small white house on the eastern side of the square; but no group had approached very near to this house, and when any eyes were turned towards it, there was a look of fear in them.

Presently there rode up a lady on a black palfry, her manservant behind her.

"Here comes the Dame!"

"Dame Hartell?—tell her of it," people said to one another, and then, "Where is Master Drew?"

"Let Master Drew come forth and tell her!"

Master Drew, the minister of Long Stretton, was already making his way towards the lady, and they met on the edge of the crowd, immediately in front of the house.

"What means this uproar? What has befallen?" the Dame enquired in tones of much anxiety.

Master Drew's face was rugged of feature and malevolent of look. His tall, lean frame and his long, iron-grey hair had a wild appearance. He turned for a moment towards the little white house, then stretching out a claw-like hand, "The Devil is yonder!" he cried. His strong voice rose above the wind and the clamour.

The people fell silent to listen.

"The Devil is in that house!" he shouted again. "Into that house hath a woman been received; a wanderer of soft and glozing speech; a child of the Devil. But she is now manifest. Her hour is come; the day of her account is at hand; and by the will of the Lord she hath been made to reveal herself as she is."

"How mean you?" cried Dame Alicia Hartell, bewildered and shuddering, for Master Drew's face was hateful to look upon.

"She hath asked for a priest," said John Dawes, the saddler, nodding his head slowly. "Ay, she could not help herself; she hath asked for a priest."

"'Tis a Papist, then?" asked the Dame of Master Drew.

"A Papist!" cried he. "A Papist damnable and lost! Even now she is struggling in the clutches of her master, in the very pangs of death and hell!"

A woman standing near cried "Shame!" and Dame Alicia Hartell grew white to the lips.

"Nay, nay," said she hastily. "Speak not so. If she is still alive—God is Almighty and merciful; how know you but she may still be saved? Oh! good Master Drew, have you not been with her to exhort her and pray with her?"

The women who heard her murmured approval, and looked at Master Drew. A wild fear peeped through the hatred in his eyes. John Dawes cried "Not so! not so!" in a voice of alarm; but the woman who had called "Shame!" laughed aloud, for which she was looked on much askance by the men.

"And who is with her now?" persisted the Dame. "Who is tending her? Ye have not left her alone?"

"Mistress Winter is with her," said

John Dawes, "and likewise my wife. The Lord have mercy upon us!" he added, with a groan.

"'Alone' said you?" Master Drew cried out. "Such as she are not alone. I tell you, that room in which she lies—I tell you 'tis all aswarm with evil spirits, wrestling for her. Ha! ha! Her day has come!"

Dame Alicia turned away from him. All the men whose faces she could see were white, horrorstruck; the women were either weeping or arguing vociferously.

Suddenly a prolonged "Oh!" rose from the crowd; then—dead silence.

The door of the little white house had opened, and there came forth Susan Winter, the mistress of it, and Elizabeth Dawes, the saddler's wife. Elizabeth Dawes was in her late middle life, tall and largely made, a great, benevolent presence. Susan Winter leaned on her arm; a widow, thin and white-faced, with a bowed and trembling head.

Dame Alicia Hartell rode towards the gate to meet them; and a number of women disengaged themselves from the crowd and followed her. A question was asked; an answer given; and like lightning the news: "She is dead," ran over all the square. Another question and answer; and the words of Elizabeth Dawes, "She died without a struggle—as peaceful as a babe," were passed from mouth to mouth.

Already little scudding showers had swept once or twice over the village; now the rain poured down thick and steadily. The crowd, still talking, began to make for shelter. Two main groups were formed: the first, chiefly of women, accompanied Elizabeth Dawes across the square to her house and, entering with her, filled the saddler's shop; the other, men for the most part, collected round Master Drew and went with him to his parsonage.

Elizabeth Dawes related to her friends and neighbours all the particulars of the death of the Papist as she had herself witnessed them:—her sufferings; her entreaties for a priest; her resignation when she saw a priest was not to be had; the abatement of her pain; the peacefulness of the final passing. She told them also how gratefully the Papist had thanked Susan Winter and herself for their care; and how she had given them all her money, her trinkets and her clothes, desiring that they might be used for the succour of the poor, when her burial had been duly paid for. By her speech, and by the fineness of her linen, Elizabeth Dawes judged her to be a gentlewoman, but whence she came and whither she was going they now knew no more than when she first appeared among them ten days ago.

"And you were not afraid, Mistress Dawes?" asked Silas Hodge, a weak-eyed little man, the carpenter of Long Stretton.

"At the first I commended myself to the keeping of the Lord," answered Elizabeth, "and Susan Winter did likewise. And by and by, methinks, we did both forget to be afraid. A woman, Master Hodge, is not so easily affrighted as a man might be, when she hath her mind and her hands busy with tending the sick."

The women looked fondly upon her. All of them loved and trusted her.

"But I think in my mind there can be no doubt concerning her," pursued the carpenter in a loud whisper. "She is even now in the hands of the Devil. That is so. Is it not so?" He asked the question sharply, turning upon the company his white face and staring eyes. An indistinct murmur rose in reply; then all turned to Elizabeth Dawes to hear what she would say.

"I know not," she answered. "If it is the Lord's will it should be so, it is so. But I trust it is not forbidden us to be sorry for her."

The carpenter shook his head doubtfully. A footstep coming up behind him made him start and look over his shoulder. It was but John Dawes, who now stood in the doorway of his shop. He looked about him with displeasure, and muttered

under his breath a moment; then aloud he said:

"Silas Hodge, and you, too, Richard Oldfield and Thomas Grey, Master Drew desireth you straight to come to his house to take counsel concerning this matter of the Papist woman. And he hath bidden me to say," he continued with asperity, "that this is no time for the idle cackling of silly women's tongues. Let your voices, saith he, be upraised in prayer that the Lord will deliver us from the perils that be upon us; and go not about from house to house as busybodies and fools prating and seeking news, when the evil one hath gotten him a harbour in our very midst."

So saying, John Dawes turned his stalwart person about and took his way across the square to the minister's house. The other men followed him straightway. The women were awestruck and depressed in mind by this speech of John's, and now they bethought them of suppers to cook and children to mind. They left the saddler's house by two's and three's, and went to their homes.

Those who were met at Master Drew's house stayed late. It was dusk before they came forth, fear and resolve upon their faces. Many an eager tongue plied them with questions, but they would give no answers. It was best not to talk of such a thing as a Papist in the nighttime, Master Drew had counselled. Let them wait till the morning, and meantime get them to prayer and the confession of their sins.

The next morning was bright and hot, the south wind still blowing high. Soon after the village was astir, Susan Winter came out of the saddler's house, where she had spent the night, and went to the shop of Silas Hodge, the carpenter. She requested him to come to her house and take the measurements for a coffin. She would then go to Master Drew and talk with him concerning the place of burial. The weak-eyed, shuffling little man looked on her as she spoke with embarrassment. He was good-natured, and he felt for her. At last, putting his hands on his hips: "Nay, Mistress Winter," said he. "'Tis no use beating the bush about. This work is not for me."

"What mean you?" faltered Susan Winter.

"My meaning," replied he, "is, that as I value my soul, I will never go nigh that body in your house, to coffin it, nor for no other purpose. Woman!" he cried out on a sudden, "how are ye not afraid yourself? 'Tis an awful thing—an awful thing!"

"But—but," stammered Susan Winter, trembling, "if you will not coffin her, who will do it? What am I to do?"

The carpenter shook his head from side to side, looking on the ground; but he was immovable.

Susan Winter, full of trouble, hastened back to Elizabeth Dawes. Elizabeth set down the breakfast-china she was washing and heard her with astonishment.

"Is it possible?" cried she, "is it possible? And he said this to you who have tended her and laid her out for her burial! 'Tis true a man in fear knows no shame. But for all our sakes that poor body must be buried. Come with me to Master Drew. Maybe, we shall persuade him to let these cowards hear reason."

They found Master Drew in his porch with his hat on, about, so he said, to visit them. They spoke of their errand.

"Women," said he, in his harsh voice, "I was but now coming to tell you what has been determined concerning this matter. It is not just that any man should be called upon to risk his salvation by laying hand to that body in your house—which I tell you, for all that you women may choose to think, is in truth a possession of the Devil's, and a snare by which he thinks to get to himself a hold against the elect. It is not just, I say, that any man should be so endangered; and, therefore, was it last night solemnly determined in my house that no man should bury her. But the house will we this night put fire to, and burn it and the corpse within it to the ground, and so make an end of it."

Susan Winter gaped upon him with amazement at these words; then burst into bitter lamentation. Elizabeth Dawes was as one struck dumb; she stood before the minister regarding him fixedly. Master Drew looked sourly upon them both, and began an exhortation to them concerning the folly of minding earthly things. He stopped in the midst to take breath, and Elizabeth Dawes interrupted him.

"And the wind?" said she. "Have you bethought yourselves? For with this wind the fire will blow across to Neighbour Grey's rickyard, and to Silas Hodge's workshop, and the next cottages be of wood. By this plan of yours, Master Drew, it will happen that this village of Long Stretton will be burnt down, and all of us homeless, for a Papist."

At this did Master Drew wax furious. It was true that in their haste to escape the danger spiritual the men had forgotten the dangers of the fire. He lifted up his voice to rebuke her, but Elizabeth Dawes would not hearken further. She bade him good day, and drawing the weeping Susan away with her, went back to her house.

"So this," cried she in a mighty indignation, "this is the meaning of my good man's face this morning. Barely would he speak to me, and he would not look me in the eyes. Well he knew I would set myself against this waste and cowardice. If Christ be in our hearts, what need have we to fear dead bodies? But cry not so, Susan Winter. I will speak with him."

John Dawes was busy in his workshop. At first he declared he could not quit his work to speak with his wife. But she knew what he was doing as well as he himself—it was but a set of harness he was making to be sold at a fair three months off; and she pressed him till he put it aside and listened to her.

"Now, John," she cried, "tell me, what is this? Have you too set your hand to this work, to burn down a good dwelling-house, and to make Susan Winter homeless—ay, and to risk the burning down of the whole village; and all because ye will not carry out a dead body to burial?"

"Ay, it is so," cried John in desperation, and with a gloomy frown. "Ay, good wife, it is so. There be things greater than houses—a man's own or another's; ay, and greater than villages; and that is, the souls of men. And I tell you, good wife, we know not, as Master Drew says—we know not what snare is hidden in that quiet-seeming body. Nay, nay, ye will not find a man in this village will touch it. That house shall burn down."

Elizabeth began an eager remonstrance, but her husband would give no ear to her.

"Enough, enough," said he doggedly. "'Tis a thing fast determined. Speak no more of it." And he took up his work again.

The decision to burn down Susan Winter's house was by this time made known to the whole of Long Stretton. The men went about their work with set lips and stern brows. The women stood in clusters talking. Many of these disapproved straightway; but more waited to know what was the mind of Elizabeth Dawes on the matter, for she was the leader among them. They trooped to her house. Elizabeth spoke plain words of sense to them, and for the most part they sided with her. She herself and two or three of the more notable women went about the village seeking out the men. They argued with them, and entreated with them, but they met with no success; Susan Winter's house was to be burnt down. On all sides they found men's faces cold and resolute. Many scolded them harshly and bade them go about their business; others, more kindly, yet no less determined, warned them fearfully of the danger of meddling. One thing alone did Elizabeth Dawes obtain after many hours of wrangling: a promise that the fire should be put off for another twenty-four hours if the wind did not drop by the evening.

Early in the afternoon Dame Alicia

Elizabeth led them straight upstairs and into the death-chamber.

Hartell rode into the village again. In a moment a number of women surrounded her. Elizabeth Dawes told her of the purpose of the men, and of her morning's doings.

Dame Alicia looked grave. It was evident she had more sympathy with the men than with Elizabeth Dawes, and her feeling began to communicate itself to the group of women. There were murmurs and shaking heads and pale cheeks.

Suddenly a shrill voice was heard: "I have a thought," cried a small wizened woman, pushing forward with outstretched neck. "It may be she is no longer there. They say the Devil flies away with his own. Maybe he has come and taken her, and all our care is in vain."

There was a startled pause.

"I have indeed heard the like," said the Dame slowly and hesitatingly. "What think you?" She turned to Elizabeth Dawes.

"Let us even go and see," answered Elizabeth; "it is ill talking in this wind."

There was some demur, for the proposal was a bold one. None had crossed that threshold since the night before. But Elizabeth moved towards the gate, and opened it, and somewhat against her will, Dame Alicia dismounted and followed her. Then curiosity gained the women, and they pressed closely in her wake. There was a doubtful pause at the door. Who should go in first? The Dame hung back, fear and repugnance in her eyes. Elizabeth Dawes stepped over the threshold:

"Will you not come in?" said she, with her benevolent smile.

The Dame said a prayer in a whisper and entered; the other women came behind her, hastily clutching at one another's hands and gowns. Not one remained outside.

Elizabeth led them straight upstairs and into the death-chamber. Dame Alicia had turned very white, but she walked quickly in; and those behind, still holding tight to one another, followed her closely.

No!—the powers of darkness had not come to their aid. Upon the bed, straight and still beneath the white sheet, lay the body of the Papist, just as it had been left. The women stood about the room, awestruck and speechless. Suddenly Lilias White, a young maiden, gripped the arm of Elizabeth Dawes hard with one hand. She leaned towards the bed, and with the other drew the sheet away from the dead face. The little assembly gasped. In a moment, in all their faces, the mingled terror and curiosity was changed to looks of pity, of kindness.

For this woman, who had died in utter loneliness, whom they had cast out as beyond human fellowship, lay there before them tranquil and smiling. The brow was smooth and broad beneath masses of golden hair; the pain was gone; her look was one of utter peace.

Gentle tears ran down Elizabeth's cheeks. She looked at Dame Alicia. Their eyes met, and it seemed as if one thought rose in both their minds.

"Let us go down," said the Dame, herself putting the sheet reverently back. "She rests well, methinks. The ways of God are wonderful."

Silent, but conscious of great relief, the women went downstairs. Susan Winter opened the door of the parlour for them to go in. There Dame Alicia Hartell and Elizabeth Dawes spoke together for a little, and the rest waited; and then the Dame looked round on them all and said: "My friends, what think you? Should this woman be buried or not?"

"Yes, yes," cried Lilias White impetuously, and she having begun, the rest joined in eagerly.

"Then," said Dame Alicia, "what say you to this? Shall we bury her ourselves?"

At this there was silence. The women opened wide eyes.

"'Tis Mistress Dawes' thought," said the Dame, knowing this would recommend the plan. "What say you? Here have we willing and skilful hands and strong arms. You have done harder things ere now. We will work together. We shall do service of pity to a woman who, methinks, was more in grievous error than in sin; we shall save this house of Susan Winter's from burning; ay, and likewise, perchance, the whole village. We will bury her—since it is not to be thought she could lie in the churchyard—we will bury her in my copse at Millhill. Is there none of you will aid?"

The spirit of adventure is quicker to kindle, though mayhap quicker to die down, in women than in men. These women were on a sudden all alight with it. With one voice they cried out their assent, and their willingness to aid.

Before they left the house their plan was laid. It was settled who should help, and how and where and when they should meet. But lest there should be troublesome interference they promised one another to say nothing of the matter to any of the men.

At length they came out of the house into the square. It was full of men waiting for them. There arose a clamour of scolding and angry questioning. But the women retorted on the men their silence of the previous evening; they held their tongues obstinately; no one betrayed her trust. They talked of their housework neglected and the lateness of the hour, and hurried busily home.

Half-an-hour before midnight the door of Elizabeth Dawes' house was cautiously opened. She herself came forth carrying a spade, and Susan Winter followed with a lantern. The wind, more furious than ever, was driving light clouds across the face of the moon; alternate brightness and gloom shifted rapidly over the square, and the whole place was filled with the rattle of doors and windows. The two women stood for a moment by the house, and looked up at the casement behind which John Dawes lay sleeping.

"He will not waken," whispered Elizabeth. "He ever sleeps soundly; and—the Lord forgive me for it—I mixed him his nightcap somewhat stronger than his wont. He will sleep late this morning."

Softly they moved away towards the

eastern side of the square. They went past Susan Winter's house, and entered a little dark lane where stood the workshop of Silas Hodge, the carpenter. Here a glimmer of light peeped through a chink of the door.

"They have come," Elizabeth whispered. She lifted the latch cautiously and went in.

Six women were in the workshop. They looked miserable and irresolute; but their faces brightened at the sight of Elizabeth Dawes.

"You have made choice of the wood?" she asked them.

"Nay. We are but just come," they answered.

"Then let us make haste," said Elizabeth. "Mary Hodge, do you, child, come and help me; and let the others look for nails and tools; and forget not the ropes."

The women took up the lanterns, and groped about among the planks and tools, and the litter of a carpenter's shop. Now and again they shrank and gasped at the moving black shadows. They stared at one another's faces, drawn with anxiety and unfamiliar-looking in the harsh, uncertain light. Then they turned to Elizabeth Dawes and were comforted. For Elizabeth Dawes, once in the midst of any work to which she had set her hand, was not given to tremors. She smiled cheerfully upon Mary Hodge, who helped her with the long planks. Her voice, though she spoke in whispers, was warmth to all their cold hearts.

She had soon chosen from Silas Hodge's stock five planks of a sufficient length and size. They brought her the tools and nails and ropes they had collected. She saw that all was right, and marshalling them in order, led them forth.

The women walked slowly and carefully. They wore no shoes, and their feet made no sound in the unpaved lane. The gale, booming in the chimneys and rattling at the casements, doubly protected them; for it not only rendered inaudible any chance clatter of foot or fall of plank, but it was held by the men of the village to be the revelling of evil spirits, and i some way connected with the Papis they would not for the world have le their dwellings before sunrise.

Emerged from the darkness of the litt lane, Elizabeth Dawes and her cor pany, covering up their lanterns, cre carefully by the moonlight to Sus Winter's gate. They entered, passe down beside the house and came to a old shed at the furthest end of tl garden. It stood at a good distan from any dwelling; and here, und cover of the gale they reckoned th the noise of sawing and hammerir would not be heard.

"And now, Mary, we leave this wo to you," said Elizabeth, when the plan and tools they had brought were all s down; "and we will go our ways Millhill Copse."

Susan Winter and another wom stayed behind to help Mary Hodge, wh was to fashion the rude coffin. Th lit a lamp and tacked a bit of clo over the little window of the shed. Tl others, meanwhile, took up the lantern and with nods of farewell sallied for again into the wild and windy night.

On reaching the square they turne to the left, facing the blast, and mac their way to the opening of a lar which ran southwards and uphill. F some length it was bordered by co tages; then it wound through emp fields. No one spoke. Elizabeth Daw walked with energetic step, rapid for woman of her years. Her companio pressed close about her.

Half-a-mile from the market-square, c their left, was the gate leading into Mi hill Copse. Here they turned in. Tl shadows of the wood danced and swaye eerily. One of the women stopped wi a shriek; but Elizabeth drew h trembling arm within her own.

"There is nothing to fear," said sh "it is but wood and wind. Bethink yo we are doing what is right to be don I am persuaded that the Lord is wit us. Go forward, children," she added the two young women who carried th

The only sounds were the crackling and whistling in the boughs, the sharp sound of the spades, and the soft fall of the earth.

lanterns. "Light the path carefully, for my eyes and my feet are not so young as they were."

The young women did as she desired. The shriek of their companion had chilled them; nevertheless they did not turn back.

A furlong's length in the copse they came upon a green glade, lying fair and open to the moonlight. Here Elizabeth halted them. They watched her as she took her spade and marked out a plot, seven feet long by three feet wide or thereabouts.

Then the digging began; Elizabeth and Joan Aster, one of the younger women, taking the spades first. A lantern was held at each end of the trench. Elizabeth soon gave up her spade to the woman who had uttered the shriek; she in her turn after some time passed it on to another, and so further. But Joan Aster refused to give up work. She was as stalwart and strong as a young man, and she confessed she had rather dig than stand by holding a lantern, for she was afraid, and the digging kept her blood from running cold.

Few words were interchanged. The only sounds were the cracking and whistling in the boughs of the wood; the sharp sound of the spades driven into the moist, light soil; the soft fall of the earth thrown out of the trench. By the break of dawn they had digged a grave about six feet deep. It was carefully made, though unskilfully; the sides were straight, the bottom even, and of full measurement.

"It is well," said Elizabeth, examining the trench carefully by the mingled light of the lanterns and the breaking day. "Let us go back."

Stiffly and wearily the women placed the ropes and spades ready to hand; and then turned to walk back to the village. They went slowly and with caution; but the look of affright was gone from their faces. That grey haze of light in the east made all the difference to their mood of mind. Moreover, they had accomplished what they had set out to do. Cocks were crowing on every side; the cattle were stirring in the meadows; but the village would sleep for an hour yet.

They found Mary Hodge and Susan Winter waiting for them. In Susan's parlour was a long, narrow box, plain and four square, roughly made, and roughly put together with nails. Elizabeth smiled approval.

"Let us take it up," she said, "and then give these children some food. They have worked hard to-night."

An hour afterwards the sun had risen. Great rain-clouds, held up by the wind, were scurrying over the sky. Susan Winter appeared at her gate and looked round the square.

The church clock struck four.

Then came a sound of steps. Here and there a door was gently opened and shut. A number of young women approached Susan Winter's gate, and she led them within. Presently other women came and stood in the square outside the gate waiting. Then Dame Alicia Hartell arrived, unattended. She dismounted, tied her horse to a post, and came and stood with the rest. There was no talking; the crowd of women increased minute by minute in silence.

But now the houses began to awake, the men began to rouse themselves. Windows were thrown open, and fathers and husbands leaned out in their nightcaps, and called loudly to know what was forward. The Dame warned the women to make no answer; and they obeyed her.

Now men came hurrying out, and four or five ran to the parsonage house and hammered voilently at the door.

Master Drew put out his head. He saw the crowd of women before Susan Winter's house. He was in a transport of rage.

As he looked, and was lifting up his voice to cry aloud against them, the door of that house was suddenly opened wide. Down the path came Susan Winter, leaning, as before, on the arm of Elizabeth Dawes. Susan's gait was feeble and shrinking, but Elizabeth held herself erect as ever. The look of goodwill in her

plain, ruddy face was gentler and graver than its wont.

They walked to the gate and set that wide also, and at that moment there was borne out of the house, on the shoulders of eight strong young women, that rude wooden coffin, secretly made by women's hands in the dark hours of the morning. It was covered simply with a white sheet. Behind it came those who had done that night's work.

By this time a number of men were gathered in the square. At the sight of the coffin they all fell back gaping and horrorstruck. Master Drew, holding on to his window-sill with his dark, claw-like fingers, stared wide-eyed, open-mouthed, speechless.

Then there rose shouts and expostulations—all from a safe distance—on the part of those whose wives or daughters were among the women; those especially who were bearing the dead were called back with a terrified and furious vehemence. The women, looking at the Dame and at Elizabeth Dawes, still kept silence.

Now they marshalled their procession and began to get under way. At the head went Dame Alicia Hartell, between Elizabeth Dawes and Susan Winter. Behind them was carried the coffin, the eight stalwart young bearers stepping out steadily and strongly in the face of the wind. The rest of the women followed, walking in orderly ranks. There was no attempt at mourning; the women walked in the dress in which, a few hours later, they would go to work in their houses.

Slowly, for the burden was hard to be borne against the wind, they followed the road Elizabeth Dawes and her friends had taken in the night; between the cottages, past the fields, through the gate, and up the woodland path, till they came to the glade in the midst of Millhill Copse. Some looked back to see if any men were following. Not one appeared.

Arrived at the graveside they took the coffin from the shoulders of the bearers, fastened the ropes about the head and the foot of it, and lowered it into the grave. Then some were seized with pity. How dreary was this burying. Not a flower, not a prayer! Dame Alicia went apart and gathered some honeysuckles and wild roses, and cast them down on the coffin-lid. Several followed her example; and soon the coffin could not be seen for the wild flowers and branches strewn upon it.

But no one ventured to pray.

Joan Aster and Mary Hodge took spades and shovelled back the earth. The company waited, standing round, silent as ever. They would not leave their comrades till the whole dangerous business was over. It was done at length; and gathering their implements together, the women of Long Stretton went back to the village.

Stormy days followed the burying of the Papist. The women had dared to do a thing the men had feared to do. Both sides recognised this; it made the men furious, the women calm and exasperating. No harm followed the burying; and the men had the worst of it in all the arguments. Not a woman could be brought to say she was sorry. Probably, after a little temper and sulkiness, the matter would have been let alone; but Master Drew raged terribly in their midst and stirred up the men again and again.

At length on Sunday in church Master Drew pleased himself with the thought that these women were now delivered into his hands; but, lo! no sooner was it made plain that the sermon was to be levelled against them, than Elizabeth Dawes rose up and standing in her place looked round her upon the women.

They understood; they also rose up and, in a body, followed her out of the church. The preacher and the men were left behind all agape.

After this peace was made between the men and women of Long Stretton.

OVER THE IRISH CHANNEL

An Historical Sky Voyage

By JOHN M. BACON

IN the brave days of old, when ballooning was yet a new art, and the sky sailor with ambition unsated sought to do great things, the Irish Sea offered difficulties which few cared to face and scarcely any succeeded in overcoming. The explanation of this state of things came in later years, when systematic soundings of the great ocean overhead had established the fact that high over channels where rivers or tides are sweeping there are very commonly to be found streams of air holding sway with equal persistency and with the same general drift. Thus over a sea like the Irish Channel where, as every passenger by steamer has learned to his cost, there are strong ocean currents to be encountered, finding their outlet in the open sea, there is a grave chance of meeting some dominant upper air stream which, shunning either shore, sets out only for the wild Atlantic; and to be fairly entrapped within such a stream might be attended with serious danger. In actual fact, ninety years ago the aëronaut Sadler the Elder essayed to sail with a west wind from Dublin to England, and even announced his intention of steering his course to Liverpool.

The futility of this endeavour declared itself in a sensational adventure which followed, attended with imminent peril and ultimate failure; the voyager being carried hither and thither by diverse currents, and twice immersed in the sea, whence he was eventually rescued by a passing vessel, but only with the utmost difficulty, and with the life scarcely left in him.

But the Irish Sea, being mainly bounded by neighbouring coast lines, offers obvious and special facilities for aëronautical experiments generally, and for the manœuvring of a balloon at sea. And the writer was most fortunate in obtaining the sanction and aid of the Admiralty towards carrying out the enterprise now to be described. The experiments which were to be taken in hand were such as can be readily understood and appreciated. The writer had a short while before succeeded, in company with Mr. Percival Spencer, in conveying long-distance signals by sky to a desired spot across the breadth of Salisbury Plain. Could the same result be obtained with equal success at sea? Further, would the sea itself supply the means for steering the balloon's course to some useful extent? These were minor points, which it was decided should be tested; but the principal experiment was one which should be of the very highest importance in modern navigation and warfare.

It had long been pointed out that objects lying beneath water, the surface of which is in any measure disturbed, are better seen at a height above the water than they are at or near the water's edge, and it consequently became a question of great moment whether a balloon floating at a moderate height might not afford a most valuable point of observation for determining the position of sunken wrecks or reefs, or for detecting the yet more dreaded submarine.

Thus it came about that the writer conceived the idea of fitting out a balloon carrying the same signalling apparatus as he had used over land, and furnished also with a long trailing-rope with which it would be possible to keep a grip of the water, thus at will converting the balloon practically into a marine vessel, while it carried an adjustable sail, by manipulating which a certain power of steering should be gained. For the rest, the Isle of Man, lying roughly within a hundred miles of

every shore, was, from position, an excellent starting-place, and moreover, possessing a number of shoals and sunken rocks around its coast-line, would give admirable opportunity of testing the power of vision from aloft to penetrate beneath the waves All the outside assistance that was required was sufficient escort to guard against mishap in the event of the aëronauts meeting with some distress at sea. The idea was that one or more vessels should accompany the balloon, ready to "stand by" in case of trouble, while, on the off-chance of the upper winds setting irresistibly out towards the open sea, the course to be adopted by the balloonists was to give a distress signal, and then, putting on their cork jackets, to drop in the water and fight it out with the waves till picked up. Such a course, however, simple though it may seem, would mean no mere plain sailing, on account of the shoals and currents which might baffle the sailor by sea and the fickle winds which might equally perplex the sailor by sky. One of our most experienced admirals, himself an aëronaut, advised our not starting without a fleet of vessels to accompany us.

LANDING THE BALLOON.

APPROACHING H.M.S. RENARD.

GROG - TIME.

Such a fleet, however, seemed hard to come by. The possessors of private yachts,

though all in sympathy, doubted their capability to attempt a rescue, while the only response from shipowners was one from the manager of a well-known firm who wrote to say that he had no spare vessel, but that he could build one! In the end, as has been stated, the Admiralty, with extreme generosity, came forward, and placing a gunboat at our service, gave us thereby the most desirable, as well as the ablest help possible, coupled only with the necessary condition that we must start at their own time and season: and this, as will be seen, proved a time of wild and ill-suited weather.

PREPARING FOR THE START.

DESCENT 14 MILES FROM DUMFRIES.

H.M.S. *Renard* is a torpedo gunboat of 800 tons, a complement of over ninety officers and men, and capable of steaming at 15 knots or upwards. On board this smart service vessel I became a privileged passenger, and embarking at Holyhead, was soon made familiar with the pleasanter aspect of life at sea on board a man-of-war—the inspection, the drill, the handling and overhauling of the grim engines of warfare, the messes, and that traditional item of the day's routine, the "serving of the grog." Let it here be recorded that the time presently came, after mid-channel and broken sea-water had been reached, and heavy seas were washing the deck with every roll, when one's admiration for the British sailor rose, as also one's envy of his characteristic cheerfulness under untoward circumstances.

Anchored at length off Douglas after a protracted voyage, we were rowed ashore in a sea as rough as a boat could safely live through, and this was but a foretaste of the wild weather in store. It was a black outlook for the experiments in hand, yet the enforced delay of many stormy days which followed led to a valuable lesson. There was leisure to look around, and to study the possibilities of effecting an ideal inflation under circumstances unprecedented in modern times. Let it be remembered that we were not only about to attempt a feat unknown in the history of the country; we were in a land where ballooning was absolutely unknown. Thus the islanders welcomed their aëronautical visitors with the utmost enthusiasm, and at once, and freely, accorded them facilities probably unknown in the annals of modern aëronautics.

This happy and exceptional good fortune

led to our conceiving a novel idea, the value of which might declare itself in time of actual warfare. We were in a position to undertake the experiment of trying how far it would be possible to escape by sky from a seaport town under conditions of blockade. Such an experiment required that for safety the ascent should take place from the centre of the town, shielded from view by lofty buildings, and in proximity to the largest gas mains, by which the process of filling could be carried out with the greatest expedition when the right opportunity arrived.

It was these considerations that induced us to seek for licence which would have seemed quite preposterous to ask for under like circumstances in any other place. We boldly begged permission to take possession of the principal open space in the town, in front of the chief hotel and flanking the approaches to the harbour. It was like asking for a plot of ground in the middle of Fleet Street, or for the use of Piccadilly Circus to fill a balloon in. It remains, however, only gratefully to record that the several authorities who had to be consulted gave the readiest consent, and thus the public place in question was fenced off, and placed under the protection of the police. A pit was dug in the open thoroughfare to gain access to the gas main, and the hotel front was converted into a private balloon ground through many days of stormy wind which forbade any sky passage or even the possibility of inflating a balloon at all.

Meanwhile our consort, moored in the outer anchorage, was having a terrible time of it. Big green seas were breaking over her night and day, and intercommunication even by signals was cut off by reason of thick weather. When a signal from the masthead was readable ashore it was simply the "negative sign," implying that the captain was not prepared to accompany us: and at last, one wild evening, the *Renard* disappeared into the gathering gloom, and steamed back through the night to her safer moorings at Holyhead. The second night after the gale was at its height, and then, as with a sudden change of purpose, blew itself out, and the following morning broke fair, with only a moderate wind from the south.

By some common conviction it was felt that our chance had come at last, and ere the light of day was fairly established the empty balloon had been laid out across the roadway, and the gas company's men were already in attendance. It was resolved that the attempt must go forward at all costs, and in this determination we were further confirmed by a telegram shortly received announcing that the *Renard* would be ten miles to leeward by mid-day.

It was intense relief that we now found in action. We cared little that the watermen began to foretell untoward changes, or that little scuds began brewing, and bringing up troublesome gusts of wind. We could, at least, keep busy, and in truth the swelling and now restive balloon demanded all our attention from the fact that we occupied a draughty street, and sharp angles of buildings and pointed lamp-posts were in dangerous proximity to the surging silk. It was shortly after mid-day, while we were with difficulty trying to restrain our unwieldy monster under an awkward squall, that a ringing shot boomed out across the sea, and echoing round the bay told us that our faithful consort was already at hand, and hurrying forward as our advanced guard.

It was a signal also for other changes in our favour, for the sun broke and the wind lulled, and it came about that by 1.30 the balloon was full, the sail attached, and 15,000 souls, clustered in a dense mass around the enclosure, rent the heavens with a deafening shout as we sailed away. Not, however, without some little mischance.

The moment before leaving the earth, the balloon, swaying towards the hotel, impinged smartly against the pointed corner of the battlements. It was an ugly collision, and gave serious alarm to the crowd; but for a little space the aëronauts themselves were chiefly anxious on another score: for the upper currents bore away to the left of our anticipated direction, moreover, they were moving fast, and should they, as we rose higher, back but

1. THE SCOTCH COAST.
2. THE LAST OF MAN.
3. DERBY CASTLE, FROM 2,000 FEET.
4. OVER THE PROMENADE, DOUGLAS.

a little towards the west, we should be heading through the North Channel to the open ocean, and no vessel built, save possibly a destroyer, could overhaul us in time to render any service.

The view below us was one of exceptional interest and beauty. Douglas Bay—one of the finest, surely, around British coasts—spread its wide span beneath; its myriad ripples flinging back the sunlight. But rapidly the bold promontory of Derby Castle drew towards us, and then once again for a brief while we were over land. This was the rugged face of the heart ot Man—combining in miniature, as it seemed, the picturesque beauties of Cumberland and Derbyshire—streaked here and there with romantic glens and water-courses, and dotted over by bare or cloud-capped mountain peaks. Shortly, however, our course again changed, veering somewhat to the eastward, thus carrying us due above

Ramsay, and so out to sea, having on our left the extreme point of Ayre, which we passed at a height of upwards of 4,000ft.

We were now well out over the sea and, with our minds fairly at rest, were easily maintaining our altitude, showing that the balloon had suffered no material damage. We were also confident, should no fresh change occur, of reaching some further shore; we could even fairly guess our haven. The old sailors about the quay had prophesied that we should make the coast of Cumberland; but we had fallen off many points, and at present stood to reach the Solway Firth, some fifty miles from Douglas.

It was to the *Renard* that our thoughts now chiefly turned, for we relied upon her for help in our experimental work at least, and we were not sure even of her whereabouts. There was what looked like a tiny boat rounding a distant headland, and churning up a just perceptible line of creamy foam in an apparently almost placid sea. Could it be possible that this mere toy boat was our attendant man-of-war? This was easy to discover, and bringing my collapsing drum into action, I signalled "Whistle"; and in a short interval a double blast on the ship's hooter reached us faintly. Evidently we had already forged ahead of the gunboat, and for this there was abundant reason, for the boat was unavoidably losing much ground, owing to the shoal water off the north of Man; and, moreover, as we sailed on the back of a fast upper current, we were making a direct course at a speed of thirty knots. Clearly

CROSSING THE MANX MOUNTAINS; A RISING MIST.

from this point the gunboat must make a stern chase of it.

But the shoals were after all a happy chance in our favour. They gave us the opportunity of testing vision from aloft, and, as judged by the eye, there could be no question as to our seeing the sea bottom well beneath the water. More than this, a photograph was taken of what was obviously a broad patch of seaweed-covered rock, and this photograph being subsequently developed revealed the fact that the outlines of even so indistinct an object below troubled water were clearly discernible at a depth of ten fathoms. Owing, however, probably to a change of temperature, our balloon at this point was descending somewhat rapidly, and the opportunity seemed to have arrived for trying our steering gear; therefore we allowed ourselves to approach close to the water, and when a long length of our trail rope was dragging in the sea we set our sail to alter our course, and here again with successful and satisfactory results.

Not, however, for long, for another and unexpected lesson was gained by our manœuvre, and we soon learnt that when seas are running high it is not a time for trying methods of steering a balloon by any contact with the water. Our close proximity to angry waves that would hopelessly wreck the apparatus we carried, forbade our continuing the experiment. Indeed, a moment came when it seemed prudent to drop hastily two whole bags of sand, to save a sudden and undesirable immersion. And the result of this may be

APPROACH OF EVENING; IN MID-CHANNEL.

THE SEA BOTTOM SEEN THROUGH THE WATER FROM A HEIGHT OF 600FT.

anticipated. Lightened suddenly of some hundred pounds of ballast our air-ship promptly righted herself, and rising proudly out of the sea soared aloft till we looked down on the waste of waters from a mile-and-a-half in the sky.

And what a sky was round us! It appeared rather as some enchanted world unknown to mortals, a far-reaching sea of cloud, torn and fretted, and tossing wildly aloft, with snowy billows, while here and there towered grotesque imitations of domes and pinnacles as of some aërial city, while from the depth arose a strange, soft, musical murmur which filled the air. Silver cloudlets sailing through the void below served to make the deep gulf look deeper, and though the land was yet visible, it was far and faint, a mere dim, dark wedge of earth, the last of Manxland already fading out in distance. And now looking ahead we scanned with eager curiosity a dark belt of lowering cloud that hung heavily across the sky-line and barred our view. Somewhere beyond and behind that cloudland must lie our goal, and this, if the balloon held its present course, should be the Scottish coast, as yet some thirty miles distant across a stretch of sea already swallowed up in cloud and lost to view

Long ere our haven was reached we had abandoned all idea of keeping in touch with the *Renard*, which was not only indistinguishable on the now dark sea, but incapable also of seeing ourselves, save fitfully, against the sky. We learned, however, that she loyally and determinedly kept on her course with many a good wish for the sky-pilots on the part of the crew expressed in hearty sailor fashion. Eventually she reached Kirkcudbright Bay more than an hour after we had passed on overhead, and had the satisfaction of catching a final glimpse of us as we disappeared far inland to the south.

The voyage by sky, so far as the uncertain passage of the sea was concerned, had indeed been triumphantly accomplished. At 3.30 p.m. we crossed the rocky coast line of the Solway Firth, eastward of Abbey Head, and then sailed rapidly inland with Castle Douglas on our left.

It was certainly the wildest tract of land that to my knowledge I have ever traversed by balloon. Contrary to all experience, among the varied sounds that reached us from earth the human voice was scarcely once heard—only the cry of startled water-fowl, the lowing of cattle, and the plash of mountain torrents. Miniature-looking pale blue lochs lay here and there, relieving the dull monotony of what to our view appeared little else than waste or untilled country. Presently, however, came the cry of grouse, telling us that we were flying over moor, and ere long we were swallowed up in mist that was not the mist of proper cloud. It was while buried in this vapour that the tugging of our trail rope told us that we were touching earth. Then we broke through our clammy curtain to find a broad valley below, and as the day was far spent, it was well to avail ourselves of the lee of the mountain as wind shelter in alighting. So opening the valve we swooped earthwards, and eventually were brought to ground in the Glen of Glenesslin, fourteen miles from Dumfries, and upwards of eighty from our starting point, concluding a rare and historical sky voyage of three-and-a-half hours over land and sea never traversed by balloon before.

HALF WAY

By JANE COX

THE world is not the dream of living gold
We dreamed when we were young.
Then, all the glory that the west could hold,
Burned fold on fold.
A molten veil across its portals flung,
Behind whose shade the years lay sleeping still
Like tales untold.
But now, beyond the beeches bare and chill,
Beyond the woods set far upon the hill,
The clouds are cold.

Our life is not the journey that we planned
As we set out with morn:
We said, "We will pause here and view the land,
Or take our stand
Upon those hills and see the ripening corn,
Or step aside along the mere to mark
The wild-fowl band";
But now, we know we must tread swift and stark
If we would cross the desert ere the dark
Creeps on the sand.

And Death is not the dim and distant shade
So far against the sky,
The half-seen trap for others waiting laid,
While we, arrayed
In pride and plume of youth go sweeping by;
We thought to meet him with a spirit braced
By conquests made;
But now, we know, when half the road is traced,
Our hope is but to reach him undisgraced
And unafraid.

A HIGHWAY ROMANCE

By H. A. HINKSON

THERE was much excitement amongst the young bucks when the news came that Sir Nicholas Gold was dead, scarce three months after he had married Elizabeth, the beautiful daughter of Sir John Gerard. That she had wedded her seventeen years to his seventy had caused little surprise, since she was country bred, and her father had gained nothing but promises in return for the patrimony which he had squandered in defence of his King.

At the coffee-houses for many days little else was spoken of, and the plague was forgiven its many victims because it had released a young and beautiful woman from the bondage of an old and querulous husband. Moreover, it was said that the lady's weeds of widowhood were gilded with eighty thousand pounds, at the very least, and that fact procured her many sincere, if not disinterested congratulations.

The lady retired to her father's seat in Hertfordshire to dry her tears and to choose comely garments of mourning before returning to the city. And, since the plague was dying out but slowly, there was the less need for her speedy return to her house at Westminster.

Nothing in his life became Sir Nicholas so well as his manner of leaving it. When he knew himself caught by the plague, he sent for his attorney and made a will leaving everything he possessed to his wife without condition, because, when the servants fled from him at the first alarm she had refused to follow them, but remained to nurse him back to health if it might be.

In those three months she had become a woman, and a brave one, who had been but a shrinking girl, and since she had faced death and the plague she was not like to flee from lesser perils.

So she took coach from the city with but a single man-servant, besides the coachman, and her maid. Sir John Gerard would have her wait for ten days longer, so that she might be accompanied by her brother, who was now in London on the King's business, or else take more menservants as a protection, but she laughed at his warning.

"I will wager that Hampstead Heath is more lonely than a desert," she answered. "I shall not find even the ghost of a highwayman there, since the plague has frightened them far into the country. Neither shall I be defenceless, since Askew carries two loaded pistols."

"He is more like to shoot himself with them than he is to shoot a highwayman," rejoined her father.

"They will make a great noise, and that will frighten any rascal that would stop us," Lady Gold made answer, smiling. "I have seen many a cut-throat in the city that never feared the gallows go pale at the sight of his own shadow, and since we shall reach Westminster before daylight fails, we have nothing to fear."

Sir John allowed his daughter to set out on her journey, with reluctance, but there was no gainsaying a resolute woman, who had £80,000 and more to back her resolution. So he kissed her and bade her God speed, warning Askew to be careful of his pistols, but to fire straight if he had need to.

The day was fair and the sky clear. In the shade the hoar frost glittered on the grass and the trees dripped as with dew. The air was keen and fresh and the winter's day gave of its short-lived beauty unstintingly. They travelled leisurely, having no great need for haste, and the roads were rough and deep-rutted.

The lady drew back the curtains and looked out at the fair prospect beyond the hedgerows on either side. In a sense it was her first day of freedom, and her father's acquiescence had punctuated it.

From a child she had become the wife of an old man, and had thereby exchanged the dependency of a girl for the bondage of a wife subject to the querulous exactions of a husband, whose only claim to her affections was a timely money service to her father.

Now she was free of both, and mistress of what was left her of life beyond her eighteen summers. There was something rapturous in the thought, though upon reflection it seemed wicked to rejoice, because of the occasion which had given her that freedom.

The coach rolled along the jagged roads, swaying like a pendulum, until it reached the "Lion," where they were to change horses, being but fifteen miles from Westminster.

As the lady entered the inn, a gentleman made way for her, with every expression of courtesy. She noted that he was young and handsome, and dressed elegantly, albeit soberly, and that his eyes were dark and very earnest. Indeed, so keenly did they search her face, that the blood mounted to her brow. She made him a little curtsey as he stood with bent head uncovered before her, and passed on, her maid tripping behind her.

"A noble and comely gentleman," remarked the latter when they had reached the chamber. "Did your ladyship note his eyes?"

"I perceived that the gentleman was not blind," retorted her mistress, smiling.

"Your ladyship's beauty would make a blind man see," the maid went on, knowing that her mistress was not ill-pleased.

"Why, 'tis better than making a seeing-man blind, which is the proof of beauty now-a-days," the lady made answer. Then, as though she had treated the matter with too great gravity, she added:

"Doubtless it is some common fellow, who has stolen his master's wardrobe, Sarah. Come, let us eat, since the day is fading already, and Westminster is still more than a dozen miles from here—God send us safe thither."

When they left the inn and entered the coach they saw nothing more of the stranger. They travelled at a good pace, for the sun was sinking and the mist of evening closing in upon them.

As they entered the Heath, Lady Elizabeth caught suddenly the sound of a horse's hoofs behind. She sprang up and listened intently, her lips parted. The coachman cracked his whip and the horses broke into a gallop. The coach swayed to and fro as the wheels rattled and bumped over the rough, frost-bound road.

Lady Gould roused her sleeping maid.

"Awake, Sarah," she cried in her ear; "we are pursued. Hark to the sound of hoofs behind us."

The two women listened awhile.

"I can hear nothing, madam," the maid returned, "save only the noise of the wheels upon this sorry road."

"Then sleep again since your ears are so deaf," her mistress retorted impatiently. "I would to God I had kept the pistols myself, and had not entrusted them to that blockhead Askew. God's mercy! what has happened?"

There was a sudden bump, a grinding noise and the coach came to a standstill, thrown over on its side. A confused murmur of voices followed; then the discharge of a brace of pistols, and all was quiet again.

Lady Gold disengaged herself from the frightened embraces of her maid, and struggled to find the door of the coach on the upper side. The thought of danger had nerved her heart, even if it had quickened her pulse, and her maid's helplessness stimulated rather than depressed her.

She was anxious to face her assailant, whoever he was, if he had escaped from Askew's pistols. As she fumbled at the door of the coach it was suddenly opened from without.

"Madam, I hope that you are not greatly shaken," said a voice.

The lady looked up into the face of the stranger of the inn.

"Ah, is it you?" she said without disguising her relief. "I thought it was——"

He interrupted her with a laugh.

"The times are suspicious, and the place of a bad name," he answered, "yet I am

"You find us in sorry plight," she said, taking his hand and stepping from the coach.

grateful to both if they give me an opportunity to be of service."

She made him a curtsey, standing in the doorway.

"It is easy to believe you a friend, since you find us is in such a sorry plight," she answered, taking his hand and stepping from the coach. "But what is become of my servants, and Askew carried the pistols?"

The stranger smiled.

"What is become of them I know not," he returned, "but when last I saw them they were fleeing across the Heath as though the devil were behind them, and I do not wonder, since the rogue that shot your two good horses should swing from a tree if one had his deserts in this world. And yet I ought to be grateful, since if the blockhead

had a surer aim I should not be alive to offer you a service. And yet I am not wholly blameless for your plight, since I drew my sword on the rascal, and so they have both fled from you. Now the coach is wrecked and the horses both dead."

Lady Gold shuddered. Then drawing her cloak about her, she stepped forward resolutely. The horses lay upon the ground, quiet under their harness, and if there was any doubt as to the stranger's truthfulness, the dark purple stain upon the road dispelled it. There was no disbelieving him; both were dead.

Something rose in her throat, and she was on the verge of tears. The girl had ousted the woman in her. The dusk would soon fade into darkness.

She turned to the man, who stood silent beside her, his bridle rein thrown across his left arm.

"Sir," she said tremulously, "I would be at Westminster before the night falls—I and my maid. And if you know the Heath, I beg you give us your company until we come in sight of the city. I would that I had carried the pistols myself, so that I were not defenceless.

"Neither are you, madam," the gentleman rejoined, "if you will accept a soldier's company, until you weary of it. I, too, am on my way to Westminster, and none knows the Heath better.

The lady looked at him with a sudden suspicion. What if he were——? but the sobs of her maid arrested her thoughts. It was no time to think of purse or jewels, since he could have both for the asking, and still leave her his debtor if he led her safely from the loneliness and darkness and danger of the Heath.

The stranger watched her face calmly, reading her thoughts not inaccurately. The lady turned her eyes suddenly upon him.

"Sir, I trust you, and I pray God to make me grateful for your help," she said, "and to forgive me if I have wronged you for a moment, but I am not used to be alone and defenceless.

The stranger bowed.

"That you shall not be, for I will pledge my life to see you safe at Westminster," he replied. "At an inn, scarce a mile from here we will find a coach and horses. Meanwhile you and your maid must sit in my saddle. When you reach your house you shall give me my reward."

"And that, sir?"

"Leave to kiss your hand and bid you farewell."

"'Tis no great demand for such service,' Lady Gold murmured as he lifted her into the saddle. For a moment his breath was on her cheek, and his strong arm about her waist; she trembled not with fear, but with a feeling that was new to her. Then her maid gripped the saddle behind her and they moved on across the Heath, the stranger holding the bridle rein.

So they traversed the mile which lay between them and the Bell Inn. The gentleman walked beside his horse in silence; but now and again a smile crossed his face, as though he struggled with his mirth, and yet there seemed to be nothing to occasion it. At least, so thought Lady Gold, looking down upon him from her uncomfortable seat in his saddle, and accusing him of dulness because he had not noticed her silver-buckled shoes and her silk stockings.

"Sir, I would that I might share your merriment, and know the reason of it," she said at length, with some indignation in her voice. "Since, truth to tell, I find the gloom and silence depressing."

He looked up at her, laughing.

"Why so you shall, if you will," he rejoined, "but only on one condition."

"And that, sir?"

"That you pledge yourself to forgive me and to keep my secret," he replied, glancing at the maid, "and will give me the occasion for my confession since this is no place to make it."

Her pulses quickened. It would be imprudent to consent; but no woman has ever yet resisted the temptation to share a secret, and Lady Gold was no exception to the rule.

"Then I promise you all three," she murmured.

He took his hat from his head, and bowed.

"Thank you, madam; but I beg you to believe that I set more store by the first, since without that the other two are of little worth. See, there is the light of the inn."

At the door of the Bell Inn he lifted the lady and her maid from his horse. Then, while they rested indoors, he ordered a coach and horses for their journey. He seemed a person of consequence, to judge by the alacrity with which his commands were executed; and, judged by his speech and bearing, he was a gentleman.

After a little delay, he announced that the coach was ready, and taking her hand he led her to it. Then he mounted his horse and rode beside them. More than once on the way they were challenged, and the coach halted, but after a few words it went on again.

"Truly," thought the lady, "he is a person of consequence," and she wondered all the more what was the secret which he had promised to tell her.

At length, when they drew up before her house in Westminster, he threw open the door of the coach and lifted her out, holding her hand in his.

"Madam, I claim only my fee," he said, lifting her hand to his lips, "and if you would have my secret, pray make the occasion so it be not many hours hence."

"At four o'clock to-morrow," she whispered, "I shall look for you. I am Lady Gold—and you—whom shall I bid them to admit?"

He hesitated a moment.

"If a name is necessary," he replied, "Jasper is as good as another. Pray bid them admit Mr. Jasper. If I am alive to-morrow I shall be at your service, and I will do what I have never done before—trust a woman with a secret."

He made her a low bow, then replacing his hat on his head, he leaped into the saddle and rode towards the city, leaving the lady with a strange sense of loneliness at the lack of his company.

Lord Glenteith dropped his hilt and fell back into the arms of his friend.

She shuddered crossing the threshold. Despite the many servants, the great house was dreary and desolate, and filled, too, with the memories of death. With life and youth as her companions Hampstead Heath had been more friendly. What would her father, and still more her brother, think of her adventure? But, after all, what did it matter what they might think? She was free now, and had purchased her freedom at some cost, and if she found her romance on the highway, whose affair was it?

* * * *

As Mr. Jasper approached the mansion of Lady Gold, he saw two gentlemen in

earnest converse before the door. He lifted his hat and would have entered, but one of them barred his passage:

"What is your business, sir?" he asked haughtily.

"My business is to enter this house," rejoined Mr. Jasper, "and since I have but a few minutes to keep a promise, I beg you to give me room to pass."

"Lady Gold receives no visitors to-day," rejoined the gentleman. "I am her brother, and should know what guests she desires, and your face is strange to me. My lord, have you seen this gentleman before?"

"That I have not," returned the other hotly; "but doubtless it is some needy person come to prey upon her ladyship's bounty. Begone, rascal," and he drew his sword. "I am Lord Glenteith."

In a moment the swords flashed under the lamp-light; then Lord Glenteith dropped his hilt and fell back into the arms of his friend, the blood spurting from his arm.

The other, holding his friend, still barred the way.

"I am Evelyn Gerard, Lady Gold's brother," he said, "and I forbid you to enter. If I do not draw now, 'tis because I must look to my friend, but later you shall choose your weapons."

"I have no quarrel with you, sir, retorted Mr. Jasper, "but to-morrow it shall be as you wish. Already I am late, and so I must bid you farewell, until I am again at leisure."

He brushed passed Mr. Gerard and entered the vestibule. As he did so he heard Mr. Gerard exclaim:

"To the Court. 'Tis the Sheriff's business. A nameless rogue with a ready sword; to-night he shall lie at Newgate. My lord, let us make haste. We will soon find a physician to bind up your wound, and I would not have a brawl before my sister's door. 'Tis a matter for the Sheriff."

Mr. Jasper hesitated a moment; then, with a shake of his shoulders, he went on and demanded admittance, giving his name. The servant bowed:

"Her ladyship awaits you, sir," he answered. "Will you be pleased to follow?"

He followed the man up the thickly-carpeted stair, and was ushered into a large, but dimly-lighted apartment. At first he thought that he was alone, but immediately a slight form rose up and came towards him.

"You have kept your promise, but you come late," Lady Gold said, giving him her hand.

"Through no fault of mine," he rejoined, kneeling to kiss her hand. Then he looked into her face.

Despite the sad colour of her dress, she seemed more beautiful than he had thought her at the inn. A necklet of diamonds sparkled on her neck and white bosom; that was the only ornament which she wore, but the colour in her cheeks was well set off by the garments of mourning. She noted that he was richly dressed in a brown suit, with lace at the breast and cuffs, and gold buttons, but in place of a rapier he carried a plain steel-hilted sword.

"You will have the less chance to grow weary of my company," she answered, smiling, "since at five o'clock I am pledged to listen to his reverence the Dean of St. Giles.

"Then he will come opportunely to give you absolution for entertaining me, and yet I confess that I have no love for him."

"Yet I doubt not that he would thank you for the service which you have rendered to me," the lady returned. "Sir Nicholas esteemed him greatly."

Mr. Jasper smiled grimly.

"I dare swear that he would sooner put a halter about my neck," he made answer; "and I have never been nearer the gallows than now, because your beauty and spirit have caught me and made me a prisoner."

The lady trembled a little, watching his face.

"I do not understand, sir," she murmured, wishing the Dean at the bottom of the sea. "Pray tell me, for my wits are very dull."

"Madam," he went on quickly, "your servant was a bad marksman, but no fool, since he fired at a highwayman and shot your horses. I was that highwayman."

"You!" she ejaculated.

"Yes, I, and in search of a purse," he continued. "I am a broken gentleman. My father gave all he had to the King, and got nothing for it. I am Sir Jasper More, and there is a thousand pounds on my head."

He unbuckled his sword and laid it at her feet.

"You see," he said, "I am your prisoner."

Before she could reply the door opened, and the servant announced that the Dean of St. Giles awaited her ladyship's permission to wait upon her.

"Bid Mr. Dean wait until I am at leisure," she returned impatiently.

Then when the servant had withdrawn she turned to her guest. Of his daring and recklessness she had often heard, and being a woman, she had forgiven him, taking a different view of his exploits and the occasion which had led to them than her husband's friends. There was a thousand pounds on his head, and he had surrendered to her. A thousand pounds, and she was the mistress of more than eighty times as much!

She knelt down and took up the sword from the floor.

"If you are my prisoner, I give you your freedom," she said gently, returning his sword; "but I wonder why, when you needed money, that you did not ask for it upon the Heath. I would have given five thousand pounds for your company to Westminster."

"And I would have given my life to kiss your hand again."

"Do you indeed love me so greatly?" she whispered.

"Yes, as greatly," he answered: "if you have doubt of it you shall soon know. Lord Glenteith barred my passage, and I drew upon him, lest I should fail to keep my pledge to kiss your hand. Your brother has gone to summon the Sheriff—'twas he who delayed my coming."

The blood filled Lady Gold's cheeks. She drew herself up proudly.

"Ah, is it indeed so?" she answered. "Then Evelyn would have sold your life and mine to cry quits with Lord Glenteith and his own debts, but I shall be their slave no longer."

The pride died suddenly out of her face and she became again gentle and sweet.

"Sir Jasper," she said, "men say that you have been greatly wronged, and others that you have done great wrong. A woman is no judge of such matters since her heart makes choice. Do you indeed love me—and—and not for what so many make love the pretext?"

"You shall soon have proof of it," he rejoined. "Since if the Sheriff finds me here, my sword will avail me nothing. But if you give me leave to kiss your cheek, I shall have a smile for the gallows, for I love you better than my own life."

She held out her arms:

"I have never been loved before," she cried out passionately; "and so you shall kiss my cheek and my lips if you will, and there shall be no thought of the gallows."

He caught her to his breast for a moment, then she broke from him.

"There is little time to save you," she whispered. "God give me wisdom to keep your love, for love me I will swear you do. Hark, there, they are knocking. Come, the Dean waits. He shall wed us before my brother can find us. Afterwards he and the Sheriff may wish us joy.

For many days little was talked of at the coffee-houses save the marriage of Lady Gold and Sir Jasper More, and many thought him lucky in his beautiful wife and great dowry, and fewer her fortunate, because she had got a gentleman of birth and breeding for her husband.

But all praised the King's clemency, because he had pardoned Sir Jasper in consideration of his father's services, and only a few knew that his Majesty's pardon had enriched the royal purse by twenty thousand pounds sterling.

By Lawn & Water in Kensington Gardens.

BY FRANK HART.

THEY had each some attraction: something the other had not. If one had our admiration, another had our love, two of them were mightily amusing, and from all of them have we had entertainment. They were the peacocks, the ducks, and the sparrows in Kensington Gardens.

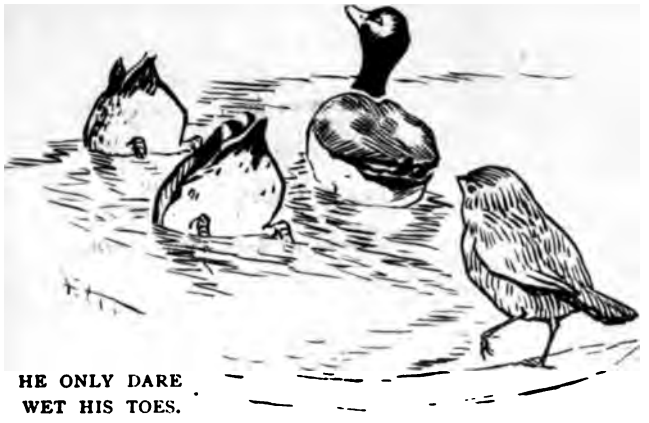
The duck, as Jack ashore, waddles absurdly, but riding on the water he makes one of a gallant little fleet, pleasant to behold; the peacock (you may have heard him) has something of a voice, but it is not half so good as his tail, and doesn't seem at all in keeping with his grand air; while the sparrow, he, like the poor, is always with us, indeed he is said to be a great public nuisance; but he's a droll fellow, and if he sometimes looks rather lean in the streets, in Kensington Gardens he waxeth fat and jolly on kindly benevolence.

JACK ASHORE.

Peacock, aristocrat that he is, looks well the part with his full share of pride, although in such a handsome fellow as he is, one must allow it to be but proper pride. Pride in a duck or a sparrow would be ludicrous; there is no fuss, no stately tread or elegance there; plain, practical, common-sense, that's your duck, in a comfortable and homely-looking body; as for pride in a sparrow, he is much too occupied to think of it, being ever actively concerned in making both ends meet.

We suspect the duck to be something of a Philistine in his way, looking on peacock rather as the superior, the artistic person. Imagine him, in loquacious mood, self-satisfaction in every line.

"Mighty fine, you say, beautiful? Can't see the use of such things myself, give me something that's not too particular."



HE ONLY DARE WET HIS TOES.

The duck is not too particular. Delicacy with him is not in matters of behaviour; it lies rather in another direction and is of a purely posthumous order depending to some extent on the number of his years. But looking ahead in this manner with the poulterer in view is unkind; not that ducks trouble themselves about kindnesses, they can be very sullen and savage, and although not quick on their pins, so to speak, they will even give chase to a poor sparrow if he is too forward.

Or his wife, with the admiration of her class, the bourgeoisie, shall we say? Imagine his wife with the little weakness which some of her sex have for fine feathers and high doings, openly taking stock of the peacock; peacock in his turn accepting it as a matter of course, and ignoring it with that dignity and self-possession which is such a characteristic of the aristocracy!

Mrs. Duck has heard perhaps that the peacock's grandfather came from Ceylon, and that he is connected with somebody who is someone in Assam, all of which is very impressive and to be spoken of with due reverence. Mere drakes are so stupid.

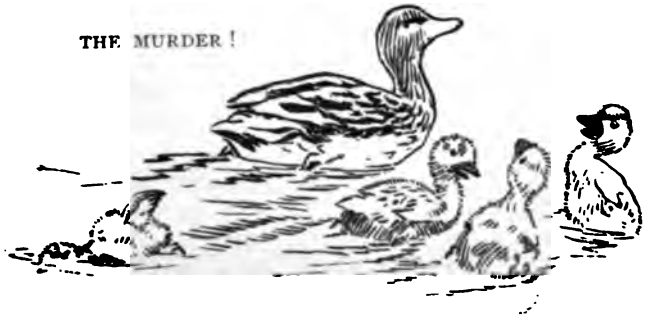
Conjugal relations, or for the matter of that any relationship, among ducks exist purely in a give-as-you-get fashion: an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

And sparrows, it must be admitted, are not lacking in pushfulness.

Have you ever been carried away in a moment of charitable feeling, and fed sparrows? Sparrows in tens and twenties, perhaps in fifties?

ANOTHER DOG!

Competition is an economic problem that the sparrow world knows well and feels keenly, looking every man to himself and the weakest going to the wall. But no, there are exceptions. Here comes one with a game leg or a broken wing who is like to go empty among these sturdier rascals, but that he is being big-brothered by a bird who is as quick as the rest. This fellow seizes a piece of biscuit in his beak and holds it up for little Emptymouth. Not a kiss, but just a little feeding operation from mouth to mouth.



THE MURDER!

IN TENS AND TWENTIES.

We are not quite sure, after all, whether it is not the sparrow who is most interesting. Somewhere underneath his sober frock of drabs, greys, and browns, he has a store of wit and wisdom. He is the city Arab; shrewdness and cunning are in his eye, and in the bearing of him is much cheek and insolence. Guinea fowls and young peacocks, awkward and tailless, but whose breeding is apparent in a certain daintiness of step and curving of the neck, will not disdain to make sport with him. But the sparrow though small is sharp. A sparrow standing no higher than your middle finger, but old in wisdom, and with a look in his eye begotten of long and varied vagrancy, can make a stupid young peacock, awkward already by reason of the hobble-de-hoy-ness of him, look very silly indeed.

"Catch me if you can," says the sparrow, and hops another three inches. Veneration for aristocrats, even in the rough, is not a condition of mind known to him.

Except in August, when peacocks begin to look sadly out-at-elbows, that is to say, so destitute of their finest feathers that they seem to want patching up, sparrows play hide and seek in and out and underneath a peacock's tail, until the bird's patience is exhausted perhaps, and he sweeps them off the face of the earth, that part of it, and sparrow ruefully sets afresh his ruffled feathers, vowing he'll steer clear of peacocks in future, which resolution is kept—until the next time.

Half his enjoyment of life, it would seem, arises from his own impudence, and it must be hard lines to him that he only dare wet his toes at the water-side, while young ducks but a yard or two away can tuck in their heads, throw up their heels, and laugh at him. True, he enjoys his bath like a good Britisher; be the puddle never so dirty he will get refreshment therein. A duck out of water on the other hand is a heavy fellow and slow company for a gay young sparrow.

We once saw a murder in cold blood, really in cold water, and that was the Serpentine. A homely-looking duck with a young brood had evidently amongst them a little stranger or a weakling

perhaps of her own, and she pecked and pecked it under the water until at last the soft body seemed yet softer, grew very limp, and then floated a bit on one side. It seemed as sad as it was savage and would have served the old duck right if some dog—but that's as may be.

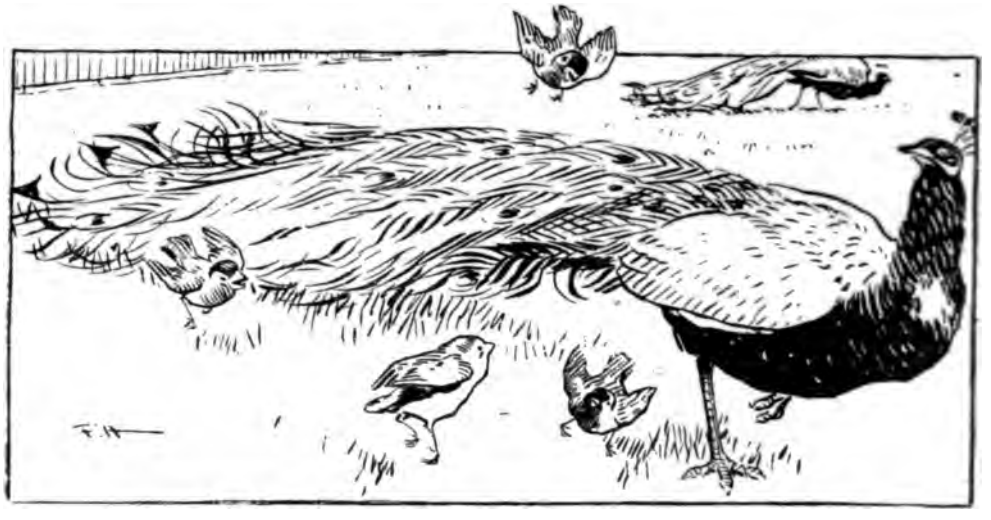
IN THE HOLIDAYS.

Dogs are a great nuisance from the duck point of view; so is a toy ship, or rather a model yacht; but then they are harmless and won't always go (unless there's a good handful of wind, when young ducks are cautioned not to cross their bows); but dogs! dogs look so fierce and wet, and you can't see where their feet are coming, and they have such teeth, and then they do bark so.

Next to dogs come children, who often have bread-crumbs and things, which make a difference; in fact, a string of little school children in the holidays, or on Saturdays without crumbs is almost impossible, almost as impossible as their being without babies or a mail-cart.

On a warm afternoon, when even a duck's appetite seems to fail, he sails out a discreet distance from the shore and takes a nap, his head tucked under his wing, and one eye lazily winking. Then, not even children can attract him. Or

he takes a stroll on the lawn where the peacocks are, and meets perhaps an occasional pigeon or two, whose behaviour he must find rather flighty, and whose conversation seems to be somewhat of a sameness; but then, one can't have everything, even in Kensington Gardens.



NIGHT

By RIVERS BERTRAM

FROM ambush hid, the stealthy shadows creep
Adown the distant slope, athwart the plain;
Pale, timid stars of dusk peep out again
And pierce with brimming eyes the azure deep;
Along the dale wind flocks of weary sheep
With muffled curfews tinkling in their train,
And Day, part-hid in deep'ning shadows lain,
Lies faint and dim in half-unconscious sleep.

And in this hour, this mystic hour that weaves
O'er Nature's heart the silver dews of rest,
Soft zephyrs stir love's hidden strings divine,
And breathe shy whispers to the sleep-clad leaves;
Night gathers Day all-yielding to his breast,
And I—O Love! I close my lips on thine!

STREET IN BELGRADE.

The Royal Palace, the scene of the murders of the late King and Queen, lies a little to the right of the picture.

THE SERVIAN CHARACTER

By HERBERT VIVIAN

AFTER the savage murder of a King, Queen, Ministers, and Courtiers with the apparent approval of a whole people, it may be interesting to enquire into the Servian character, and determine how far it accords with such an attitude.

In the first place it is important to remember that the country has been emancipated for less than a century, and that the impress of strong Turkish rule still remains deeply stamped upon the minds and souls of the people. To illustrate that impress I cannot do better than describe the peasantry of Old Servia, who only differ from those of the Servian Kingdom by the absence of their political independence. The Old Servians are of the same race as the New, but they retain unmodified that temperament which, for over four centuries, was the temperament of the whole Servian people, and still supplies the key to many mysteries in the modern Servian state.

I had many opportunities of conversation with Old Servians in the Vilayet of Kossovo, and I am bound to confess that they impressed me less favourably than the free citizens of the Kingdom. They were kindly and hospitable and zealously patriotic, but they lacked the good humour and frankness which characterise their emancipated brethren. Nor may they be acquitted of undue timidity. No doubt their lives are not the happiest in the world; wild Albanians are not ideal neighbours in remote villages, where police protection is necessarily inadequate, and a feeling of hopelessness is aroused when the accumulation of wealth only attracts the cupidity of the spoilers. But the Old Servians do not make the best of a bad job. Indeed, they always seemed to me in a terrible hurry to meet trouble more than half-way. Their conversation is one long lamentation; they spend their time in repeating murder stories, which rarely bear investigation; they are forever bemoaning their lot with many fine windy phrases about oppression and despair, but they appear incapable or unwilling when pressed for details in support of their complaints. Their manner is furtive; they

talk in whispers when there is no need for secrecy; they look round before they open their mouths; and when they venture upon politics they use roundabout phrases to baffle imaginary eavesdroppers. They have even invented a sort of thieves' slang, whereof I obtained a vocabulary: England is called Needle, "because she makes her way everywhere"; a Consul is either Broken Reed or Straw; Servia is *Kosach*, the Reaper, who hopes to inherit the land; the Tsar is *Kozhnar*, a skin or hooded cloak; Bulgaria is Hard-head; Austria is the Dumb One, "who says nothing and does everything"; while the Turks are politely summed up as Stinkers; and the Sultan is called Taffo, a word which no one consented to translate.

A WOMAN OF SHABATS.

Whatever their faults, the Servians of Servia do not suffer from any such reticence. They are always ready to express their views on any subject under the sun with the utmost frankness. Not only in the crowded coffee-houses of the towns, but in the *mehane* (taverns), which are far and away the most magnificent buildings in every village, there seems to be a chronic competition to argue and shout and declaim. Whenever I travelled about the country I found that every dinner—almost every afternoon call—meant a long toast-list and interminable oratory. In that way the Servians resemble the Irish and the Greeks. But their villagers are far more reserved than their townsmen. They are as voluble as you please, and overwhelm you with sentiment and compliments. But they do not give themselves away. You may spend a whole day in a Zadruga apparently on terms of the most sincere intimacy, but you will never secure an insight into any man's character as you may in half-an-hour's acquaintance at Belgrade.

The Zadruga is a peculiarly Servian institution.

Wherever you find a Zadruga, in Macedonia or elsewhere, you may safely conclude that the population is Servian. No other people has the Zadruga, probably because no other people would have the patience to put up with it. Imagine a household consisting of some eighty or a hundred persons, arbitrarily governed by one man, having all things in common, unable to buy or sell or plant or reap or marry without first asking permission from the head of the family. The Servians are very fond of prating of Liberty, and their new King is disseminating his translation of Mill's essay on the subject, but where the Zadruga obtains they probably enjoy less personal freedom than the subjects of the most arbitrary government in the world.

The Zadruga has, however, many advantages. Originally a family group consisting of a father and his children, it has grown until it embraces distant cousins, but it serves to perpetuate the family tradition and authority. It is also very good economy, for it unites all the benefits of small and great properties, as well as providing for the poor in sickness and old age. Unfortunately, like picturesque costumes and most other relics of old times, the Zadruga is dying out, but it has certainly left its traces on the national character. Though clans may die out, a clannish feeling must long remain. One consequence of this is that the people care much more for local than for national affairs. It has long been observed that the

AN OLD-FASHIONED BELGRADE LADY.

country always gives a thumping majority to any government which happens to be in power. A ministry may possess the confidence of the Skupshtina; the King may dismiss it and appeal to the country, and he is practically sure of obtaining a legislative majority for the new ministry. Constitutions have been altered again and again, but the constituencies have always ratified every change. The enemies of the murdered King explain this by alleging corruption and intimidation, and they have

A WOMAN OF NISH.

some excuse for their allegation. I remember a prefect who afterwards committed suicide in jail. He told me that in his district the Progressists (Conservatives) had swept the constituencies. I supposed that he had very few Radicals there. "On the contrary," said he, "they were nearly all Radicals." "Then how did you manage?" I asked. "Oh! with a little hocus-pocus," was his reply. But if the Radicals had really cared, "a little hocus-pocus" would not have availed very much. There is a proverb, which has sometimes been quoted in reference to electoral corruption: "You may poison a river, but you cannot poison the sea." In other words, if an electorate is determined, no amount of persuasion can influence the national verdict. A clean sweep for a party may not mean unanimity, but it does mean that the majority is at least indifferent. The only political topic which interests the Servian peasants is the question of taxation, and their occasional adherence to the Radical party was due to vague promises of relief.

A dislike of taxes is not confined to the Servians, but it is perhaps more acute with them than with most other nations, and for a very good reason. While possessing abundance of material riches and never lacking any of the rude comforts of life, even in the remotest villages, they rarely have much actual money to spare. Each household makes nearly everything it requires and needs very little money. At one large farm I was told that the family had no occasion to buy anything except groceries and sometimes beef. This is only eaten on grand occasions, and then several families usually club together, each providing an animal in turn. If taxes could be paid in kind, they would not be grudged, but a money payment seems to the peasants out of all proportion to the amount of food and clothes which it represents. In the case of road-making, for instance, the peasants are allowed to choose between paying a few dinars and giving two or three days' work, and they cheerfully apply themselves to the task. I have often seen them in gangs upon the roads and have had occasion to admire their industry.

The fertility of the soil makes it unnecessary for them to work very hard, but they are by no means lazy, and they have a constant craving to acquire more land. This is not, however, from any desire of power or ostentation, for they are essentially simple in character. The richest peasant will continue to wear the same rough homespun as his humblest neighbour, and consume the same simple fare. Only when some Church festival occurs or guests arrive is there ever a trace of luxury.

The hospitality of the people is enormously developed, and strangers are always

PEASANTS OF TICHEVO, NEAR NISH.

OLD SERVIAN COSTUME.

MALE COSTUME, NISH.

NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE OF PRISHTINA.

entertained most lavishly wherever they go. "We have a saying in Servia," an Archimandrite once remarked to me, "that guests are doubly welcome, because they afford us an excuse for enjoying good fare also." The favourite dish on a grand occasion consists of a lamb or sucking-pig roasted very slowly over glowing embers; a stout stick is run right through it, and a couple of men will spend hours turning it in the forest before a picnic. The result is delicious, or would be if the people could be persuaded to serve the meat up before it gets half cold.

The costumes vary considerably in different parts of the country. A typical farmer will wear long knickerbockers, either of frieze or linen, a long coarse shirt, tied at the waist and hanging down like a kilt, one or two embroidered waistcoats with long sleeves, but no coat. The first symptom of Western ideas is manifested when one of the waistcoats is of ordinary tweed. From this the transition is rapid to the ordinary humdrum dress of the European middle classes. The national garb is certainly passing away, but not very rapidly. I was told by one farmer that he had given it up because he found that it meant devoting at least an hour a day to his toilet if he meant to do justice to it. The poorer peasants, however, are not such dandies, and will often go about for months together without changing their sheepskins. The wool is worn inwards, and, in the case of the women, the skin is elaborately ornamented with bright-coloured wools, pieces of looking-glass, and other outlandish ornaments. On festal occasions they are even more barbaric in appearance, for they cover the hair, breast, and back with all sorts of coins, representing their dowry. These range from mediæval gold pieces to battered silver and worthless brass tokens. The characteristic feature of the female costume consists of two gay strips of carpet worn in front and behind as aprons. Carpets are indeed put to many strange uses in Servia. They are not only placed upon the floors, but even upon the walls, ceilings, chairs, divans, and, as we have seen, added to the wardrobe.

The Servians love simple pleasures. They are always ready for a dance, and impart mysterious expression to the measures of the Kolo. They are intensely musical, and can always wile away an evening with interminable songs, generally of a sad, dreamy strain. The favourite topic of their songs is some episode in the history of their old Empire: either the prowess of Marko Kraljevich (king's son), or a narrative of the great battle of Kossovo, where their last Tsar was defeated by the Turks. History is their one passion, and replaces the interest in politics, which we find further West. I remember once, on a Save steamer, noticing a group of peasants engaged in animated conversation. I asked a friend to find out what was exciting them, and he discovered that they were disputing whether Milosh Obilich, who killed Sultan Murad, was buried by the feet or the head of Tsar Lazar.

It is certainly strange that a people which possesses so keen a pride in the past should not be more deeply imbued with the religious spirit. The Servians are far from being hostile to their Church. It is, indeed, part and parcel of their life, but it is their servant rather than their master. The clergy share their national aspirations, and have been known to lead them into battle, but anything in the nature of priestcraft is unknown. It was characteristic that, after the tragedy in the palace, the Archbishop of Belgrade was compelled to bless the murderers in the cathedral. Feast-days are universally observed, but a Servian considers that he has done his duty if he stands outside in the churchyard during divine service. On the other hand, fasts are very strictly kept, but that is probably due to feelings of superstition and a dread lest supernatural consequences should follow a breach of the Church's ordinance.

When we look into the various superstitions which still form part of the convictions of the people, we may begin to realize how widely they differ from the ordinary European of the twentieth century. For instance, when the foundations of a house are laid, it is considered necessary to immure the shadow of a human being. All

sorts of tricks are used by builders to induce someone to walk down the road in the sunshine so that his shadow may be caught and walled in. I have been told quite seriously by apparently sane Servians that they have seen a shadow captured in this way; that the owner has gone on shadowless, and has presently died; and that his spirit has haunted the place where his shadow was removed. How the appropriation of the shadow is supposed to assist the new house or assure its fortunes I was unable to ascertain. Probably in very old days a live stranger was immured, and now a shadow takes his place.

Stories of vampires are innumerable, and all except a few lawyers and bagmen believe in them implicitly. The vampires assume human form, and are remarkable for their grace and beauty. Their object is to find an opportunity for sucking the blood of their victims. I have heard stories of charming strangers who came to villages, married the most attractive maidens, and then killed them by sucking their blood. But vampires may always be charmed away with an amulet of garlic. A belief in the power to turn men and women into animals is also very general. Perhaps the most popular belief is that inspired by the *vila*. It has goat's feet, like a fawn; nails stained with henna like an odalisque; and a white robe, emblematic of Christian innocence. This last touch serves to emphasise the left-handed connection between religion and superstition in Servia. A *vila* may be good or bad, may help people or torment them. Her metropolis is Mount Avala, near Belgrade, but she appears at the most unexpected moments

Photo by König, Belgrade.

THE ARABIAN ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE, BELGRADE.

The assassins passed through this room and the central doorway in the further side to reach the apartments of the King and Queen.

VRANJSKA BANJA, A SERVIAN HOLIDAY RESORT.

and places. In origin she is probably akin to wood-nymphs, dryads and other elementals. At any rate she is as real to the Servian as a jinnee is to a Moslem. She has played her part in history and lives in song. When Kara George played false, we are told that "the *vila* shrieked from the summit of Rudnik, above the Jasenitsa, the slender stream. She called George Petrovich at Topola in the plain: 'Foolish George Petrovich, where art thou to-day? Would thou wert nowhere! If thou drinkest wine in the tavern, may it run out of thee in wounds! If thou art taking thine ease with thy wife, may she be widowed. Dost thou not see (ah! would that thou wert deprived of sight!) that the Turks have invaded thy fatherland?'"

That is a typical excerpt from a national *pesma* (epic), and emphasizes the strange mixture of barbarous cruelty and patriotic enthusiasm which has consistently characterised the Servian. He is full of devoted enthusiasm for his friends, but so soon as his enmity has been aroused he sticks at no enormity. Most of his national heroes are swashbucklers, who, in peaceful times, would be called brigands. Indeed, the same word, *hajduk*, which in Turkish times meant a guerilla warrior, is now used for the outlaw in the hills. The old *hajdutsi* are immortalised in song; the modern ones are brought relentlessly to justice—when the police can catch them—but they retain the half-avowed affection of the people. All sorts of Robin Hood stories are current about brigands who rob the rich and relieve the poor, and to hear Servians talk about brigands one is tempted to conclude that the nation can have small sympathy with law and order.

The authorities, however, go to the opposite extreme. They hunt down the brigands like game, and are very proud of themselves when they succeed. I have seen gangs of brigands in prison and almost felt sorry for them. They had probably committed innumerable crimes, and some of them wore villainous expressions. But they were manly and brave even in adversity. They were laden with heavy chains and confined in noisome subterranean

dungeons. One prefect offered to show me his bag of brigands, and I came with him into a courtyard. A door was thrown open and a dozen soldiers stood round it with loaded guns and fixed bayonets, in the attitude of terriers at a rat-hole. A melancholy clanking was heard, and at last the brigands emerged, so heavily weighed down with chains that they could scarcely limp. I felt almost brutal when I accepted an invitation to photograph them, but I consoled myself with the reflection that I had afforded them a glimpse of God's sunshine, which had been very long withheld.

The prefect told me that severity in prison was absolutely necessary, as the brigands were such desperate characters that they would inevitably break loose if the least indulgence were shown them. And they had certainly committed many murders. I asked him if he tortured them. He professed to be indignant at the idea, but admitted, on being pressed, that he had kept men without water for days in order to extort confessions. I asked him why he did not squeeze the juice of chillies into their eyes, as that was excruciating agony and left no trace. He looked at me doubtfully, wondering whether I was serious, and then remarked that torture was unworthy of a civilised nation. I believe, however, that it was by no means rare under the regime of King Milan.

To sum up the Servian peasant, who, after all, is the backbone of the nation: He is sturdy, good-looking, brave, healthy, hospitable and merry, devoted to the traditions of his race, but careless of modern politics; rich in everything but money; naïve, superstitious, thoroughly mediæval. No one could dislike him, but he must be judged from a standpoint which is almost unattainable by the man of the West. If we could go back four or five hundred years and live among our forefathers, they would probably tax our forbearance in much the same way as the Servians do to-day. Yet, if we could divest ourselves of the arrogance of our civilisation, we should probably concede to them many virtues which we certainly lack.

It is only when they go abroad for their education, don black coats and a thin veneer of progress, that they invite criticism. They are not ripe for the blessings of democracy (such as they are), and much painful experience will be necessary to prepare them. I do not say that they cannot undergo the preparation, but I do not wish to see them in the process. I prefer to remember them as I have known them—admirable survivals of the age of chivalry.

OLD FORTRESS AT BELGRADE, OVERLOOKING THE SAVE.

Author of "By Right of Sword," "In the Name of a Woman," etc., etc.
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CHAPTER XIII.

STEPHANI AGAIN

THE scene had affected Haidée Patras almost as deeply as Koprili himself, and her confident defiance of me gave place to horror and loathing of the man. She sprang to her feet and commenced to pour out a fierce and vehement denunciation of his treachery and deceit, when I interposed and checked her.

"You are to be a witness only, mademoiselle, if you please," and I would not allow her to proceed. "Stand up, you, Koprili," I said sternly; and he got up like a surly dog, hanging his head, and glinting now and then at me from under his pent brows.

Then I made a last use of the invaluable lumps of sugar. There is one quality of the common Turk on which you can always play with a certainty of success—his superstition. Everyone who knows Stamboul knows the power of the wizards or hodjas over the people; men and women alike. I drew his attention to a little Maltese cross which I wore on my watch-chain, and said in as impressive a tone as I could command:

"You are not only a liar and a poisoner, Koprili, but you are a blunderer. You should have seen that I wear this amulet and should have asked your wizard what it means. He would have told you I am proof against every form of poison. See," and I took up the piece of sugar which still lay on the table and put it in my mouth.

This simple act seemed to move him quite out of himself. He started back staring at me with wide open eyes as though I were some evil spirit, and his lips moved as they formed the word of incantation, but no sound came. There was no mistaking the effect. In his eyes I had become a semi-supernatural being, and his superstitious fear made him believe I had gained my knowledge of his actions by occult and mysterious means.

That was exactly the impression I wished to create, for I knew that even as he had lied in denying his crime, so he would lie now, as much as he dare, in giving me the reason for it. And lie he certainly did throughout the long examination to which I subjected him, in the effort to drag something of the truth out of him.

I need not give it in detail. He denied all knowledge of the burnt paper, swearing by the tomb of his fathers, and every other oath which occurred to him, that he had seen no paper and knew of none, and certainly had burnt none, and that as he could not read he could not have distinguished one from another had he seen them. He admitted having put the poisoned sugar with the coffee, and owned he did so to make me ill, not to kill me; and that his motive was hatred of me for having treated him harshly on one occasion, and because I was hostile to his beloved mistress. When I told him I knew that someone had instigated him, and who it was, he swore again that I was mistaken; and no threats of torture nor the assumption of knowledge of my own—no offers of pardon nor any means I could think of could get any admission of the kind from him. It was just his own act, he swore, and nothing more.

I had to give in at last.

"I know the truth," I said sternly, at the close; "and I know you have lied to me again, and when the time comes you will pay a bitter price for every lie you have uttered. You will be kept here a prisoner, and if Mr. Grant dies, we shall take your life for his," and with that I called in the servants and gave him into their hands with full instructions for his safe-keeping.

He had recovered his self-possession, and feeling no doubt rather proud of having succeeded in deceiving one whom he credited with occult powers, he stalked out defiantly between his gaolers.

"Now, mademoiselle, can you read me the riddle?" I said to the Greek, who had listened to the scene with intense interest.

"There is no riddle to read, Mr. Ormesby. Koprili has told you the truth. It is terrible; but you know all that is to be known."

"You see at last, however, the cause of poor Grant's illness. He came here and took what was meant for me; and Dr. Arbuthnot told me that had I taken it, I should be now a dead man. Grant has a strong frame and physique and he may recover, although, as you know, that is still uncertain."

"It is horrible," she said under her breath. "But you do not hold me responsible for the private animosity of my servants. This fearful deed does not lie at my door." Her casuistry sickened and angered me.

"At least you brought the man here; but I leave to your own conscience the apportionment of responsibility and blame. I am not your judge. This villain is, however, your servant, and you will now understand why I, knowing what I do and believing what I do, am anxious that you should not be allowed to see my friend."

"You dare to think that I would harm one hair of his head?" she cried angrily and haughtily. "You dare to suspect me?"

"I think, mademoiselle, that you will do the best in all interests if you leave the White House and do not return to it."

"You insult me, Mr. Ormesby," she said, rising, "I will not be driven away."

"As you please; but if you remain it will be under conditions I shall impose on my own authority. Your servants will be kept from you; you yourself will hold no communication with those outside; and if you leave the house, the door will be closed against your return."

"You dare to make me a prisoner, sir?"

"No, because you can free yourself at any moment by crossing the threshold."

"We will see what your master says to this, Mr. Ormesby," she flashed.

"You will not be allowed to go near him, mademoiselle."

She faced me at first in a magnificent pose of haughty indignation; then changed, and her features softened; she made a movement towards me as if to speak, but checked herself, and with a gesture of mingled dismay, defiance, and despair went out of the room.

She left me, if the truth be told, not a little anxious and nervous as to the results of the line I had taken in regard to her, into which I seemed to have been in a manner forced.

My ill-temper never lasts very long, and when it wore away I could not help a feeling of pity for her. She loved Grant; I was sure of that. I had seen the unmistakable evidence of it in the earlier part of the interview, and I had a disquieting consciousness of having been rather cowardly in some of the things I had said. She had known nothing of the attempt on my life which had had such disastrous results for the man she loved; and the discovery that she had been indirectly the cause of bringing Koprili into the house must have been sting enough without my rubbing it in so harshly.

But, on the other hand, it was impossible to treat her just as an ordinary visitor. There was obviously some treachery behind, whether she knew of it or not, and to allow her to come and go freely was out of the question. She seemed to have been the passive agent for all this mischief. If she did not know what was planned, then there must be someone behind working through her without her knowledge; and if she were quite free in the house, that someone would certainly continue to make use of her.

Then I remembered the letter for her which had been brought to me, and I picked it up and examined it curiously. I would have given a good deal to know the contents; but we had not yet come to the pass which would justify any tampering with private letters, so I pitched it into my safe. She should neither send nor receive letters until this crisis was past.

Nor should she see Grant, unless the doctor declared such a step to be absolutely necessary. I had burnt my boats in that matter. If he knew what I had done in making her virtually a prisoner while in the house, he would certainly not forgive it. And the sense of responsibility lay heavy upon me.

The doctor came again late in the night and told me that Grant seemed a little easier and, on the whole, better, and had asked for the Greek.

"I said, however, that she must not be sent for just then as I wished for him to be perfectly quiet. Like many men of strong will he makes a good patient, Mr. Ormesby, and when I explained things, he acquiesced readily."

"I don't wish her to see him, doctor, unless it becomes positively unsafe to keep her away."

"Then you had better arrange that she sends him messages of some sort. He seems to think of little else but her, and his eagerness to get well is largely on her account."

The safest person I could think of as a medium for the messages was Mrs. Wellings; and when the doctor had gone I saw her about it, giving her a hint that they must be just personal wishes and so on, no reference to exciting topics to be allowed.

I had also a brief interview with Enid, and then being as tired as a dog, I went to bed.

In the morning I had a short note from Count Stephani saying he wished to see me on urgent business: and as I had to go out I left word that he was to be admitted to the house and shown to my rooms when he called. I was detained longer than I anticipated, and on my hurrying to my room I was surprised to hear voices there raised in heated altercation.

They were those of Enid and Stephani and, when I threw open the door, I found Stephani with a smile upon his handsome wicked face, blocking the way against Enid who looked very angry as she ordered him to allow her to leave the room.

"How dare you attempt to stop me—ah, here is Mr. Ormesby," the change of indignation to relief on seeing me had a welcome ring in my ears. "Count Stephani has had the insolence to——" she began to me, but stopped abruptly, while a flood of rich colour spread over her face. "He dares to keep me here against my will, Mr. Ormesby," she substituted.

"This has nothing to do with your brother's secretary, Miss Grant," said Stephani, turning on me, and using a tone of authority which jarred. "It is between you and me only."

"You will have the goodness to stand aside and let Miss Grant pass, Count

"I will throw you into the street for a scoundrel," I answered.

Stephani—and at once, please," I said firmly.

"And if I will not?" he answered defiantly, "what will you do, little man?" This with a galling, contemptuous sneer. Never in my life have I so bitterly regretted my small physique as at that moment. I would have given the world to have been able to fling him out of the way, and punish him for his insolence. He stood over six feet, however, and was broad and strong and lithe as a mountaineer; but big as he was, I was not going to stand this.

"I will throw you into the street for a scoundrel," I answered.

"Peace, little man, peace," he said, with another laugh, as he drew aside. "I have not come to quarrel. I was but over anxious to enjoy more of the sweet society of a gracious lady—a far too rare pleasure," and he made Enid a most courtly and graceful bow as she passed him, trembling and angry, and went out.

"You can go, Stephani," I said curtly; "I've done with you."

In reply he looked at me, smiled, and held out his hand, and when I would not take it, laughed the louder, and threw himself into a chair.

"Did you hear me? I will have no more to do with you," I said.

"I heard you, little man; and on my soul, I like your courage; for I believe you meant to come at me just now, and then, alas, you would have been hurt, and I sorry. So I gave way, and that closes the chapter."

"No, the close will be when you leave the room."

"Just as you please, but I am not going yet; so we'll call that the first portion of the chapter, and will now turn to the second." He spoke imperturbably, lighted a cigarette, and lolling back in his chair gazed at me with a smile. Then seeing by my looks that I was in earnest, he jumped up quickly, and came to me with his hand again held out. "Take my hand, Mr. Ormesby; if I made you angry just now I am sorry, and beg your pardon. By the Cross, I do—I, Count Stephani, of Pristina, who never yet took back a word in my life, and care for neither frown nor favour of any living man, I beg your pardon. Come, shake hands," and he looked down on me with a winning smile.

He was a most engaging scoundrel, and, as I have said before, he had a special attraction for me, and I found it difficult to be angry.

"No, I won't take your hand, Stephani. I have done with you after this. I don't want to see you or speak to you again. Don't come here again."

"You English are devils for stubbornness," he cried, with a laugh. "But I have said I'm sorry; I have asked your pardon. Hell knows what more I can do. I *am* sorry; I like you; I have come here to-day to do you a special service, and here you are turning your back on me, just because I made a fool of myself when speaking to that pretty American, and because I taunted you for being a smaller man than I am. I was a fool, and if I hadn't been one, I shouldn't have done it. But don't let us carry it any further. I shan't do it again, and if I'd known how you'd take it I shouldn't have done it once. For my part, I won't let it come between us."

"I am busy, if you please, Count Stephani," and I sat down to my desk.

"Well, then, I'll wait;" and he threw himself back again into his chair, with complete self-complacency, crossed his legs, and gazed up at the ceiling, watching the smoke as it curled from his cigarette.

"If you do not leave the room, I shall send for my servants."

"By all means," he answered, smiling, but as I stretched my hand to the table bell he started up. "Stop, Mr. Ormesby," he said very earnestly. "Wait at least till you've thought it over and thrown off your ill-temper. Now that Mr. Grant has been poisoned and is going to die, I may be of some use to you;" and he looked at me with piercing significance.

"What do you mean?" I asked, drawing back my hand involuntarily.

"I have come to be frank with you. Your friend, this man of millions, this forceful American with the great scheme has been shamefully betrayed, and he will die."

The intense conviction of his tone and look chilled me.

"What do you know, Stephani? Why did you not come before?"

"I knew it only last night—days too late to warn you."

"Days?"

"Yes, days—the thing was done days ago. That fiend, the man who calls himself Koprili, has been days in the house here—though the devil himself alone knows why you ever let him come. Ah, my friend, you English and Americans are no match for the devils who are against you. You cannot fight with their weapons; and when beautiful women come beguiling you, instead of strangling them as they ought to be strangled—yes, by hell, they ought!—you take them to your house and, simple souls that you are, you fall in love and want to marry them. That's how West meets East, Mr. Ormesby, and how East meets West, too," he said, with deliberate significance.

"You must speak in plainer terms, Stephani," I said.

"Plain speaking is no good now, friend secretary. It's too late to save, but not too late to punish and avenge." The dead conviction of his tone and words appalled me, and for some moments I sat buried in troubled thought.

"What chance do you think you could ever have against the Turks? What was your scheme? How were they likely to view it? Think, man, think. You were to take a tract of land and develop it—only commercially, you said, and wished them to believe. Do you think they believed it? You got your concessions and laid your plans. Do you suppose they did not watch you? Are there no spies in the land save those of the Palace and those in your own employ? What did they find? What is on your island away there near your concessioned lands? Do men plough land with rifles, dig for minerals with guns, make roads with cartridges? Oh, you men of commerce!"

"Go on, man, go on," I said impatiently when he paused.

"Do Americans make good sons of Islam? Were the men in your employ to develop your land for America or Turkey? Bah, I have no patience. Were the Turks likely to look on with delight while their country was invaded, peopled with Giaours, fortified against themselves, and changed into a European colony to serve the God they hate, and dethrone the God they love with a love and passion no man but a Mohammedan can understand? What is your Turk first, last, and at all times, but a son of Islam, ready to cut the throat of his dearest friend if he be deemed the enemy of Islam? Ah, friend secretary, I have heard you boast that you know this country and its people, and yet you don't know that."

He smiled derisively, and paused again while he rolled a cigarette, deftly and gracefully, as he did all things.

"And what chance *could* you have? Suppose you had succeeded, had founded your colony, had developed the land, and all had prospered exceedingly. What then? Have you never heard or read the history of Sidonia? What you wanted to do here was done there; not by Western but Eastern Christians, mark you; and what happened? When was your Turk wanting in a reason for a massacre? It was found then, and would have been now—had the scheme been allowed to go on. But there was a simpler means ready to hand. It is easier to kill one man by treachery than hundreds by massacre; and the death of one man was enough in this case. And that one man was your chief—the man of millions. And Islam decreed his death."

"It is not true, Stephani; it can't be," I cried, rebelling against the ever-growing and tightening conviction.

"You Westerners make poor plotters, for you plot with hands that shrink from the only means possible here—violence. See how you have been beguiled. Lest the man of millions should escape the death that surrounded him from the moment his scheme was understood, they lured him into this plot against Abdul; a plot that is indeed a plot, and will succeed—perhaps. It is always 'perhaps' here. But if it failed, who, think you, would

be the first to be denounced to Abdul? Who but your man of millions—a hated Giaour, who came with his innocent commercial scheme and then turned conspirator? And if it succeeded, what think you would be the measure of reward for the man whom his fellow-plotters hate with the hate which only a son of Islam can feel for a Giaour? And yet, behold a woman was given to him and he fell. What do you think now of your chances, Mr. Ormesby?"

I sat biting my fingers in distress and pain and shame and useless regrets.

"But all is not lost if you are man enough to play a part?" and he questioned me with a look of consummate cunning. "You cannot save your friend's life, but you can have revenge. Play your own hand, there are fine cards yet in it. You don't know all their scheme as they know yours, but you know enough. Go to the Sultan, warn him, tell him all you know and more that I can tell you—much more. Make him your friend and save him and save yourself and those with you before it is too late. You are surrounded by spies, but that one course is still open to you. Dare you do it? There is nothing that you could ask of Abdul that he would not grant to the man who saved his life and throne. You can be anything you will in this strange country. Now, dare you do it?"

I listened to him intently, and held in check the rising flood of wrath and indignation.

"Why do you counsel this?" I asked.

"Because that arch villain Maraboukh has insulted and scorned me, and because no man shall do that with Stephani and not pay the price. By the God of my fathers, I swear it."

"Why not carry the news yourself to Yildiz Kiosk?"

"Am I a fool that I should throw my life away? Who would believe me? No, no," and he laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "I prefer to keep my life while I can. I'm not swimmer enough to cross the Bosphorus in a sack with my feet and hands tied as they know how to tie them in Yildiz."

"And why do you come to me to do it?"

"Because they would believe *you*, and you would rise, and I should get my share for helping you."

"And what's your price?" I asked shortly, scarcely able to trust myself to speak.

"Money—and what I am to have if the plot succeeds—the woman I desire for my wife."

"Who is that?"

"The sister of the man of millions and her money."

The cup of my anger was full indeed to overflowing at this wild and monstrous demand.

"By God, you are the most daring villain I ever met! Go," I shouted; "go, before I have you turned out or before I forget myself and shoot you where you sit."

He jumped to his feet and stared at me like a man bereft of his senses.

"Oh, that is——"

"Go," I shouted again, beside myself with passion as I flung the door open, "and take your lies and your insolence elsewhere." And when he had gone I slammed the door after him in impotent rage.

CHAPTER XIV.

IBRAHIM, THE JEW

SO enraged was I by Stephani's infamous proposals, and so disturbed and alarmed by what he had said in leading up to them, that I paced my room, my thoughts a very maelstrom of seething anxiety, panic and grief; and before I had half regained my self-control, Enid was shown in by Stuart.

"You seem to have had very long confidences to exchange with that—gentleman," she said, with an angry sarcasm. "I came down twice, only to learn that you were closeted closely with him. And pray, have you arranged your terms?"

"I have just turned him out of the house," I answered.

"You were going to do that when I left," she said significantly. "And had you

any thought for me you would have done it." This very indignantly.

"I don't know yet whether I'm glad or sorry I did not."

"Of course you do not. It was only an insult to me," she cried quickly.

The sight of her anger had a singular effect upon me. Personal anger was so futile in face of the perilous crisis that I mastered mine there and then.

"He will not insult you again, Miss Grant. He will come here no more."

"Did he tell you his infamous—insolence? Ugh! I cannot think of it without a flush of shame."

"No, he told me nothing of that."

"He dared to ask me to marry him, and when I tried to get from the room he had the hardihood to prevent me—as you saw. But of course that is nothing to you, compared with your business here. You bring this nest of spies and scoundrels and vagabonds here, and we have to suffer."

"Yes, I suppose that's how you look at it in your anger. I can only say I am deeply grieved you should have been so insulted."

"Perhaps I ought to have agreed to marry him? It might have helped your schemes, I daresay."

"If it's any relief to your feelings to be so scathingly unjust to me, I won't stop you; but of course you know that it is very unjust."

"How do I know it? The creature comes here and makes his miserable offer; you find him insulting me and actually preventing me from leaving the room; you order him out because of his insult, and then—you remain closeted with him for over an hour in close confidential talk. Ask yourself, what am I to think?"

"I know that if a wrong construction can be put upon my action in relation to yourself, you generally manage to put it. So I ought not to be surprised at this—but I am."

"Will you tell me what passed between you, then?"

"I regret that I cannot."

"No, I thought not. I am nobody in this house. Will you give me your word of honour, then, that my name was not mentioned between you in any such connection."

"I cannot speak just yet of what passed?"

"I am not asking what was said, but what was not said."

"I cannot answer that question either."

"Then what am I to think, Mr. Ormesby? Ask yourself."

"Well, perhaps the simplest thing will be for you to think I am just an unprincipled rogue, contemptible enough to make your marriage and future happiness the subject of barter with a villain like Stephani, and that I have promised him my help in getting you for his wife. That is at any rate what you do seem to think of me."

"You know I don't think anything of the sort. How dare you even suggest such a thing?" she cried angrily, flushing crimson.

"I know I'm beastly clumsy sometimes in putting things; but if you knew all, I'm sure you wouldn't choose this time of all others for quarrelling."

"Yes, but that's just what I don't know—'all,' as you call it."

"And I really can't tell you. But Heaven knows there are enough troubles we can't help to make us mighty shy of creating more."

I suppose I looked worried as I said this, for her manner changed and softened.

"I know you don't care what I say or think, but——" she stopped, and there was quite a solicitous look in her eyes.

"I don't *care?* You know that?" I asked.

"Do you care, then?" She put the question quite gently, and I was going to answer rather impetuously when I pulled myself up short and, fiddling some papers about on my table, replied indifferently:

"Most of us care a bit what others think of us; but we can't exactly order these things as we would. Of course, I should be sorry to think that you thought that I could think—I'm getting a bit mixed, I'm afraid," and I stopped with rather a lame laugh.

"Are you very troubled, Mr. Ormesby?" she said kindly after a pause.

"Yes, I'm very troubled indeed. Things are in a ghastly mess, you see, and I haven't the wit to get them out of it, I'm afraid."

"Can't I help you?"

"The help I should like would be to see you all on board the next steamer with your backs turned on the East for good."

"And you?"

"I don't count, Miss Grant; and besides I can look after myself."

"Yet the attempt that was made was on *your* life."

"But your brother suffered. I mean, if there *was* any attempt?" I said quickly, trying to recall the slip.

"You needn't try to hide it any longer. Oh, I do wish you'd tell me more."

"I wish I knew it myself, indeed."

"Do you think I don't know you are personally in danger?"

"I am not. I have shut the door against that chance."

"By making prisoners of that Greek woman's two servants? Did they do this? Did she set them on?"

"You are cross-examining me, aren't you? I don't think she did—in fact, I'm sure she didn't. She knew nothing about it."

"You believe in her?"

"I believe that, at any rate. The truth seems to be, the man fancied that he had some kind of grudge against me and—well, that's all."

"And I am to be satisfied with that, and to know that you are in this danger and just hold my tongue and be comfortable?"

"It won't do any good to be uncomfortable—about me. But I'm going to make an effort to find out things. I daresay I shall do it. And meanwhile there is something you can do. If the doctors think your brother can be moved, I should like him to be taken to The Home. Everything is in order on the island and in the house there, and he'd be quieter and safer perhaps; and so would you."

"I? Am I in your way here? I shall not go."

"Why not? There's nothing cowardly or weak in going with Cyrus."

"Not in running away from danger?"

"I wish you wouldn't put it so."

"But I do put it so, and think it so. But can't *you* tell the doctors this? Are you going away too? You are positively frightening me."

"I know I'm a fool at putting things. The fact is there's a biggish row in the making for Constantinople, and I'd much rather you were out of it. I'm only thinking of your safety."

"Then I'll go—if you'll go."

"But that's impossible—for a while, at least."

"And you think I shall be a useless sort of encumbrance? I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Ormesby."

"I thought we'd agreed tacitly just now not to wilfully misunderstand each other. I am really very anxious for your safety; very anxious indeed," I said earnestly. "I put things oddly, perhaps; but do at least believe I am sincere in this."

"I do," she answered quietly. "I wish I was as sure of everything else."

"Everything else?"

"That you were equally anxious to take care of yourself. Can't you see——" she began impulsively, and then stopped.

"I wish I could, a bit farther than I can at present."

"I will go, Mr. Ormesby, if you really think it necessary; but I must make a condition. Will you promise to send for me if I can be of the least assistance?"

"Yes, if I think it's safe for you to come."

"Then we'll shake hands on that," and she held out hers. "You try me very much sometimes," she said as our hands touched; "but I know how staunch a friend you are to us all."

"That's all right, Miss Grant," I answered awkwardly. The grasp of her hand and her evident good-feeling confused me. I cared so much for her that I was afraid lest some sign of my feeling should betray me and embarrass her. So I turned away and pretended to be busy with some papers.

"You are very odd, Mr. Ormesby," and she stood a moment looking at me. I

could feel her eyes were on me although I did not meet them. Then she sighed softly, and turned to the door. I looked up to catch a last glimpse of her, and found her looking back at me.

"Oh, I thought you were gone," I said nervously, with a feeble smile.

"You find it easy to send me away," was her reply, spoken slowly, and as if reproaching me for not having trusted her more completely; and I couldn't get that look of hers out of my thoughts for some time. She was a bright, brave girl, with far greater trouble ahead than she guessed; and I—well, I had too many grave matters to think about to spare time to play the sentimental ass.

And with that I tried to settle myself to face the problems; but it was very hard at first. It was so good to know she had such confidence in me, and that all her angry words came only from her mortification that I wouldn't tell her more. Yet how could I? What good would it do?

I am afraid there was a lot of truth in what my candid friends said to me—that I should never do much good for myself, and hadn't the head to cope with any big difficulties. I felt hopelessly handicapped now, and the mere sense of responsibility weighed upon me intolerably. Everything had gone so smoothly—so long as Grant was at the helm, directing and controlling matters, that it had appeared just the easiest thing in the world to go right; and I hadn't a doubt that, had he been himself and well, these new complications would have disappeared like magic, just as a hundred others had in the past.

But the misfortune was that his almost magic gift of cutting knots and solving problems was lost to us at the moment when it was of critical importance. He had no doubt made a mistake in allowing himself to be won over by the Greek's influence into joining this confounded political intrigue; but then he was just the man of all men to have grappled with the mistake and have made of it a stepping-stone to further success.

I could not, however. I felt baffled, beaten, overwhelmed; and I sat in hopeless confusion of thought, trying to see what to do. It was the more humiliating to me, too, because if Stephani's extraordinary story were true, it was just in my own share of the work—what I called the intelligence department—that we had failed conspicuously.

I had had a perfectly free hand in this, and had always been disposed to plume myself on the completeness of my arrangements. And yet they seemed to have broken down absolutely in a vital crisis; and a most dangerous movement directed specially against us had been going on without even a breath of suspicion of the truth reaching me. I might well be mad over it.

The first thing to be done was clear, therefore: I must find the means somewhere and somehow of getting at the truth. I must get it at first-hand, too, even if to do that involved some little risk; and it was then that a plan first occurred to me. It was to go in some disguise to the house of Maraboukh Pasha himself, and try to ferret out the facts. This was not so difficult as it would have been to many, for I had frequently had to pass myself off as a Turk. My years of travel and residence in the East had tanned my complexion so that very little "make-up" was necessary for the part, while my colloquial knowledge of the language had got me round more than one very ugly corner.

It was essential that I should gain admittance to the Pasha's own presence, of course; and I turned over half-a-dozen ideas as to the character in which I could do this. I might play on his religious feeling as a half-mad fanatic or fakeer; or work on his superstition as a wizard, pretending I had some occult message or mission to him; or again, I might go as a provincial from his old vilayet, and warn him of a plot against his life. But I liked none of these.

Then all suddenly, the very thing occurred to me. I would personate the dog Koprili himself, and report to the Pasha the progress of events here. Many things lent themselves to the plan and promised to help me greatly. Koprili, for

instance, unlike the vast majority of Turks, always wore the old oriental dress, and this would form an excellent disguise for me, while it would render it the more unlikely that Maraboukh, who was probably accustomed to interview Koprili secretly, would recognise me as Grant's interpreter.

Although I thought I could carry through the impersonation successfully, I had of course to face the risk of discovery; and I thought long and carefully over the business: what steps I could take in the first place to minimise the risk, and in the second to prevent mischief resulting to those at the White House if I failed and got into trouble.

There was one obviously rotten strand in the thread of my plan—I did not really know who Koprili was, or what were his real relations with the Pasha. I had been so short-sighted as never to suspect he was other than just the Greek's servant, and had never bothered my head about him. But Stephani's hints in regard to him had startled me, and I resolved to ascertain all I could before taking the plunge. If I went in ignorance, I might make a fatal blunder at the very threshold, and so ruin everything

Two means suggested themselves. One was to prey on the fellow's fears and force the information out of him by torture and the threat of instant death; and the other to see whether any of the spies in my employment could identify him. I chose the latter as the quicker and surer course, and because one of my men was very likely to know all I needed to learn.

This was a certain old Jew named Ibrahim, who had played many parts in his time, and most of them ugly ones. He had been for some years engaged in a certain kind of horribly depraved and nefarious traffic which had brought him into vicious contact with all sorts and conditions of people in the capital; and as he was utterly without scruple, he had used it to acquire a fund of information for the purposes of blackmail.

I had once rendered him a service by rescuing his granddaughter, who lived with him, from a very dubious fate, and he had shown his gratitude in a hundred ways since. That has always struck me as one of the most singular characteristics of the Easterns. Let them be what they will—thieves, rogues, liars, cut-throats, anything—render them a service and touch them in some way that rouses their vivid sense of gratitude, and they will serve you with the fidelity of a dog.

Old Ibrahim lived in that most terrible slum in the world, Balat, the Jew quarter of Constantinople; and not wishing my visit to be too public, I stopped the carriage on the confines, and walked through the loathsome byways to his house. No pen can adequately describe that home of pestilence and stench in which the Jews of Constantinople swarm together and manage somehow to exist. Filth is everywhere—filth in the streets; filth in the open drains that run down them; filth in the houses and all over the houses; filth on the people—men, women and children alike reek with it; filth in the very air you breathe, noisome, noxious, and utterly revolting. They eat, drink, sleep in it, and to the marvel of all who have seen it for themselves, they thrive and multiply on it.

And Ibrahim's house was only a little less filthy, though larger, than those about him, and his granddaughter who admitted me was as dirty as the surroundings.

"Ah, the Effendi," he exclaimed, when he saw me, and rose, and made me a sweeping salaam. He was a grand-looking old fellow, upright and clear-eyed, and if his beard and hands and clothes had only been washed, would have presented a fine type.

I returned his greeting, and for a few minutes we sat making flowery speeches. I always gave him substantial cause to be glad of my visits, for although I believed he would have served me without payment, I knew his weakness for money and paid him accordingly.

"I want your assistance, Ibrahim," I said at length.

"My lord has but to ask and all I have is at his disposal."

"I haven't come to borrow money," I returned. He was a usurer, I knew, and did

Ibrahim rose and made me a sweeping salaam.

a large business in small loans at big interests among his fellow Jews.

"My lord has but to speak. Ibrahim is only poor but he never forgets."

"It's your memory I wish to borrow, Ibrahim. I wish you to come with me to the White House."

His face fell at this. He was chary now of showing himself in very frequented places.

"My lord, your servant is old; my steps are feeble and my strength is small." He was, in fact, as hale as a man five and twenty years his junior, but I let him run on with his string of excuses, and then quietly repeated my words, adding that in no other way could he serve me, and that I would give him half a gold lira for every quarter-of-an-hour he was absent from his house, and would double the amount if he could give me the information I needed.

His bright old eyes glistened at this, and his next string of excuses was much shorter. Of course I paid no heed to them.

"I wish you to identify a man named Koprili, who has tried to poison me. I have my carriage close to Balat; no one shall see you, not even the man you are to identity; and I'll make it a full lira instead of a half. No one else can serve me and, mark this, my life may be in danger if you refuse."

"My lord has but to speak, and it is for his servant to obey." In other words, the last two considerations clinched the business and decided him; and we were soon on our way together.

I took him into my room, and having carefully concealed him where he could see Koprili without being seen, I sent Stuart and another man to bring my prisoner in.

I put a few questions to the scoundrel, and myself took advantage of the interview to study his gestures, and particularly his voice and intonation, and then sent him away, telling Stuart to strip him and bring the clothes to me, and find something for him to wear meanwhile.

"Well, Ibrahim?" I asked the old Jew eagerly, and found him labouring under deep excitement.

"What does my lord say the dog calls himself?" and the old man's tone was full of hate.

"Koprili, the servant of Mademoiselle Haidée Patras, the Greek."

"The dog lies to my lord," was the reply, uttered fiercely, with kindling eye. "He is Hamdi, the son of Sarim, and a creature of the tyrant, Maraboukh Pasha, that man of blood;" and he gave a long and detailed account of Koprili's vigorous and very unsavoury past.

"Is he still one of Maraboukh Pasha's men, and likely to be in communication with him?" I asked.

"My lord may count upon that surely—why else should he be here, or anywhere?"

"You are quite sure?"

"Does Ibrahim forget those who seek to injure him and his?"

"I see, you have a little account to settle with him."

"He is a dog, fit only for a dog's death," cried the old Jew vindictively.

"Have you any friends in the Pasha's house, Ibrahim?"

"I have many friends, my lord, as well as enemies."

"That means you have; well, I'm going to trust you with my life, possibly. I am going to personate Hamdi, or Koprili as I call him, and am going as Koprili to the Pasha's house to find out what I can find out in no other way. I hope to do it without being recognised; but if I am discovered, there may be trouble of some kind. Can you get your friends there to help me if the trouble does come?"

"My lord is surely mad!" exclaimed the old man.

"I daresay it looks like it, but I'm going all the same, and I'm going at once. Send someone here to-night to ask if I have got back, safe and sound, and if not, you'll know how to act to get me a friend there. I may need one badly."

"Of a certainty my lord is mad," he said again.

"Will you do this? I shall pay liberally."

"My lord has but to command, and all I can I will."

"There's still something more, Ibrahim. There's some devilment going on in regard

to His Majesty the Sultan. If I get into a mess at the Pasha's, I shall not be able to do anything; but I want you to watch with the eyes of a mountain wolf, and with all the spies you can safely employ, and bring straight here to this house all the news you can ferret out. Maraboukh, the man of blood, as you call him, is in it all and probably at the bottom of it, and you must dog everything that is done and bring word here."

"My lord's word is his servant's law, but the task is heavy and his servant is old."

"And the pay will be heavy, too, Ibrahim. You understand, it must be done, and I hold you to your oath to serve me."

For some minutes he stood in silence, his head bent, thinking deeply.

"It shall be done as my lord wishes, to the best of his servant's power."

"Good! I want no more than that," I said; and I paid him for the present business, gave him a liberal sum on account of the much higher task, and sent him away.

There was no man in all Turkey I would rather have had for the work; and none more to be relied upon in a time of need such as this.

CHAPTER XV.

MY SPY ENTERPRISE

WHEN Ibrahim had left me I had only to complete the arrangements necessary to provide for the contingency of my being discovered by Maraboukh Pasha and detained. While Grant lay ill, our plans had perforce to remain at a standstill; and thus, although my absence might cause inconvenience, as I had in a manner taken over the direction of the White House affairs, yet it was not likely to be really serious. Even if I did not return at all, the worst result would be to cause temporary confusion.

Someone must, however, be ready to give the necessary orders, and as Grant was out of the question, that someone would have to be Enid.

This necessitated my giving her some kind of hint that I might be away for a time, and I therefore sent Stuart to ask if I could have five minutes' conversation, and whether I should go to her or she would come to me.

My chief wish was that, pending the troubles in the city, which I gathered from Stephani were now imminent, Grant and Enid, with the chief part of the household, should be removed to The Home, as they would be safer from any risk of disturbance on the island than even in Pera. My intention was to remain by myself at the White House and watch events, keeping up constant communication with the island. Our arrangements in this respect were already complete. A steam launch, with steam up night and day, was kept at the Galata landing stage; another at the island, and a third boat, a beautiful electric launch which Grant had brought from America, was also at Galata. I wrote notes for Stuart to deliver to the men in charge of all these, giving them instructions to be specially vigilant.

I had just finished them when Enid came.

"Stuart says you wish to see me, Mr. Ormesby. Is anything the matter?"

"You needn't have bothered to come to me; I could have come up to you. I'm sorry. No, there's nothing the matter; but I haven't seen Dr. Arbuthnot to-day, and I wanted to know his report."

"He's coming again this evening," she said quickly, as if guessing there was something behind my words. That woman's instinct of hers was embarrassingly quick at times.

"I'm afraid I may have to be out," I answered indifferently. "But what is his report?" She kept her eyes on me with a sharp, penetrating, inquiring expression.

"He thinks Cyrus is better. The doctor asked for you. I think it was about the Vienna specialist, Dr. Eberhardt."

"He is coming, I hope?"

"Yes, he will be here to-morrow morning."

"Good. Did you mention about moving Cyrus to The Home?"

"Yes, and he seems to approve. I told

him you were very urgent about it. But what is going to happen? You are very peculiar."

"Aren't you a little suspicious?" I asked with a smile.

"No. I am simply reading what I see in your face and manner."

"You mean I seem worried; I daresay I look it a bit."

She paused, and then replied slowly: "No, I don't mean that. You are meditating some fresh step. What is it?"

"Nothing that need call so earnest a look to your face. You might be trying to hypnotise me"; and I tried to carry things off with a laugh again.

"Well, you sent for me to tell me something in connection with it," she replied, waving aside my pretence.

"All I wish to say is that, as I have to go out, I thought you ought to know it, in case I should be detained, and any matters call for attention in my absence."

"Detained!" she repeated, catching at the word. "Why detained?"

"Oh, I don't suppose I shall be, but I thought someone ought to know."

"Who is likely to detain you?"

"No one, of course; but one can never tell." Her steady, questioning eyes made me uncomfortable.

"But if you don't think you will be detained, why make such a point of telling me—of warning me, rather?"

"You would make an excellent cross-examiner."

"But you are not a communicative witness, Mr. Ormesby. Just say plainly what you mean. Are you going into any danger?"

"Danger! Absurd," I returned lightly. "The only thing is that, as I may have to be absent some hours perhaps, or perhaps even longer, and some of the many little arrangements here will need someone's attention, you would naturally see to them, and ought to know, therefore, that you might be called upon. I don't want you to be worrying yourself if I'm not here. That's all."

"All, is it? All that you mean to tell me, I suppose. I presume you don't mean me to believe that, when things are at this critical pass with us, you are going out for a little pleasure jaunt, and would leave us to shift for ourselves. I don't believe that of you."

"It isn't altogether pleasure. It's business, in fact, and these business interviews last no end of a time in this dilatory land sometimes.

"Do they run into days, Mr. Ormesby?"

I may have to go on somewhere else, a bit of a journey perhaps."

"And you wish me to see to things here in your absence?"

"Yes, that's about it."

"And yet at the same time I'm to be at The Home?"

"No, you haven't caught me," I said, annoyed at my slip, but covering it quickly with a laugh. "It's that I mean—just to see after the arrangements for the removal there."

"Because you try to explain away a discrepancy, it does not alter the fact that it *was* one. But I will do as you wish." She showed such sudden compliance that I on my side was suspicious.

"You will go with your brother to The Home?"

"Yes."

"And remain there?"

"I will do what you asked me."

"What does that mean?"

"That I will not let you be the only one of us to take risks. I will go to the island with Cyrus, and then I shall return here to see to things, as you say, until you return."

"But you can do no good here, and may greatly add to my embarrassments. I hope you will do nothing of the kind."

"Suppose you should need help urgently and suddenly, and there was no one here to send it? Are you to be left in the lurch?"

"But there is no possibility of it, and you might be in real danger here. I ask you, Miss Grant, not to do this."

"You may ask anything but that."

"But I do, I press it. I beg of you most earnestly not to do anything of the kind."

"Do you think none of us care about your safety? I mean," she added hurriedly, "that while Cyrus is ill, is not your safety a matter of genuine concern to all of—to all the interests here?" Then impetuously: "I could not stay there and know you were in danger; I could not."

"But if I were in any danger—which I shall not be—I could as easily send to the island as here to the White House."

"I could not do it; I could not," she repeated.

"May I venture to put it as a personal favour? Of course I have no sort of claim to do that, I know; but it would be a genuine kindness. I won't hide from you what you seem to have guessed, that there is just the chance of some trouble coming out of this thing for me, and it would make it so much easier for me if I knew you were all right at The Home. Believe me, your safety is so much to me that——" I pulled up short, not seeing quite where I might be led.

"Is it?" she asked, glancing at me, and then as quickly lowering her eyes.

"I am going into this thing with no object but to try and clear matters up a bit," I said, after a moment's pause to get my wits in hand again; "but I should never forgive myself if the result were to be any danger to—to anyone at the White House."

"Do you think we don't believe that? But I can't promise you. You must leave me to act as I think best in your—in all interests. I will stay at The Home, if I can. Don't ask me to promise more. I shall be so anxious."

"You will help me best by remaining there; really you will."

"I can't promise any more," she said deliberately, after a pause.

"Well, I shall hope to find you there on my return—unless I manage to get back this evening before you go. And that's most probable."

"And if you don't, good-bye; and I wish you success"; and to my surprise, she held out her hand. "I am glad you have told me," she added, as we shook hands.

"I'm not sure that I am, for I believe we're making a mountain of a molehill," I answered, smiling. But she had only the ghost of a smile in reply, and indeed looked very serious.

The moment she had gone I hurried my preparations. With Stuart's assistance I dressed myself in Koprili's clothes, made the few slight but necessary touches for my "make-up," wrapped a bandage across my forehead as if I had been hurt, thus concealing a part of my face, slipped a loaded revolver and some spare cartridges into an inner pocket, and was ready. Stuart was obviously very curious about it all, and had some difficulty in hiding his feelings.

"Like old times, sir," he said at length. He had been with me some years, and had seen me disguised many a time as a Turk.

"Yes, Stuart; and, as in old times, silence is necessary."

"Yes, sir. And am I to stay here?"

"Of course. Let me out the private way, and expect me back in about three hours or so. If I don't come back to-night or to-morrow, just keep the fact of my absence secret, as far as you can. You may tell Miss Grant, if she is here, but no one else if you can help it. I expect Mr. Grant will be moved to The Home this evening, and most of the servants will go with him; but you must wait here. And mark this, if Miss Grant returns here, I trust largely to you to see that she comes to no harm. Mind that—I look to you."

"I'll do my best, sir," he promised. "But if anything happens, can I communicate with you?"

"No, for I don't quite know where I shall be."

With that he let me out through a private door leading from my room into the grounds, and I heard him bar and bolt it behind me as I set off at a smart pace down the hill to the old bridge, taking the shortest route to Maraboukh Pasha's house. The wind was blowing up fresh from the Sea of Marmora, and I folded the caftan closely about me until I got under the shelter of Stamboul.

Wily and sharp as I knew Maraboukh to be, I was not so much afraid of his penetrating my disguise as that some of the people of the household might do so.

There were sure to be some who knew Koprili well; and if by ill-luck I stumbled against one of these, my mission might come to an untimely end before it had been of the slightest use to us.

In this adventure, however, I had a point in my favour. Ibrahim had told me that Koprili was thoroughly detested by Maraboukh's men, by whom he was regarded as a spy. He had at one time occupied a somewhat important secretarial position in the household, but had been degraded on account of some rascality, and had been allowed to remain on sufferance to do any black and dirty work from which the rest shrank. But the eyes of an Eastern's hate can be very piercing; and on my way to the house I thought of a trick that might meet the difficulty.

This was to sham illness as the result of ill-treatment, to declare that I had been bastinadoed, and to assume the stiff limping walk of a wounded man. This would also serve to give colour to my statement that I had urgent news for the Pasha's own ear, and probably get me to him without delay.

My heart began to beat uncomfortably fast as the house came in sight, and I crawled limping up to the door, speculating with much anxiety as to the manner of my reception.

The two servants who stood on watch outside, as soldiers stand before the houses of high officials, evidently did not know me as Koprili, and my heart fell in consequence.

I feared my "make-up" was a failure: but to my intense relief and gratification the janitor on catching sight of me hailed me by name, and began to jeer.

"Ah, illustrious Hamdi, worthy son of Sarim, thou spitter upon tombs, what ill news bringest thou here?"

I shot a glance of anger at him, and growled out a curse in Koprili's guttural tone. As he caught fuller sight of that part of my face which was exposed, he started and looked sharply at me, but my imitation of the voice seemed to reassure him.

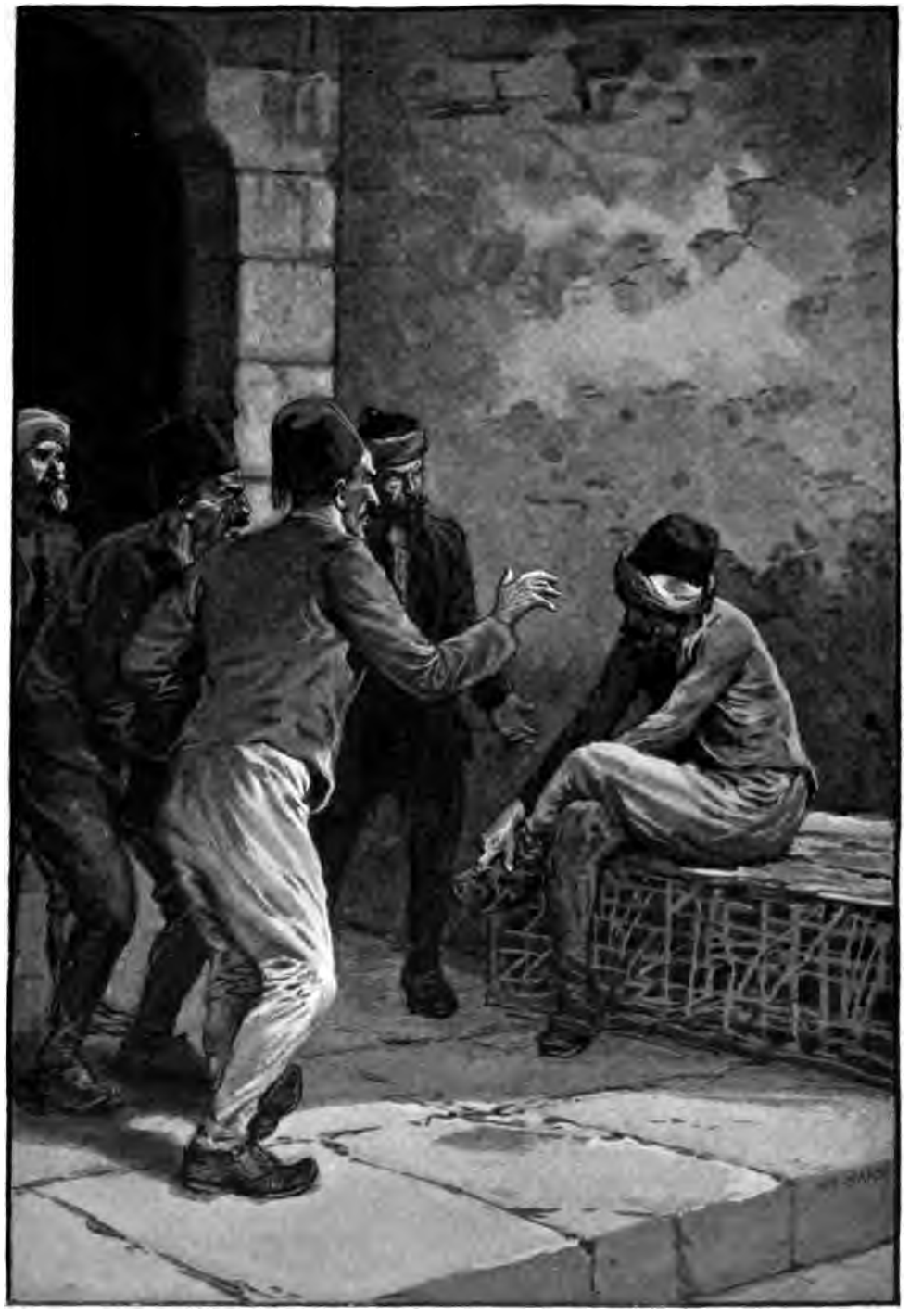
"So the Giaour dogs have been snapping at thee, thou thing of loveliness," he cried with a coarse laugh, as he turned to two or three other loungers in the hall. "Here is Hamdi the brave, the swift, the essence of truth, the noble favourite of our lord the Pasha, with his pate cracked and his feet tired with a well-earned bastinado, or I am a dog. Well done, Giaours, say I," and the others laughed.

He could not have done me better service; for the men taking cue from him, never doubted my identity, and came round to jeer and scoff.

"Dogs; dogs all!" I snarled, in a tone that Koprili himself could not have improved upon. "Out of my way; my hour is not passed. I have news for the Pasha; and if you are not quick to let him know I am come with news of urgency, part of my tidings shall be an account of how his dogs receive a faithful servant, wounded and bruised in his service. You know me." And I growled out another fearful imprecation, as I staggered to a corner and crouched low, cross-legged, nursing my feet and groaning.

"Know you, Hamdi, thou prince of liars, whose name will be blessed when rogues are made prophets of Allah for their roguery?" cried the porter, a sturdy fellow of more independence and pluck than the rest, who had moved away from me at my threats. "That we do, right well. Go you, Ulmet, to the Pasha with the message," he added to one of the men. Then to me, not unkindly, he said: "Art thou badly hurt, Hamdi?" I turned and snarled at him again, swearing viciously.

"Thou wert ever a beast, Hamdi, whether in favour or out of it, and ever will be one: but if thou carry tales of me, thou wilt find Achmet can strike harder than ever any dog of a Giaour. So beware"; and with that he left me to myself. After some minutes the man Ulmet returned to say the Pasha would see me at once; and I dragged myself as if in pain, and with much labour, up the broad stairway to Maraboukh's presence. The little scene in the hall with the servants had been of excellent service to me as a rehearsal. I seemed to have settled down, as it were, into my assumed



I staggered to a corner and crouched low, cross-legged, nursing my feet and groaning.

character; to feel the part more completely, and to have thrown off the sensation of strangeness and unreality that had for the moment oppressed me. My nervousness left me, and I felt my character as Koprili was already half established, so that I played with greater confidence and sureness of touch.

I crept into the room where Maraboukh was awaiting me, sitting at the same table where he had received Grant and myself, and as I did not know how the Pasha generally received Koprili, I enacted a little scene of my own making, when I was well into the room, so that my back should be to the two mutes. I made a deep salaam, and then purposely fell with a groan on the floor as though the pain and stiffness of my hurts were unbearable.

"My lord's pardon," I moaned. "His unworthy, ill-fated servant is sorely hurt, and in suffering."

(*To be continued.*)

THE GOLDEN AGE

By C. H. St. L. RUSSELL

YOU'RE a despot dear, my lord,
Nor can anyone afford
To neglect a single word you may say;
All the world must quickly fly
To your very faintest cry,
Or you know the reason why—so do they!

In your little cover-coat,
You, with that amazing goat—
Rabbit, elephant, or stoat?—fare abroad;
For to name its sort or sex
Would an expert much perplex—
And his answer no less vex, my dear lord.

Your experiments in rhyme
Are—well, shall we say, sublime?
Your ideas on life and time quite your own;
With your water-carts that "weep,"
And your "fairy-flowers" that "peep,"
And your little birds that "cheep," "laugh," and "moan."

You could surely, did you choose,
E'en a bishop's brain confuse,
For your theologic views are most rare;
And the blue that's in the skies,
It has got into your eyes,
And a bit of sunlight lies in your hair.

So, where'er your lordship go—
Did you speak?—by high or low,
For no reason that they know, you're adored;
Quick to laughter, quick to tears,
And, withal, devoid of fears—
Coming, coming—yes, one hears—my dear lord!

WILLIAM WATSON

By H. BUXTON FORMAN

MR. WILLIAM WATSON represents for his own generation of Englishmen the high-water mark of occasional poetry. For the generation immediately preceding Mr. Watson's, the dominant voice in the chorus of occasional poets was obviously that of one who added to the tact of the passing hour great imaginative and creative gifts, operating over the past and the future—the voice of Algernon Charles Swinburne, of whom it would never at any time have been possible to collect the best work under the general title of "Poems upon Several Occasions." For the mass of Mr. Watson's most admirable work that seventeenth century label would be suitable; nor would the volume to which it would be attached be a very burdensome one to hold in hand. Mr. Watson does not give his publishers over much to gamble with; and (putting the commencement at "Wordsworth's Grave") they have had to spread over some ten or a dozen volumes, what would go very comfortably into one. That one would form a choice enough collection to be treasured by those who appreciate the grave respect due from a thoughtful man with a true gift of song to the medium which he has chosen and the craft that he would adorn. It is no reproach to Mr. Watson's collection of thin volumes, containing an average of certainly less than a dozen lines a page—one, at least, being aptly ticketed by the author as a pamphlet—that their component poems show a careful and fruitful study of the great exponents of British song who have gone before him. He emerges from his studies with his central self decorated rather than disguised; and of his central self it is to be said that it is richly endowed with the sense of dignity and self-respect. There is no English writer of the present day who excels him in what may be called a genius for dignified phrases patiently moulded into dignified metrical forms, and chiselled almost past recognition of the unstinted thought and labour involved in the very structure and order of the phrases and lines. Mr. Watson has the rare gift of imagination in language; and he has it under strict control. When he touches off the County of Devon in the words "moist Divnaint, a realm of coombs and tors," one hardly knows whether to admire most the truly fine imagination in language or the austere historic dignity which, by the use of the old name, half estranges from the poet the sensitive Devonians of the present day who adore the very word *Devon*. The same stern sense of duty to his art is notable when in one of his most admirable sonnets, "The Tired Lion," he invokes "the people's William" to roar once more, but never names the name of Gladstone. To-day everyone knows who is meant when the poet asks—

> but who hath found
> Another man so shod with fire, so crowned
> With thunder, and so armed with wrath divine?

It is almost a truism to say that the man who in 1884 published the "Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature," in which the failures and successes are equally instructive, is a past-master in the craft of packing. The little square volume of "Epigrams" is not to be easily seen by all; but everyone can turn to the "Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh," and view through the speculum of less than two lines that world of misery and revolt which we know as Ireland:

> . . . the lovely and the lonely Bride
> Whom we have wedded but have never won.

Everyone, too, can turn to that exquisite fantasy, "The Eloping Angels," and see this mastery in the art of packing evidenced by the two lines of dialogue in which Faust and Mephistopheles sum up the tragedy of the *blasé*—

> What *shall* we do, our jaded souls to please?
> Ah, what indeed? said Mephistopheles.

"The Eloping Angels" is, of course, from the nature of the subject, less notable than any of Mr. Watson's works, beginning with "Wordsworth's Grave," for some of the salient virtues of his craftsmanship; and when an "appreciator" admits that it gives him more enduring pleasure than any of Mr. Watson's books, it may properly enough be said that he ought not to have attempted this appreciation. Yet there is something to be put down on the other side: "The Eloping Angels," though but "a caprice" as its author avers, is delightfully human; it is instinct with inventiveness and skill; and the touch is of an elfin lightness. There is only one other poem from the same hand that one would willingly class it with; and the poet does not authorize us to do so. Nevertheless, there can be no

serious doubt that he wrote that other poem: it was called "The Battle of the Bards," and appeared in some newspaper. It depicted a strike, a riot at Trafalgar Square, books thrown about, policemen struck, and (pardon the quotation of two lines from memory—for herein is sounded the note of genius for packing with meaning):

> Erechtheus slew one minion of the law—
> The Light of Asia broke another's jaw—

and so on. It was an exceedingly enjoyable performance—by no means equal to "The Eloping Angels," but in that lighter *genre*. These things, with the Epigrams and a volume of reprinted newspaper work called "Excursions in Criticism," show that Mr. Watson's gifts include the elements necessary to furnish a brilliant journalist. His earliest volume, "The Prince's Progress," etc. (1880), is evidence of sufficient inventiveness to create situation and character, though it must be admitted that the hero of that quite readable and agreeable book is too thin in the quality of his blood to leave the reader truly in touch with a new friend as the master-craftsmen in character creation do. That Mr. Watson has deserted journalism and narrative poetry, properly so-called, and has not embarked on drama, must be put down to a wise perception of what he can do best. He deliberately elects to be a literary poet, and a poet of occasions. He sits apart, a high-minded and warm-blooded but thoroughly self-possessed man, watching the turbid current of events, forming strong opinions upon them, and expressing those opinions in faultless verse. Even when those who do not love his poetry—for not all critics care for this dignified aloofness from the scribbling crew, this recondite dignity of phrase and line—twit him with his obvious relationship to other poets, he will not be betrayed into any polemic less stately than a brief "Apologia," so consummately woven in blank verse that it might almost have been done for him by Tennyson, were it not so unmistakably Mr. Watson's own.

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(Continued on page 548.)

OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—XIII.

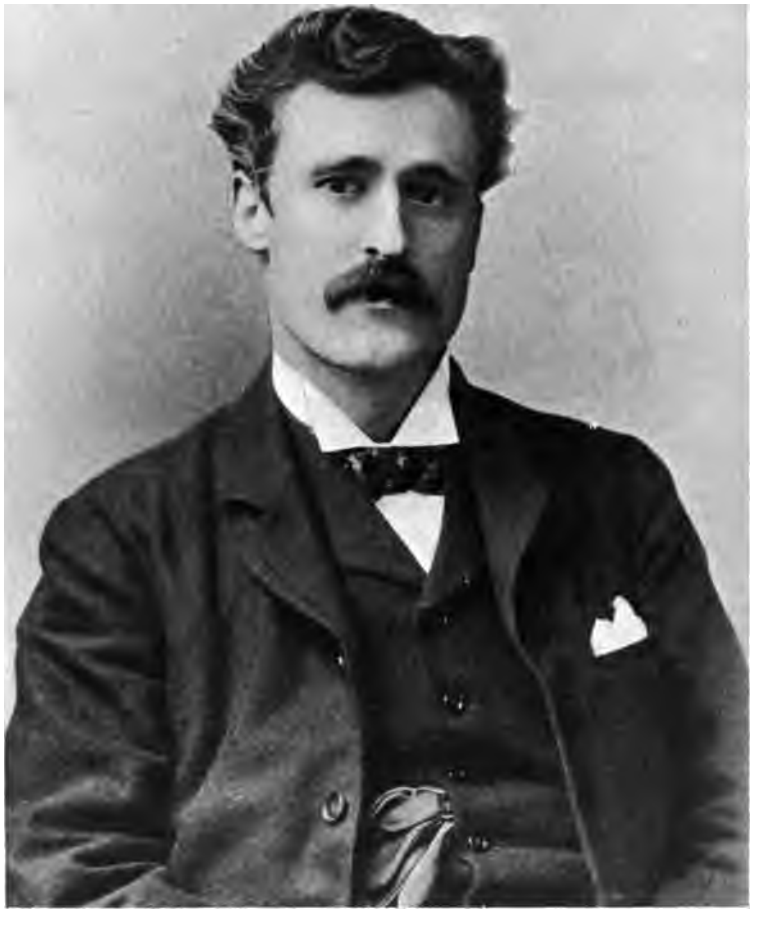

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

WILLIAM WATSON.

Born August 2nd, 1858.

F. ANSTEY

[THOMAS ANSTEY GUTHRIE]

By E. V. LUCAS

TO sum up justly in a solitary phrase a writer of many books would often be an impossible task. But now and then there comes one whose almost every work is governed by a single idea, enabling the critic to state at any rate his principal achievement fairly in a very few words. Mr. Anstey is such an author. If but one sentence were to be inscribed beneath his name it might run something like this: "The best novelist of the tight place." Here and there, of course, Mr. Anstey has left his special kingdom, on brief and interesting excursions; but judged broadly and by his most characteristic work we may apply the phrase without hesitation: "The best novelist of the tight place." In almost all his work we observe the fascination which the spectacle of a good man struggling with adversity—in other words, a middle-class Englishman in a hole—has for his amused eyes.

One would not say that Mr. Anstey invented the story of the tight place. He had his forerunners; but he has undoubtedly devoted more genius to this branch of literature than any other man, and he stands easily first. Mr. Bultitude in an Eton jacket striving to recover his identity as a London merchant; Leander Tweddle between the exactions of tinted Aphrodite and the charms of Miss Matilda Collum; Gustavus Pulvertoft in the power of a park hack; Algernon Weatherhead with the blood of Colonel Currie's Bingo on his head; Chunder Bindabun Bhosh amid the perplexities of an alien civilisation; Mr. Clarion Blair, the poet, in the servants' hall; the Consul Diulius eternally shadowed by his flute player: all are men in tight places, to the elaboration of whose discomfort so much thought and care and thoroughness have gone that as we read we suffer hardly less than they.

In his more normal fiction Mr. Anstey is still true to this dominating motive. "The Giant's Robe" and "The Pariah" are both records of the conquest of young men by circumstances; although, as the author himself does nothing to aggravate their misfortune, the central idea is here less noticeable. In the comic books (and Mr. Anstey must be judged first as a comic writer, since he is so slow to offer his admirers another "Pariah")—in the comic books the author's interest in man as the sport of ironical and mischievous fate is so intense that, to increase the fun, he wantonly adds to the duties of recorder those also of the gods, and upon the ordinary embarrassments of our difficult life imposes supernatural complexities, such as magic stones that grant wishes, brass bottles that contain genii, horses that talk, and statues that come to life.

Minds with fertility in devising awkward situations, such as Mr. Anstey delights in, cannot be very uncommon, since most of the myriad farces that are written contain tight places more or less in his manner; but it is very certain that the gift to transfer such dilemmas to paper is very rare indeed, or Mr. Anstey would not occupy the isolated position that he does. For the most part the other historians of the tight place produce books that read like paraphrased farces; whereas Mr. Anstey's books are literature, such is his narrative skill, his sense of form, and his nicety of phrase.

The only important exercise in Mr. Anstey's art that I can recall is Stevenson's "Wrong Box," but splendid as that is, it has none of the illusion of reality which Mr. Anstey can impart. "The Wrong Box" is an expression of the high spirits of a writer of other things; "Vice Versâ" is the serious work of a humorist born to write "Vice Versâ."

One would give but a poor opinion of Mr. Anstey's versatility by insisting exclusively on the tight place; for he has done many other things with the most satisfying dexterity. He stands alone, for example, in his "Voces Populi," which are full of the shrewdest observation and the happiest turns of speech; probably the completest satirical commentary since Thackeray upon the foibles of ordinary folk, and beyond doubt containing the best examples of ingenious descriptive nomenclature since that giant. The best of his "Voces Populi" are like a master's etchings, containing only the lines that tell, each related to each. Tastes, of course, differ, but my own favourites among them have always been "Bricks without Straw" for sheer fun, "A Row in the Pit" for symmetry, and "A Christmas Romp" for mischief. There was also an unforgettable account of a toy-shop in the Lowther Arcade, which I do not find in the two published series.

In addition to "Voces Populi" one ought to mention such other excellent *Punch* work

as the "Pocket Ibsen," which performed the difficult feat of at once travestying Ibsen and compressing him almost with fairness; and the "Young Reciter's Guide," where Mr. Anstey's gifts as a writer of verse are best displayed. My favourite stanza has always been that, in "The Conscience Curst," which contains the masterly adaptation of a line by Coleridge, written originally under somewhat different circumstances—perhaps the most diverting instance of impertinent quotation in the language:

(A drifting scud had veiled the moon, and sicklier she shone
As he began): "You never knew, methinks, my Uncle John?

him making a live thing of Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein."

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OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—XIV.

F. ANSTEY. Born August 8th, 1856.

A better, aye, a bulkier man, this earth has hardly seen.
He was the first that ever burst a 'Try-your weight' machine."

Latterly Mr. Anstey has made two other departures: he has begun to write for the stage, and he has put the Baboo to one at least of his predestined uses. Mr. Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee's literary style is undoubtedly one of the most precious things that the last few years have given us, but only when one has full leisure can its honey be rightly sipped and tasted. To the fact that leisure is now so rare may be attributed the ignorance of Mr. Jabberjee's epithets which too many persons possess. But those that know him ask for more, and were glad, the other day, on opening *Punch*, to find

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Contributor to *Punch* since Nov. 5, 1885.

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W. E. HENLEY

By G. K. CHESTERTON

These birthday appreciations are intended to include living writers only. Unhappily, in the providence of God, the life of William Ernest Henley was closed just as this page was going to the Press. It must stand as it was written.—THE EDITOR.

THE period roughly succeeding the best period of Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne will always, it must be feared, be regarded as a period of small poets. Unfortunately, there is an evil tendency to talk of small poets as if they were not poets, which is as just as to talk of small stars as if they were not stars. In that time no very great poetical summary of the human destiny was uttered, chiefly because no very great philosophical summary of the human destiny was believed. But short of this highest achievement an extraordinary amount of human ability was poured out in poetry. The breakdown of the positive ideals of the Tory and the Reformer was followed, like the breakdown in the 17th century of the ideals of the Cavalier and the Puritan, by the most melancholy plague of the Apocalypse, a violent outbreak of cleverness. But there were among the mere wits of the Restoration men like Butler, who looked before and after, who had the sadness that comes only from humour, and the humour that comes only from sadness, and who, although they remained the little poets of a little age, had in them some echoes of a forgotten thunder. Mr. W. E. Henley occupies this position among the minor poets of to-day. He is a technician, and like the minor poets he sometimes experiments in trivial metres, and sometimes in trivial themes. But it is impossible to forget in reading any large number of his writings that unlike the minor poets he can remember and imagine greatness. Unfortunately, the very nature of his work tends to make him, with all his fame and importance, judged below his real merits. It is his very lightest poems, written in a careless melancholy, that are very often weighted with his heaviest weight of ability; in comparison with them his ambitious poems in audacious metres are comparatively ineffective. If we wish to find his passing opinions, his somewhat provocative doctrines, his somewhat crude ethics, we may go to these longer works; if we wish to find his strongest and subtlest philosophy we shall go to a few idle songs. When he adopts the frenzy, the frantic novelty of Whitman, he sometimes impresses the reader as violently prosaic. When he consents to speak through the form of some French lyric four hundred years old, his voice startles us with a sudden and piercing originality. When he tries to be one of the greatest poets he sometimes fails; when he is a minor poet he is one of the greatest of poets. Nobody who loves Mr. Henley's work can seriously compare his interesting "Song of the Sword" or his late spirited poem on the motor car with the mordant emotional beauty of "What is to Come." He never put into his lawless Yankee metres so much novelty or so much reality as he put into this old French rondel:

Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?
Life was our friend, now if it be our foe,
Dear, though it spoil and break us need we care
What is to come?

It is in this element of a virile retrospection that Mr. Henley is strongest. It does not appear to me that he is so strong as some of his followers think in the elements of prospect and philosophical anticipation. But I think he is quite incomparable in the power of describing that almost indescribable state of the soul in which we feel that the past has made us worn and battered, and yet strangely and irrevocably rich. For the sake of this sad and sumptuous impression we may pardon a great many more superficial faults. The kindnesses of Mr. Henley's work are elemental, the brutalities are after all theoretical. He must always remain an admirable lyric poet, and upon the side of his criticism something more than admirable. He more than any man brought back into criticism that sane and sound test which is implied, though not expressed, in the genial work of the time surrounding 1800, "The Noctes Ambrosianæ," or the tales of Peacock, the test which includes gusto and masculinity, which judges of a book in some degree as it would judge of a horse or a ship. It is true that a new note entered with Henley—that he spoke of this masculinity rather with pathos than gaiety, rather with the admiration of a woman than that of a man; but his impulse is not the less, but rather the more, inexhaustible; he has conferred an incalculable benefit, for he has made literature less literary.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

WILLIAM E. HENLEY.

Born August 23rd, 1849.
Died July 11th, 1903.

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THE PASSING HOUR BY Edward Bennett

THE annual exodus from town has already begun: everybody who can do so is hurrying away to fresh scenes, to mix with new acquaintances, and to lay in stores of energy for the work of another year. We are all more or less looking out for suitable coaling stations. And even to those who cannot escape from town, there is something exhilarating in the atmosphere of holiday time. It is pleasant to see all around us the pace slackening, the drop from a gallop to a trot, from a trot to a saunter. It is a relief to see Piccadilly quiescent, and the Park a solitude. And if we cannot take our holiday with the rest of the world, we have more space and leisure in which to dream. We have what an exacting civilization cannot rob us of: the recollections of former holidays. I pity sincerely the people who derive no pleasure from recollected enjoyment, who cannot go over and over again in their minds their pleasant experiences, who, when they recall the past, only feel dissatisfaction with the present and despair for the future. When I think of the holidays that I have enjoyed, the particular places that I have visited seem to occupy so small a portion of the recollection. I recall men and women whom I have perhaps only casually met so much more easily than I do places or books. I remember my first visit to the Louvre, though not a single impression I then formed of the pictures survives in my mind, but I recall, as if it were yesterday, the face of the man who sat next me at table d'hôte the same evening. Why does almost every word of the quite trivial conversation which I had with this man linger obstinately in my mind while the memory of the pictures has long since vanished? Memory is always playing us tricks of this sort: she goes her own wild way, and the less we try to force her the better. I have always found it extremely difficult to recollect the main facts in historical and literary history: the Norman Conquest, Magna Charta, the Spanish Armada, and the Battle of Waterloo are the only dates I have ever been able to quote with accuracy, and the story of what has happened in between is always as a memory confused and inaccurate. I like to be within reach of an Encyclopædia when I have to give dates or quotations. But odds-and-ends, tit-bits of personal history, and unimportant facts abide with me. And of the people whom I have met, I am afraid that I have forgotten many good, worthy, respectable, and intellectual individuals, while the morally worthless, the frivolous, the idiotic, and even the individual who is a bore are framed and well hung in my mental picture gallery. My holiday recollections are mainly of persons I have met: they alone of my impressions stand out and live: the places are a confused and declining memory. There is a beautiful passage in "Marius the Epicurean," in which Mr. Pater describes Marius at the close of his life, letting his mind wander over his past, "like a child thinking over the toys it loves," on all the persons he had met in life. "One after another he suffered these faces to come and go as in some mechanical exercise, as he might have repeated all the verses he knew by heart, or like the telling of beads one by one with many a sleepy nod between whiles." My recollections of travel are something akin to those which Pater describes. The deep attachments which have stirred our whole being have a

private chamber to themselves in our minds; when we think of these we are not "like a child thinking over the toys it loves." But such an analogy exactly fits our remembrances of the casual acquaintances we have made in travel.

When Sir George Newnes started *Tit Bits* he acted upon a discovery which is now one of the commonplaces of the traveller's philosophy. In a railway train it requires a special effort to keep up a sustained interest in a book or an argument. Impression succeeds impression as the train rushes through the country and new associations of ideas are constantly being set in motion. And if we turn to the printed page for relief, it is only snippets and cuttings and paragraphs that we seem able to assimilate. This experience extends to our relations with our fellows. Our holiday friendships take the form of snippets and cuttings and paragraphs from the people we meet: we don't want any more extensive knowledge. We skip the paragraphs which appear uninteresting, we put them aside without offence or bad manners when other more interesting paragraphs of persons are sighted. I am well aware that butterfly friendships of this kind may end even in matrimony, just as the reading of an extract may lead us to the study of the original book; but there should always be a distinct place in our holidays for human snippets. There are also, of course, some persons, just as there are books, who cannot be paragraphed, from whom selections cannot profitably be taken. Milton rarely discloses his beauty in an extract, his grand style requires a wider canvas. There are in like manner people whom you must take in the lump or leave: they have no variety columns, no passing hours or short stories, and you can only enjoy their society in the setting of their own choosing. They never shine as travelling companions, they bore themselves and they bore others; and there are people, just as there are books, who are only tolerable in extracts. Herbert Spencer once described Professor Tyndall as a travelling companion. "Gossip which may be carried on without much intellectual tax formed but a small element in our conversation; there was almost unceasing discussion as we rambled along the shore of Windermere, or walked up to Rydal Mount (leaving our names in the visitors' book), or as we were being rowed along Grasmere, or when climbing Loughrigg on our way back Tyndall's intellectual vivacity gave me no rest, and after two utterly sleepless nights I had to fly." Tyndall must have been very bad indeed to have goaded Herbert Spencer into an expression of a desire for gossip. The admission is on his part a delightful personal revelation.

It is a habit with some superior people to sneer at casual acquaintances, to avoid the opportunity for making them, and to talk in the best copy-book manner of lasting friendship being the only thing worth having in this world. When they visit a place they want to see it, not to be interfered with by human society. Their minds become a storehouse of facts and impressions of places, but without the human snippets the dry bones will scarcely live. There are times when the derided characteristic called fickleness is a virtue. Fickleness means that the possessor of that quality is peculiarly sensitive to the attractions of the moment. I am quite willing to admit that in the more permanent relations of life such a temperament is less successful than its opposite, but it is of the casual relationships of travel that I am writing, and fickleness is part of the ideal holiday temperament. Even as regards places, the man who enjoys himself the most and who is most companionable is the one who thinks the place he is in all-sufficing for the moment, and who does not kill joy by comparative criticism. Such a man takes what comes along in his path with ease, tolerance, and good temper. He discovers intuitively the particular bond of sympathy between himself and each new acquaintance, and he works it for all it is worth. Men and women who cannot do this should stay at home and ride in Rotten Row or take a house in Belgravia. They will have these places all to themselves. The world is abroad, and it is the one month in the year when it is impossible to escape from it in any place but London. But to be alone even in London in August is a horrible, inhuman thing, without pleasant memories of human snippets. Here also the holiday temperament is the one thing needful to make the dulness tolerable. "To sit still and contemplate—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where you are and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue and to dwell with happiness?" So wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, and those who stay behind in London and are fortunate enough to possess this

temperament need not envy those who are climbing the Alps or crossing the ocean in order to escape from their memories or their fellows. Stevenson, in the essay from which I have quoted, rather advocates starting on a journey by oneself, and I am inclined to agree with him; but his reasons are not mine. It is the naturally unsociable man who should never travel alone, but his opposite may possibly feel a permanent companion rather a hindrance to sociability than otherwise. If you travel in order to see the world, it seems an anachronism to take your society with you. It is too, perhaps, not the best manners to show the new people with whom you are associating that you have a card up your sleeve in the event of their failing to please. But this is a counsel of perfection to many men and women, and I don't press the argument. I dislike riots in the family circle. And after all, a man may have *Tit Bits* and *Answers* in the railway carriage with him, but he has a "Shakespeare" or a "Wordsworth" in his trunk, and he goes to these latter with increased zest after a bout with stories and paragraphs. So in like manner, after companionship with human snippets it is, perhaps, well that we have with us a human classic as a travelling companion.

The motor-car race, the Irish Land Bill, and the visit of the King are directing our thoughts again to Ireland, and so constraining is the fashion set by the Court that a large increase in the number of visitors to that country may be expected. The neglect of Ireland as a holiday resort is one of the greatest injustices which she has suffered from at the hands of Englishmen. Ireland has especial claims of her own on the traveller. She is sufficiently removed from Anglo-Saxon influences to be a complete mental change for the average Britisher. A tour in that country has for this reason all the charm of foreign travel with none of the difficulties of a foreign tongue to contend against. And of all the people in the world the Irishman makes the best casual acquaintance. He is easy-mannered, he is witty, and he has spirit. He has no sympathy with the Anglo-Saxon's love of empire, which, to him, savours of vulgarity; his love of his own little island is intense, and indeed narrow, but it has a finer spiritual flavour than the patriotism of the Imperialist. Mr. Chamberlain, the typical Britisher, dreams his dreams of world-wide empire on the illitimable veldt, and sees in the interest taken in the domestic concerns of little England only a kind of parochialism, but the dreams of the typical Irishman, whether he is in America, South Africa, or the Antipodes, are of the weeping skies of his own dear land where, to him, a pittance is more valuable than a fortune in a foreign country. One of the most familiar objects in Ireland is the poor "out-at-elbows" Irishman who has been an emigrant, who has done well while away, but who has been mastered by this dream and has returned to his country to drive a car or to beg for pennies in the Gap of Dunloe. It is not exactly love of his kind or even of family that has brought him back. Sometimes he leaves his family behind him in the new land. It is simply earth hunger, the real genuine article which we call love of country that explains his reappearance in Ireland. The fact is, England has lost to a large extent her old belief in spiritual ideals, while in Ireland they are still the mainspring of national life. This is one reason why Englishmen should visit Ireland; they have something to learn from her. Another reason is that she is a most beautiful country. Her Atlantic seaboard is one long panorama of magnificent coast scenery. There are places on her West coast which are quite idyllic in their beauty and absolutely live-giving in their breezes, but they are unknown even to those modest travellers who shun foreign shores, but frequent annually the coasts of Cornwall, North Wales and Scotland. No Englishman really knows the sea and its possibilities who has not seen the Atlantic rollers when they touch our shores. It is one of the virtues as well as one of the vices of the Irishman that he makes little effort to attract visitors to his country. I have stayed at a charming little watering-place on the coast of Clare, where the doctrine that "man shall not live by bread alone" is strained almost to breaking point. I have stayed in the best hotel and have tried to be philosophic when I have been told with Celtic grace that the supply of potatoes has given out, that no cigars are obtainable, and while the most wonderful and unanswerable reasons have been given to me for the absence of clean towels in my room, for the water-jug that is without a handle, and for the bed that breaks down with my weight during the night. I took rooms one year with a friend at an hotel on the Shannon, and on entering his bedroom, so oppressed was my friend with the close atmosphere, that he threw up the window immediately. The window

came down plump on his hand, and he nearly fainted. "Look here," I exclaimed to the landlord; "see what your window has done." But he only laughed consumedly. "Pardon me, Sorr, but I could not help remimbering that he is the third Englishman who has met with the same accident this year. They always act like madmen, and make straight for the window. Shure, and I don't understand why they do it!" Then a terrible remorse overtook him, and he became the ideal host. He sent us up the most tasty supper, and because we said we had found Ireland a rather sad country, he went out himself into the village and brought in all the available musicians and entertainers. Between the turns he made eloquent speeches to us on the condition of Ireland. In a very real sense we made a night of it in his coffee-room; we were glad to do so; his sheets were not inviting enough to get between; and though all the artistic talent of the village was in the hotel, it had occurred to nobody to send for a man to mend the window. In the morning we were provided with a sumptuous breakfast, and the landlord himself took us for a drive of twelve miles in his own car. But neither by hook nor by crook could we induce this man to give us a bill or to make a charge for anything. He had done my friend an injury, that was the burden of his excuses, and he could accept no payment in consequence. And every year while he remained in this place he sent us shamrocks on St. Patrick's Day. But I have more than a suspicion that the ropes of his window were never mended, and that the casualty list of injured Englishmen was largely increased. Remorse is habitual with the Irishmen, but "works meet for repentance" are fruits with him of rare growth. Still, it would be grossly unfair to Ireland to quote my experiences as typical of any but small places. At Glengarriff, Killarney, Lisdoonvarna, Connemara, in the Highlands of Donegal, and among the Wicklow mountains I have found the hotel accommodation good and sometimes excellent. With all their disadvantages, however, I prefer the smaller places. I can surrender even the chance of eating potatoes in Ireland for the sake of Celtic hospitality and unsophisticated manners. Besides, the reason given to you for apparent discomforts is always unanswerable, and frequently clothed with abundance of wit. The last word is always with the Irishman.

I have said that spiritual ideals are the mainspring of national life in Ireland, and Mr. Matthew Arnold has attempted to analyse this particular aspect of the Celtic temperament. You certainly feel this difference in the point of view between the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt almost immediately on landing at Kingstown or Cork. "Sentimental—always ready to react against the despotism of fact" is a description of the Celtic character which meets with Mr. Arnold's approval. It is an index to the charm of the nature of the Celts; it certainly explains their ineffectiveness, their inability to conquer material worlds. "They went forth to the war," said Ossian, "but they always fell." Much of their literature has its inspiration in reaction against the despotism of fact. No modern writer conveys to me more successfully their peculiar literary and spiritual point of view than Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose book "Ideas of Good and Evil," recently published by A. H. Bullen, of 47, Great Russell Street, should find a place in our portmanteau if we are visiting Ireland. Mr. Yeats is no mean poet himself, and his prose has cadences which belong to poetry. I like the quiet and simple way in which he states his belief in things miraculous, in the reality of the spiritual world, without apparent consciousness that he is relating any but the most ordinary experiences. "I myself could find in one district in Galway but one man who had not seen what I can but call spirits, and he was in his dotage. 'There is no man mowing a meadow but sees them at one time or another,' said a man in a different district . . . I have come to believe so many strange things because of experience, that I see little reason to doubt the truth of many things beyond my experience." In the same quiet and simple style Dr. Newman startles us in his "Apologia" by the confession: "I think it impossible to withstand the evidence which is brought for the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples, or for the motion of the eyes of the pictures of the Madonna in the Roman States . . . I firmly believe that before now Saints have raised the dead to life, crossed the seas without vessels, multiplied grain and bread, cured incurable diseases, and stopped the operations of the laws of the universe in a multitude of ways." And like Newman, Mr. Yeats meets the despotism of fact by a statement which almost convinces by the subtlety with

which personal conviction lives and moves and has its being in his style. Mr. Yeats writes of Magic, of the Music of Speech, of William Blake, of Symbolism in Poetry, of the Moods, of the Galway Plains, of Ireland and the Arts, and always with the same message. Things are not what they seem; the spiritual underlies all phenomena. "Can there be anything so important as to cry out that what we call romance, poetry, intellectual beauty is the only signal that the supreme Enchanter, or someone in His councils, is speaking of what has been, and shall be again, in the consummation of time? And when appealed to in "the straightforward logic of newspaper articles," to follow definite rules of art and life he listens, "but I always knew that the line of Nature is crooked, that though we dig the canal beds as straight as we can, the rivers run hither and thither in their wilderness."

The book, however, that one values most during the holidays is the one that is frankly good fun. On the sea-beach or in a railway carriage we can forgive exaggeration and the farcical element if the author has a light touch and an eye for the ridiculous side of things. Mr. John Lane, the publisher, has sent me two volumes which appeared at the first glance to answer to this description. But there are limits even to the holiday-maker's patience. For instance, I read "Nine Points of the Law," by Wilfred Scarborough Jackson, under the best possible conditions, on a garden seat in the open-air, and with my soul full of the charity that is induced by good tobacco. The author has certainly a light touch and some knowledge of character. Moreover, he has really seized on a magnificent idea. Here is a weak and foolish man who has come into possession of stolen goods, but has not enough moral perception to realise what his duty is, and his efforts to retain possession and elude discovery make up the plot of the book. He is so foolish, so obviously innocent and slow-witted that nobody suspects him, not even the detectives of Scotland Yard, and he stays with the goods in the house of the man to whom they belong without discovery. He all but owns up to everybody that he is the culprit; he plays the game so shockingly, but nobody is looking for crime in his quarter, so nobody sees it. All this is good fun, but alas! it is hopelessly overdone, and wildly farcical. One longs so for one little breath of comedy, but it never comes. It is simply the fun of the music-halls.

The other book is "Elizabeth's Garden," and this is certainly a better kind of fun. The anonymous author has, I am sure, prejudiced reviewers against his work by his title. There is of course no copyright in the name of "Elizabeth," only at the present moment it just happens that one or two successful volumes are in our minds which have "Elizabeth" on their title page. And there is perhaps a suspicion of "business" in the selection of this name. Then again the book invites, even challenges, comparisons with "Helen's Babies," which nearly a quarter of a century ago had an extraordinary sale. We all remember Toddy's love of the Bible, and his favourite chapter, "the coat of many colours" and "all bluggy." And here in "Elizabeth's Children" is the same little boy, with a passion for the story of Absalom, and whose prayers are—well, just a child's extempore prayers. But while the echo of "Helen's Babies" seemed to haunt me as I read the book, I am bound to say that the story has a character of its own, and the dialogue especially is excellently managed. One of the boys, Renaud by name, is indeed something more than an echo: he is a little gentleman, and there is less exaggeration about his sayings and doings than there is concerning those of his younger brothers. His letter to his French papa, in which he relates his observations of English life, is delightful. "The englishmans do not kis each other only the ladys they shak the hand or punch the bak ples will you do so to me . . . ples give my love to maman i am too old to send kises but Andre sends X X X also Armand." Of course, there is an element of exaggeration in all books which have precocious children as their heroes and heroines, but if the author succeeds in making them lovable he cannot have wandered very far from the truth. I think all lovers of children will have a place in their hearts for Elizabeth's offspring.

THE MACHINERY OF A GREAT MOTOR-CAR RACE

By LADBROKE BLACK

IT is safe to say that the month of July, 1903, will stand out prominently in the future history of Ireland. For that period was marked not only by the Land Bill and the King's visit, but also by the uniquely successful holding of the automobile Derby —the Gordon-Bennett race. Motor-car racing has been properly called a dangerous sport. In nearly every race that has been held on the Continent some tragedy has followed in the wake of the cars. But the great inaugural event of the Irish fortnight was carried through without the slightest accident to the general public, and with but a few nominal injuries to the competitors themselves.

The reason why the Gordon-Bennett was held in Ireland was that it could not be run in England. According to the rules laid down by Mr. Gordon-Bennett when he presented the cup, the race must take place in the country of which the cup-holder is a citizen. Logically speaking, Edge being an Englishman, the struggle of the cars should have taken place in England. But the dense population of this country and the unsuitability of the roads rendered this impossible. The rule, therefore, was held to apply to every part of the British Isles, and for the nonce Edge became an Irishman, and it was decided that the race should be held in Ireland. This decision having been arrived at, it was necessary to find a suitable course—a matter of no little difficulty. For weeks representatives of the Automobile Clubs of England and Ireland toured throughout the length and breadth of the "distressful isle" trying to discover a network of roads more or less adaptable to the purpose they had in view. After much careful searching they finally decided on that course on which the race was eventually run. In order to obtain the requisite distance, the course thus selected took the shape of the figure eight, and by using the two loops of this figure as laps, the racing cars were finally able to cover 370¾ miles. The course having been decided on and agreed to by the interested parties, it became necessary to obtain parliamentary sanction for the holding of the race. Contests of speed between automobiles are never likely to become common, for the mere fact that so many preparations and precautions are necessary. Nearly all other trials of skill and endurance may be engaged in without endangering the safety of the public. But it was the safety of the public with which the gentlemen

THE WINNING CAR, DRIVEN BY JANATZY.

THE ENTRANCE TO A "CONTROL."

responsible for the Gordon-Bennett chiefly concerned themselves. To guard the natives of Queen's County, Kildare and Carlow against themselves, to prevent them from walking leisurely across the roads in front of an automobile travelling at the rate of seventy or eighty miles an hour, was obviously a matter which had to be attended to in their interests and in the interests of the competitors. With merely ordinary powers derived from local authorities, it would have been impossible to take the necessary precautions. Mr. Scott-Montague therefore sought from the House of Commons permission not only to hold the race, but also to do whatever the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland might think necessary for the public safety. There is a story current to the effect that Mr. Scott-Montague in order to ensure the passing of this bill personally canvassed two rival political sections, from whom he expected opposition. To a group of Unionists who view the Nationalists with distrust and dislike, he said: "You must help me to pass this bill—it will kill a lot of the Irish who will be there." To a group of Nationalists who suspect on principle every action taken by the Conservative section of the landlords of England, he said: "You must help me to pass this bill—it will kill a lot of the swagger English." Of course that irrepressible gentleman, Mr. Ben Trovato, is responsible for this story, but it well illustrates some of the political difficulties with which the promoters of the great race had to contend. Ultimately everybody agreed in sanctioning the bill, and it passed both houses without a dissentient voice. By this Act the Automobile Club received powers amounting

almost to a military occupation of the district.

These preliminary difficulties having been negotiated, the Automobile Club entered upon its legalised duties with energy and enthusiasm. The course was again examined thoroughly, and a large sum of money was collected among the members for the purpose of levelling and repairing the roads. Dangerous hollows were filled up, bridges were re-constructed and sharp corners transformed into gentle bends. Every inch of the one hundred and four miles was critically examined, and each detail of the road that presented difficulties noted and inquired into. At the same time also the Royal Irish Constabulary were busy. On them rested the actual burden of securing the public safety. Some idea of the labour which they incurred may be gathered from the fact that the inhabitants of every house along the line of route—outside the controls—were notified that on July 2nd they would not be allowed on the track after a certain hour. In addition, a most complete and exhaustive study was made as to the best disposition of the men on the day of the race, and at the ends of a large number of side roads leading on to the course barriers were erected, and every precaution taken that the human eye could conceive. Officers and men alike were on their mettle, and were determined to show that they were not unworthy of the splendid reputation of the Royal Irish Constabulary. When it is further remembered that the men who ultimately lined the route were drawn from every quarter of Ireland, it will be seen that the task which they performed with such perfect efficiency was one of no mean magnitude.

The next business of the Automobile authorities was to train the various race officials in their somewhat complicated duties. At various points, where the course passed through towns, "controls" were planned out, through which competitors were allowed to pass at the rate of ten miles an hour. The officials at each of these controls consisted of a head-marshal, a timekeeper, a registrar, and a starter. In addition there were also assistants to these officials, and twelve pilot cyclists. Hours were spent in rehearsing the gentlemen who volunteered for these positions, as to how they were to act under the most varied circumstances. They were tested by the most searching examination, and when they failed to answer correctly the various questions that were put to them, they were ordered to re-study the rules and directions until they made themselves competent. Not only was a species of school set up at the Automobile Club in London, but on the day previous to the race, what may be called a "full-dress rehearsal" was held at Kildare. All the officials belonging to the various controls assembled there, and with the assistance of touring cars that took the place of the racing cars, each section

EDGE DRAWING UP AT THE ENTRANCE TO A "CONTROL."

THE TIMEKEEPERS AND REGISTRARS.

went through its duties until it proved itself perfect in every detail. Meantime, neither the competitors themselves nor the manufacturers of the cars that were to compete had been idle. They, too, examined the course thoroughly, and learnt every twist and turn by heart. Outside the entrance of each control, representatives of the English, American, French, and German makers set up a species of wayside depot, stocked with tyres, petrol, tins of lubricating oil, and everything else that might be required in case of a breakdown. Each individual competitor took additional precautions on his own account. Edge, for example, on trying his car round the course, found that he had trouble with his tyres at certain points, and in consequence at these particular spots men were stationed with a quantity of new tyres in preparation for a possible accident. The American competitors organised a most complete system of repairing stations. The cars being driven on the free-axle principle—without chains—they could slip their wheels on and off without any difficulty. They had men in readiness, therefore, with extra wheels with tyres on already blown up, which could be substituted in a minute in case of a puncture. Unfortunately both the

THE "CONTROL" CAMP.

ONE OF THE UNLUCKY AMERICAN CARS.

Winton and Peerless cars were luckless from the start, and the elaborate preparations that the Americans had made proved futile.

The system on which the "controls" were run may be best understood by the description of the working of a control on the day of the great race. A third of a mile from the entrance to the control a red and green flag, striped diagonally, is hung across the road. This is placed there for the purpose of warning drivers that they will have to stop a short distance away. At the entrance to the control itself a red flag is stretched from two posts across the road. Exactly beneath this flag a white line is drawn. Twenty yards from this line, outwards from the control, there is another white line. At the control of which I am writing in particular—Athy West—the approach of a car was signalled by a constable at the bend of the road. Immediately after his signal is seen the officials get ready. Suddenly a car dashes up; the English language does not yet contain a word that in any way adequately represents the terrific motion of a racing automobile. While it is still outside the first white line, the driver or his chauffeur may receive whatever he needs from the particular open-air depot that has the interest of his particular car at heart. Sometimes as he flies by he seizes a can of petrol, in which the chauffeur makes a vent with a steel spike, so that it may pour the quicker into the tank. Sometimes it is a tin of lubricating oil. Other times he shouts out wildly as he approaches, lessening his speed, that he wants water, and men with cans throw the desired fluid over his tyres as he passes. All these things he may receive outside the first white line. If he receives anything within—and sometimes the officials had the greatest difficulty in saving him from his too officious friends—he is immediately disqualified. The object of the driver is to cross the first white line and then to draw up dead without crossing the second line, but coming as close to it as possible. Immediately he has stopped the timekeeper's duties commence. Seated at a table he has before him twelve stop-watches enclosed in wooden cases. Each of these cases is numbered, one watch being used for each competitor. Immediately the car is at rest, the watch belonging to the particular competitor is set going. The time is taken from the second of his coming to a standstill behind the inner line. If he crosses this line accidentally he has to back his car until he is in position and no time is taken until he is in position, and he thereby loses several valuable seconds. Now the Athy West control was two miles long, and as the car was supposed to pass through the control at the rate of ten miles an hour, twelve minutes was allowed for the passing of the car from one end to the other. These twelve minutes were considered as a sort of neutral period. If he exceeded the twelve minutes, any minutes over this time were added to the time in which he took to do the whole race.

DE KNYFF AWAITING HIS PILOT-CYCLIST.

The registrar having noted the time of his arrival at the control in a form provided for the purpose, the watch is handed to the head-marshal, who in his turn shows it to the driver of the car in order that he may verify his allowance for passing through the neutral zone. Having done this he then hands the watch in its case to the pilot-cyclist, whose duty it is to conduct that car through the control. The cyclist, after slipping the watch into a leather case which he wears suspended from his shoulder, mounts his cycle and precedes the competitor to the exit of the control. A somewhat curious rule appertains to this piloting which is worth repeating, if only on account of its touch of diabolical humour. This rule sets forth that any driver over-running a pilot-cyclist while passing through a control will be immediately disqualified. The satisfaction of the deceased cyclist in knowing that the man who killed him was disqualified may be imagined.

Arrived at the other end of the control, the cyclist hands the watch to the official starter. This gentleman opens the case and is able to see how many minutes and seconds the competitor has taken. For the sake of lucidity let us presume that he took seven minutes. As in the Athy West control, he was allowed twelve minutes in which to pass, he has to wait another five minutes before he is permitted to proceed. During this time he is allowed to do what he likes to his car, though he may not receive anything from anybody while he is in the control. He may only use such things as he has actually on board at the time. Seeing that the quicker a driver got through a control the longer he was allowed to attend to his car, it was therefore the object of each competitor to get to the exit as quickly as might be, wasting as little time at the entrance as possible. Janatzy in particular took advantage of this opportunity. He would approach the control almost at full speed, and putting his break on full, would lock his back wheels and skid sometimes as much as thirty-two yards up to the second white line. As the five minutes draws to an end the driver gets ready, the starter standing by his side with the stop-watch in his hand. When fifty-five seconds of the last minute have run out, the starter begins to count. "Five—four—three—two—one—Go!" The watch is immediately stopped on the departure of the car, the time noted on a form which is placed inside the case, the case locked, and then finally handed to the pilot-cyclist. Duplicates of all these times are kept by the assistant-registrar. Back the pilot-cyclist speeds to the entrance of the control once more. Arrived there he hands the locked case, containing the register and the watch to the head-marshal, who opens it and examines it to see that no more than the proper allowance of time has been given to the competitor while within the control. The timekeeper then once more takes possession of the watch, until such a time as the particular competitor for

GABRIEL REVICTUALLING BEFORE CROSSING FIRST WHITE LINE.

whom the watch is used arrives again. All these watches and registers at the end of the race were sent up to headquarters, there to be compared with the times at the other controls. This system is somewhat complex, but it assures complete accuracy—a most important matter in a long race where seconds only may divide the winner from his nearest rival.

In the event of two or three cars coming into a control immediately after one another, an extra allowance of time is granted to the drivers following the first occupant of the control. But the duties of the officials do not end with merely keeping the times. The head-marshal has to make a note of and report any infractions of rules, or any incidents which he may deem will be of importance to the committee, with whom rests the responsibility of deciding the result. For example, at the exit to the Athy West control Edge stopped his engines for some reason or other. When it came to his time to start, he was unable to set his engines at work again. Some men in the control therefore pushed him across the line. Just at that moment Chevalier de Knyff arrived and saw the car being pushed. Immediately he lodged a protest. "We allow that on the Continent," he said; "but you make your own rules here, and according to those rules nobody may be pushed across the line." Such an incident as this was immediately noted and forwarded in the head-marshal's report to headquarters.

The Gordon-Bennett race that was held in Ireland was the most successful automobile event of its kind that has ever taken place. Dangerous and difficult as the course was, the race was carried through without a single accident to the public, and with but slight injuries to the competitors themselves. Conducted with such efficiency an automobile race is no more dangerous than an ordinary football match, let the "Social Juggernaut" faddists say what they will. But there all comparison with our simpler pleasure ends. For it is undoubtedly a costly business. When we take into consideration the money spent in preparing and policing the course, the expenses in tyres, petrol, and the cars themselves, it will not be over-estimating it to say that the entire cost ran well over six figures. To Ireland the race proved extremely beneficial. It put money into the country, and created a large influx of visitors who before knew nothing of Ireland or the Irish. It is safe to say that these visitors went away with a better knowledge and a better appreciation of the "unconquerable and ungovernable" people. And such knowledge and appreciation is all to the advantage of Ireland. The interest that the race excited in the minds of the Irish themselves may be judged from the fact that on all sides the hope was expressed that the German Emperor will not permit the race to be held next year in Germany, and that France, terrified by the tragedies of the Paris to Madrid fiasco, will waive her claim, and allow the race to be run once more in the security and safety assured by the efficiency of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

After the painting by François Boucher

Photo by F. Hanfstængl, Munich.

MADAME LA MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR.

The English Illustrated Magazine

FRANÇOIS BOUCHER

1703—1770

Engraver, Painter, Decorator, Courtier, Collector

By EDGCUMBE STALEY

WHEN Jean Antoine Watteau was busily developing his Flemish peasant scenes into his brilliant "Fêtes Galantes" he little knew that a sturdy, handsome boy was watching him with an earnestness and a devotion which knew no bounds.

Still less did he imagine that this young lad would wear his own cast-off mantle for many a year after his death, and would add immeasurably to the fame of French Art.

The boy, too proud perhaps—shy he was not—to seek the querulous "Maistre-Peintre" face to face, was wont to stand with eyes glued fast to the windows of Gersaint's shop, or with admiring glances cast up at his celebrated shop-sign.

Sometimes perchance, in moments of greater daring, he found himself swept with many a well-known *amateur* and many a needy artist into the inner court of that sanctum of art. There, handling with delight the studies and drawings of his favourite master, the time would pass like an enchanting dream.

Through a beauteous vista of delicious landscapes with Venus fountains and Bacchus busts by the way, he saw his own canvases and panels in ever-enlarging and exuberant proportions, reproducing the charms of Watteau's "Toilettes" and "Conversations Galantes."

In his "Éloge de Boucher" M. Mariette says, "Boucher was born a painter . . . . he was born with a brush in his hand."

This is certainly an enthusiastic testimony, but, really, it is not very much beside the mark.

François Boucher was born in Paris, in the Rue de la Verrerie, on September 29th, 1703.

His father—Nicholas Boucher—was a "Maistre-Peintre," and, whilst M. Baudicour asserts that he was "an engraver of etchings," M. Villot calls him "a designer of embroidery," and M. Michel says "he was a dealer in engravings, and was also occupied in designing patterns for furniture and hangings of all sorts."

François' mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Lemesle; she belonged to what at the time was called "la petite bourgeoisie."

His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and the home was a very happy one.

François was a fine healthy child, and grew into a handsome vigorous youth, full of spirit, and with an ardent temperament. He excelled in all the bodily exercises of the time, and was an adept with foil and rapier. Very early, too, he was noted for his polished manners, and for his admiration of the fair sex.

His genius for drawing and his facility in execution very soon became evident, and arrested his father's attention. M. Boucher imparted to his son his own tastes and methods—in fact, he became the boy's first master.

When he was just fifteen, François was sent to M. François Lemoyne, a friend of the family, and accepted by him as a pupil.

Lemoyne held to the Italian school, and was a mannerist like Pietro da Cortona. He was the last French painter who followed

After the painting by François Boucher. *Photo by J. Kuhn, Paris.*

RÉNAUD ET ARMIDE.

(In the Louvre.)

the traditions of the Renaissance. He opposed the influence of Antoine Coypel, and was the first man to attempt "la décoration claire" on a large scale. "No one," writes M. d'Argenville, "ever came up to him for the freshness of his brush."

He was, moreover, a merry young fellow—the ringleader, with J. C. Roettier, N. Lancret, and others, in many a student frolic.

Although young Boucher could not be otherwise than greatly attracted by such a brilliant and jolly master, M. Mariette says, "he only remained three months with him."

Among the young bloods of the time was Laurent Cars, a student-engraver, son of the famous engraver, Jean F. Cars. With his father's approval François entered the engraving studio in the Rue Saint Jacques, and was set to work to design vignettes and tailpieces for "Thèses" of various kinds for publishers.

The "Thèses" were allegorical picture-cards, precursors, doubtless, of our own popular picture postcards. This occupation greatly opened out the lad's fancy, and led to his first considerable composition in oils—"Le Jugement de Paris"—done in 1720. It was quite remarkable for facility in drawing and liveliness in treatment.

The young student, however, stuck manfully to his scratching. His first notable engraving was done at M. Cars's, in 1722; it was entitled "Andromède et Persée," and gained high encomiums.

On the close of his apprenticeship in 1723, Boucher became a pupil of the "École de Louvre," and gained the first prize of the Academy.

About this time, too, the attention of M. de Julienne, the very celebrated *amateur et connaisseur*, was attracted to the work of the young painter-engraver. He was busy collecting the work of Watteau, and he made choice of Boucher to engrave the chief part of the plates in his giant "Recueil."

In fixing upon copper the piquant fancies of the Valenciennes Master, Boucher not only learnt how to draw with Watteau's running pencil, but also how to use the etching-needle and the roughing-graver with absolute confidence and distinction.

Amid all this praiseworthy and admirable toil, "Gai François," as he was called by his boon companions, found plenty of time for flirtations and for duels. No one surpassed him in his chivalrous love of women.

One day, passing along the Rue Sainte Anne, he spied a young girl selling fruit—it was the season of cherries. Her beauty inflamed him. His ardent gaze met hers. In a moment of ecstasy her full lips, more lustrous than her cherries, received the imprint of an impassioned kiss. One of his own lovely Cupids had transfixed two hearts, and the lad resigned himself to the delights of the tender passion.

Rosine was his, and he was Rosine's.

Alas, for the bliss of things mundane; poor Rosine sickened and died. "Too beautiful," sobbed the inconsolable young artist, "to live longer in the evil atmosphere of Paris."

But Rosine's features and Rosine's form lives still in some of Boucher's most charming compositions.

Although he had won the "Grand Prix," the Duc d'Antin, superintendent of the Royal Palaces, prevented him from competing for the "Prix de Rome." This action was probably due to the fact that Boucher had drawn some amusing caricatures of the Duc and his associates, which gave great offence.

However, in 1727 at his own expense he travelled into Italy with Carle Van Loo, and his two nephews—François and Louis, and other congenial spirits. "They were jolly fellows," writes M. P. Mantz, "with all the gay sport of the moment; the only thing they didn't pack into their valises was seriousness." By the way, they had many amorous and amusing adventures, and did not reach their destination till nearly a year had flown.

Two happy years quickly passed. The charm of Italian town-life, and the pleasures of the unsophisticated country-side, were quite to Boucher's liking. With

him were C. J. Natoire, E. Jeaurat, and J. Bouchardon, and many another comrade of fun and frolic.

Boucher made no secret of the fact that he journeyed rather for pleasure than for the sake of his art. M. de Borzoin says, "He knew nothing about the *chefs d'œuvre* of Italy, nor about the great Italian masters—Raphael seemed to him insipid, Michael Angelo savage, and the Carracci gloomy. The painters who attracted him most were perhaps Pietro da Cortona, Luca Giordano, Benevento Castiglione, and Sébastien Conca."

On his return journey, Boucher admired Francesco Albano at Bologna, Correggio at Parma, and Paolo Veronese and Tiepolo at Venice.

Boucher was received with open arms, on his return to Paris, by his old chums, and he was only too delighted to be in his old haunts once more.

"Le Joli" was the sign and the seductive magnet of France—and in particular of Paris—in the middle of the eighteenth century. The brilliant Court of Louis XV. attracted all famous artists and men of letters, no less than cavaliers and courtiers, from every land. The most beautiful women in the world captivated all comers. "No man in those days was born a Capuchin!"

There were "Lundis Artistiques" at Mme. Geoffrin's; Lemoyne gave his dinners and his wines; "Les Diners au Caveau" found Boucher with C. Vernet, Piron, Fugilier, Collé, Saurin, Duclos, Rameau, de Caylus, Soufflot, and the two Crébillons. Suppers à la Grecque were all the rage. It was a merry mad time.

After the engraving by F. Boucher.

PORTRAIT SKETCH OF M. L. CRÉPY, FILS, THE ENGRAVER, A MODEL FOR THE CHARACTER FIGURE "LE GRAND GILLES," BY J. A. WATTEAU, AT THE LOUVRE.

Boucher threw himself heart and soul into all the frolics. No beau had a more attractive personality. He was the friend of every man, and the lover of every woman. "My favourite motto," he used to say, "is 'Amo-Amari'!"

But at last, one lovely young girl, just seventeen, captured the "gay Boucher," and in 1733 he married Marie Jeanne Buseaux; and she presented him, in due time, with a numerous family.

The next year he was *agrée* at the Academy, his reception picture being "Rénaud et Armide"—now in the Louvre. "Mme. Boucher always lovely," as the spleenetic Diderot calls her, was his model for Armida.

M. Bachaumont says, "Boucher vastly improved his female contours after his marriage, his young wife being his beautiful and complaisant model."

After the painting by François Boucher.

Photo by J. Kuhn, Paris.

UN BERGERADE.

(In the Louvre.)

Her sweet face and her charming figure are revealed in all his earlier studies of the nude. "La Source de Mme. Boucher" became a *bon mot* in all the studios of Paris.

And Boucher worked like a horse, often enough putting in ten hours a day. He did much illustration and decoration for publishers. Some exquisite drawings *à la sanguine*, for "Le Livre des Fontaines," may be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

In 1736, M. Oudry, "Directeur de Beauvais," invited Boucher to assist him in making designs for tapestry. This opened out a new and fascinating field of imagination. His designs were absolute novelties —the grounds were creamy white, and the designs, chiefly of sporting scenes and flowers, were thrown up in high relief. They had an immense vogue for furniture-coverings and small panels.

Gobelins also gained greatly by his genius. The large *portières* and big panels for which that famous manufactory was renowned gained enormously in distinction and favour. The cartoons of no previous painter had exhibited anything like the freedom of treatment, the delicacy of colouring, and the brilliancy of finish which Boucher contrived to put into his compositions. They gained for their creator the title of "Prince of Decorative-painters."

Venus and the Cult of Beauty now became Boucher's engrossing theme. He was wont to say, "We must, you know, try and make Nature really beautiful by an Art."

He has left very many ravishing studies of a remarkable, twisting, snake-like body, beautifully proportioned—his wife's. In the British Museum Print Room is a red chalk drawing of this captivating woman.

Boucher's third Venus made his personality at once convincing and without rival. No man ever painted so superbly such a lovely woman as "Vénus commandant à Vulcain des armes pour Enée."

He perfectly revelled in this new and ravishing style. Every pretty woman besieged "Boucher le clair"—"Boucher le lumineux" as he was called.

He saw nothing but beauty, grace, and innocence. He dwelt in a dreamland of ideal forms; for, with his lovely women, he associated comely children, painting them as sportive Loves, with doves, torches, bows and arrows, and with every conceivable emblem of the playful little god of Hymen.

Boucher's best period was marked by such resplendent compositions as "Vénus descendant de son chaise," "La Naissance de Vénus," and "Diane sortant du Bain," now in the Louvre.

On April 15th, 1742, the King sent Boucher a present of four hundred livres, as a testimony of His Majesty's appreciation for the last of these pictures.

The decoration of the Hotel de Soubise found Boucher busy along with C. Parrocel, C. Van Loo, J. Restout, C. J. Natoire, and Trémollière. Whilst so engaged, Count de Tessin, the celebrated Swedish collector, visited Paris, partly on his own account and partly on that of his Sovereign. Two men attracted him, Chardin and Boucher. He first commissioned Chardin, on behalf of the Royal Gallery at Stockholm, but, finding out his dilatory way of going about his work, the Count turned to Boucher, of whom he said, "Boucher va plus vit."

"The Prince of Decorative-painters" rapidly finished four panels, "The four parts of the Day," which are now at Stockholm.

Boucher had his Chinese period. He did much work alongside of Watteau's at the Château de la Muette, but in a bolder and freer manner.

His prolific palette produced endless heads, profiles, *coiffures*, busts, costumes, and genre of all sorts and kinds; animals, birds, monsters, "Coins de Village," bits of landscape, rustic buildings, trees, flowers—in a word, everything—with a vigour and a skill worthy of the great Michael Angelo. This fecundity of labour gained for Boucher yet another *soubriquet*: "C'est l'artiste universelle"—"C'est le peintre du Siécle"; he was even spoken of as "The Anacreon of Painters"!

His appointment as "Décorateur-en-chef

de l'Opéra" came in 1746. It was the post of all others he craved, for it set him exactly in the element he loved best—among lovely and bewitching instructresses. His pencil and his brush ran across his canvas, his paper, and his panel, imprinting sweetest of kisses from cherry-ripe lips, and dancing along with sylph-like feet and supple limbs.

He enclosed his actresses and his dancers in suites of scenery and "flies," such as even Paris had never seen. His imagination evoked a new school, and all good scene-painting looks back to Boucher as its originator.

Everybody, from the King downwards, was in ecstacies, and Boucher lived—as he loved—a charmed life upon the amber crest of the wave of popular applause.

But now another and even more fascinating vista opened before the intoxicated artist, and a fairy wand held by a delicate hand revealed to him a new Queen of Beauty—La Pompadour.

Through the laxity of Louis's rule and love of pleasure, Marie Antoinette Poisson, the divorced wife of M. L. d'Étoilles, and the king's prime favourite, whom he created Marquise de Pompadour, acquired an influence, which manifested itself not only in the life of the Court, but in the entire control of the political affairs of France, for more than twenty years.

At fifteen she was strikingly beautiful and captivating, brilliant in *repartée*, and a perfect woman of the world. She developed into the most fascinating woman of the time. She dressed with consummate taste, and was the acknowledged leader of fun and fashion. The *rôle* she set herself was the amusement for the king.

She called to her aid everybody who could in any way minister to her object. Inspired with artistic ideas she gave her patronage lavishly to artists of all schools, and encouraged Art-crafts in every possible way.

After the original drawing, by François Boucher, at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

FRONTISPIECE TO "LE LIVRE DES FONTAINES."

(Done for and with Mme. de Pompadour.)

In Boucher La Pompadour found a man after her own heart. He entered enthusiastically into all her projects, and took a leading part in all the amusements, and, be it said, also in some of the intrigues of the Court.

The decorations of the King's bed-chamber in the Château de Marly no less than

After the painting by François Boucher

Photo by J. Kuhn, Paris.

DIANE SORTANT DU BAIN.

(In the Louvre.)

those in her own Château de Bellevue were entrusted to Boucher. He also designed and painted the decorations in the Magic Boudoir at the Hôtel de l'Arsenal. Four of the latter panels are now in the Wallace Collection, and are entitled "The Visit of Venus to Vulcan," "Venus and Mars surprised by Vulcan," "The Judgment of Paris," and "Cupid a Captive"; they are amongst his very best compositions.

Two other splendid panels at the Wallace Collection are "The Rising of the Sun" and "The Setting of the Sun," were designed for reproduction in tapestry at Gobelins in 1753.

Boucher painted his charming patroness several times. Some of these portraits were in classical pose, "La Muse Erato," "La Muse Clio"; indeed, she was Boucher's Muse *par excellence*. One of the most elegant and most lovely presentments of the lovely marchioness is in the National Gallery of Scotland, at Edinburgh. It is a perfect dream of pink "carnations," garnished with the softest and most beautifully blending blues and violets. It is dated 1757.

Boucher was La Pompadour's master of engraving. His own facility and delicacy with point and graver she speedily acquired. Several plates marked by great freedom for albums, frontispieces of books, and visiting-cards, and many other of fashion's foibles, bear the embossed initials "P." "B."

But La Pompadour has come down to posterity as the foundress of the world-famous manufactory of porcelain at Sèvres. She employed Boucher to design exquisite little medallions and cameos with rustic and amorous scenes—very much after the manner of Watteau—and surrounded and decorated with lovely floral garlands, or linked together by conventional arabesques, which were applied to the moulded vases. She also obtained from his versatile hand beauteous little *figurines*.

These were single figures or groups modelled very finely in wax or clay, which after baking became biscuit china of the most delicate description. They were used for the decoration of clocks, candelabra, sconces, cabinets, and many another *objet d'art*.

Very many, too, of Boucher's Pastorals and Bergerades, which he executed with astonishing rapidity during this brilliant period, were copied by the fair marchioness, and were scattered far and wide all over Europe, and to this day find places of honour in many a private picture-gallery. Some of these were in colours, some in *grisaille*, and some in black pencil on a grey or cream ground touched up with colours, and finished in pastel. They are tokens alike of Boucher's assiduity and of his lavish worship at his Temple of Beauty.

When La Pompadour died in 1764 Boucher lost his best friend. He was for a time inconsolable, and actually ceased to paint, saying, "The sunshine has gone out of my life!"

His position, however, was quite assured, indeed no painter since Charles Le Brun has occupied anything like such a commanding place in French Art.

The year after the death of the marchioness, Boucher was appointed First Painter to the King, in succession to Carle Van Loo. The appointment was made directly by Louis, and was accompanied by the following gracious rescript: "The King recognises your talent. The distinction is not only flattering to you, but it is in accord with public opinion as well."

The Master's popularity had now reached its zenith. The King treated him as an equal, and greatly enjoyed his society. Every door was opened to him, and everybody begged something—a mere trifle—of his hand.

Boucher's prices advanced with his popularity. In 1765 he boasted that he was "making 50,000 francs a year, in addition to his Court salary of 6,000 francs as King's Painter."

Not only did he live like a prince in the lap of luxury, but he lavished money right and left among struggling and less fortunate brother artists. In every cause of charity he was foremost; the very ardency of his character projected itself into all the charitable schemes of philanthropists. It was a common saying: "Let us ask Boucher."

A immense success socially, Boucher

followed the trend of his time—the collection of art treasures of all sorts. He filled his studio at the Louvre with artistic furniture, tapestries, brocades, marqueterie, céladon porcelain, cabinets full of precious stones, rare Limoges enamels, Italian bronzes, Greek terra-cottas, Venetian glass, etc., etc.

"Of pictures Boucher had," writes M. Michel, "examples of Rubens, Sébastien Conca, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio Jordaens, J. Ruysdael, Teniers, Van Goyen, Pietro da Cortona, and Watteau."

His special hobby, however, was the collection of drawings and studies. He was undoubtedly the first who set the fashion of acquiring such art-treasures. The possession of a portfolio, or of even a few examples, betokened good taste, and a certain position in society. This vogue was of great benefit to artists, and furnished them with a new market for their wares.

At the sale of his effects, in 1771, Boucher's collection of drawings, which contained examples of all the most famous masters in Europe, and included at least one sketch by Gainsborough, was sold in bundles, which were greedily snapped up by both public and private buyers. Hence, our own London museums and those of the Louvre in Paris and the Albertina in Vienna were vastly enriched.

Perhaps no painter ever excited such violent animosity among ill-conditioned critics as did Boucher Diderot led the way—that most jejune and hypocritical of men. He hated Boucher because of his optimism, his brilliance, his success, and his nobleness. "This man," he wrote, "takes up his brush to show me nudities . . . I like to see them well enough, but I don't like anyone to show me them!"

Boucher only shrugged his shoulders and smiled good-naturedly. "See," said he, "they can do me no harm."

To pay them out he sent to all his friends a kind of picture round-robin, which was engraved by Le Bas. The subject was as follows: Before an easel, supporting a piece of tapestry all over cupids, sits a young girl bent double and gagged, with her pallette in her hand; her aspect is wild, and she is turning away her head not to see the sinister group behind her—personating Dense Ignorance, Mean Envy, and Fierce Hatred (Diderot's features!)—who are consulting together. In the background is a jackass braying!

Among friendly critics the Abbé le Blanc and the Abbé "F." flouted the idea of indecency in Boucher's pictures. They testified that, "in order to paint nature truthfully, Boucher had done nothing more than ask Venus to loose her girdle."

M. Mariette, famous as a connoisseur and a writer, speaks of Boucher as of one who has bestowed much distinction upon the French School. "All his work," he says, "is admirable, whatever coarseness—so called—may be detected in his manner is a test of truth, and marks the ability of the painter in making nature beautiful."

Boucher's end came suddenly, and offered by its lonesomeness a striking contrast to the busy life he had lived—the favourite of fortune and the centre of all that was bright and merry in the Gay City.

He was alone in his studio early one brilliant summer morning, when a pupil knocked at the door and opened it.

"Do not enter," said the Master in a quiet voice. The young fellow gently closed the door and withdrew.

One short hour after, François Boucher was found dying seated in his painting chair—his brush in his hand—before the easel, whereon was an unfinished picture, the paint still wet, of "Vénus à son toilette."

True to the last in his devotion to women, and faithful to the Cult of Beauty, the Prince of Decorative-painters died on May 30th, 1770.

It was David, his pupil, who at his funeral at Saint Germain l'Auxerrois uttered the famous *mot*, which became the legend of his Master's career: "L'est pas Boucher que veut?"

THE ART OF FRANÇOIS BOUCHER.

Boucher was one of those men who represent the taste of an epoch. He not only incarnated and impersonated the taste of the eighteenth century in his special Cult of Beauty, but he fearlessly and faithfully expressed it.

After the painting by F. Boucher. By kind permission of Mr. J. Humphry Ward.

UN PASTORAL.

His place in the "Libro d'Oro" of French Art is marked with the superlative colours of the most brilliant flesh tints. What Watteau exquisitely conceived and projected, Boucher developed and enlarged. The "Maistre-Peintre des Fêtes Galantes" fascinates with his ideality, whilst the "Peintre du Siècle" ravishes by his reality.

"The art of Boucher," writes M. J. Restout—his contemporary—"was always Nature; but Nature re-clothed, with all the allurements which attract ordinary eyes, and which can only be depicted by a genius."

"He found Nature perhaps, a trifle too

green," says M. C. Blanc, "and too studently illuminated. . . . His friend, Nicolas Lancret, once answered a query of Boucher's about the deficiencies of Nature. 'I'm of your opinion, Boucher, Nature wants harmony and seduction.'"

The salient characteristics of Boucher's are: 1. Fecundity of Imagination. 2. Facility in Drawing. 3. Elegance of Arrangement. 4. Seductiveness of Touch. 5. Perfection of Colouring. 6. Fascination of Finish.

The intense humanism of Boucher was the natural offspring of an ardent nature. What would you, with exuberant health, splendid physique, great mental ability, and ample means, but devotion at the shrine of Beauty? A generous providence lavished on him the richest gifts that man may enjoy. His environment was pregnant with all that makes human life pleasurable. His associates—eminent for beauty of person and grace of mind—were full of the finest and freest of animal spirits, with supreme dedication to the Art they all worshipped. Everything he did was the natural outcome of his personality. Each Venus, Diana, and Cupid was but a part of his life's history, and each took its place without effort or remorse in his life's work.

As a draughtsman and colourist he combined many of the characteristics of Michael Angelo and of Peter Paul Rubens. No one was more astonished at Boucher's manner than Sir Joshua Reynolds, who visited him in his studio at the Louvre, and found him working away with lightning speed upon an immense canvas, without model or study of any kind. He has left on record that "no one can do as Boucher does."

Boucher's "carnations" are almost as fine as, and far more pulsating than, those of the greatest painters. With them he agreed in his use of lake, or deep rose, for cheeks and lips, ears, toes and fingers—only his prodigality is more generous.

His contours, whether foreshortened or not, leave nothing to be desired; they are marked by a perfect technique and an absolute knowledge of the human form divine.

His arrangement is emphatic for its truth, ease, and attractiveness. To say he painted indecent pictures is false. He just painted what he felt, and his experience is that of every other man who is honest enough to call a spade a spade. Boucher was not a hypocrite.

He knew exactly the secret of preserving to each object its proper value and colour. His gradations of colours—perfectly contrasted—are delicious. His landscapes are ever holding courtships among themselves.

Boucher's touch—"élégante et spirituelle," as M. de Baudicour calls it in large—rivals Watteau's.

Where his touch is so excellent is in the expression of the features of his figures. No one surpassed him in artless smile and secret eye-flash.

All the foibles and fashions of the day are done to line and dot. Delicate *chiffons* play a striking *rôle* in history at all times; Boucher has caught their fringe and their fold, and his Art rejoices in them.

His *clair obscur* is very beautiful. Illumination comes from all four corners of his composition. His lights are *blanc caillé*. He has a delicious pearly tone which blends the softness of ivory with the reflections of the opal.

In his earlier work "lily-rose carnations" seem to unite their charms, but in his later creations the purple fragrance of the violet is dominant.

The finish, too, is very convincing; nothing is overdone; perhaps something is left to the imagination of the beholder, who cannot fail to feel some of the magic of Boucher's *cachet*.

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The sale of Mr. R. Vaile's pictures lately gave admirers of French Art a perfectly delightful opportunity of enlarging their sympathy for, and admiration of, Boucher's manner, which may have had a gratifying inception at the Wallace Collection or in foreign galleries.

The suite, especially of "The Fortune Teller," "The Love Message," "Love's Offering," and "Evening," exhibited all the varied charms of the brush of the Prince of Decorative-painters. These four large panels realised £24,415!

THE LAUTERBRUNNEN VALLEY, SHOWING THE STAUBBACH FALLS.

BETWEEN THE HILLS

By HENRY LEE

Illustrated after Photographs by G. R. Ballance

I.

THE Lauterbrunnen Valley is the upper portion of that great gash which runs up from Interlaken into the heart of the Bernese Alps — the Oberland. It is particularly noticeable for the splendid abruptness of steep rock walls, which in many places rise nearly two thousand feet sheer. Its sides are, thus, inevitably scored with gaunt channels, down which every summer sends a recurring series of minor avalanches. Over its crags also falls an unrivalled variety of waterfalls; one at least the Staubbach, or "Sprayfall," is of almost world-wide reputation. Every peak along its course is named, and has its story, from the giant Jungfrau to the Black Mönch—so called from the uncompromising nakedness of scarp and shoulder, which defy lodgment to even Alpine snows. One who is versed in climbing lore might write long books on the history of these peaks, but the aim of the present paper is far less violent.

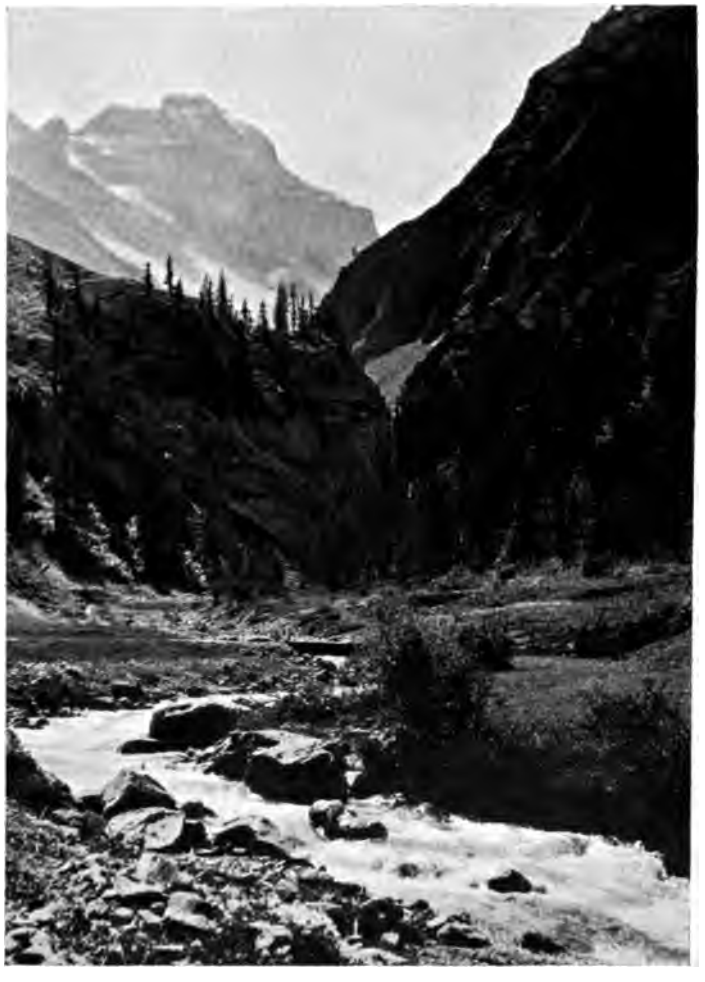
I would woo your eyes from the surpassing glory of the snows, seemingly even more white than the sunlight, such is their contrast to the intense purple-blue of the sky; I would bring your gaze even lower than precipice and waterfall, to the breast of the valley itself. There you will find beauties enough, less emotional, less intense, but from the very intimacy of their quietude, perhaps, more perfect. Then by contrasting the low with the high, the humble with the immense, you will see the great artificer, Nature, in the perfect glory of achievement. You will find arrangement and composition so truly balanced that they are the despair of the artist; colour so valued by colour

that no mortal palette may dare aspire in rivalry.

Look at this photograph of a valley side, taken towards evening, but before the light has begun to fail. See how the spire of each pine has a place in the perfect whole, how the tree asserts its equality, and more than equality, with the giant peaks behind. Under their dark green branches the ground is warm with the glow of massed alpenrose. Below them the valley stretches into a dim blue distance, and above, beyond the peaks whose insistent note is mellowed with shadow and space, the sky changes from gradation to gradation. Overhead, it is of a sapphire, an intensity of blue, which is not to be estimated by speech, but thence downwards the colour changes by infinite, yet perceptible stages until the distance is almost black. And over the face of it all, heeding nothing of the lights beneath, the moving clouds come and go, gathering up into themselves all those varied hues of land and sky, rose with the faint pink of the coming alpenglow, white with the chastity of the snow-dress of the peaks. From them to the valley's ultimate end is change indeed. Here the child torrent breaks out through a gorge so narrow as to be visible only when one stands directly in front of the

THE SPIRE OF EACH PINE HAS A PLACE IN THE PERFECT WHOLE.

cleft. It plunges foaming away over stone and boulder, and its banks are so fringed with trailing flowers and herbs, that the very glacier water has a taste of their perfume. And the closing walls crowd upon you, till, under the feet of the noon-day sun, you seem to stand in a valley of great shadow. Half-a-mile, and the scene changes once more. You walk the edge of the precipice along a tree-shaded path. Far above sails an eagle, so high that he seems a mere speck on space. His effect on the mind, as he hangs apparently motionless in the empyrean, can best be rendered by a remark which fell from a peasant's lips, as he pointed such a bird to the writer. "There is an eagle! *Those birds never die!*" This bird, the one small thing that was tangible and alive, was to his mind the sum and incarnation of thoughts "that do lie too deep" for logical expression — a symbol of the eternal spirit whose existence he felt so acutely, that he must find some concrete point on which to hang his thought.



HERE THE CHILD TORRENT BREAKS THROUGH A GORGE.

Somewhere or other in one of his books, Richard Jefferies—high priest of English nature—confesses that in face of some of the country's moods he found himself in, as it were, a sort of stupor, filled with feelings so vast as to be inarticulate.

Hours afterwards the impressions which have been crowded, unnoticed, into the brief moments of such an experience begin to unroll. You will remember that the branches of a certain tree were curiously malformed, that the specimen of a common flower at your feet was coloured in most uncommon fashion. While you were lost, overwhelmed by the inexpressible whole, memory was subconsciously at work, piling up untold details and facts, ready to leap into life and render her store of accumulated trifles at the hour of need. It is thus that what we call imagination moves in a great writer or poet, or that the imaginary landscapes of a great painter are like nothing that ever was on hill or field, but are in every detail perfectly true to something noted, something once observed, under the immemorial skies.

There is degree and kind in all things, and the feeling of Richard Jefferies can be felt among the mountains no less than in the intimate recesses of English nature. Perhaps it is, there, even more overwhelming. Take this picture of a path which winds along the steep valley wall towards the upper meadows where the Oberland villages perch at the foot of yet higher Alps. As it stands in the June sunshine this landscape needs little betterment. But imagine a time when the clouds, which are now lying like a misty foil behind the distant peaks, shall have let down an impermeable veil upon their summits. Above the sky is clear, and below nothing mars the full brightness of day, but the giant tops are lost in misty drapery. A little breeze arises and the folds of cloud boil and eddy. Suddenly there is a blinding flash, and one after another great fields of gleaming white thrust out their heads from the still white covering. In many ways and scenes you may feel the ever-present "imminence" of a higher power, the eternal unaccountable something, inexplicable by science or philosphy, but there is no single manifestation of the actual which is more emphatically suggestive than this sight of a high peak

OLD FOOT BRIDGE ON THE LÜTCHINE RIVER.

IN THE GRINDELWALD VALLEY: THE WETTERHORN IN THE DISTANCE.

A PATH WHICH WINDS ALONG THE STEEP VALLEY WALL TOWARDS THE UPPER MEADOWS.

balanced, to all appearance, in central space. Shelley's "Prometheus" knew it:—

". . . the realm
Of Demogorgon, and the mighty portal,
Whence the oracular vapour is hurled up,
Which lonely men drink wandering in their youth . . .
. . . Wonderful!
Look . . . ere the vapour dim thy brain:
Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
As a lake, paving in the morning sky,
With azure waves which burst in silver light.
. . . Behold it, rolling on
Under the curdling winds, and islanding
This peak . . . midway, around,
Encinctured . . .
. . . wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist;
And far on high the keen sky cleaving mountains
. . . icy spires of sunlike radiance . . .
The vale is girdled with their walls . . .
Look how the gusty sea of mist is breaking;
The fragments of the cloud are scattered up;
. . . I see thin shapes within the mist,
A countenance with beckoning smiles; there burns
An azure fire within its golden locks."

OLD MILL HOUSE UNDER THE FIESCHERHORN.

"*Words, idle words!*" but words, at least, able to confess the mystery of these Alpine peaks seen through the seas of cloud.

II.

You may tell the character of a nation —has not Ruskin said it!—by its architecture. The Greek loved his sun

and light; he set his roof upon clean-drawn pillars, he decorated their capitals with the leaves and forms which were ready to hand, and his architecture was at its zenith. The classic style was as lucid and precise as the classic mind, but "other conditions other minds," and the Teuton built his cathedrals. How he developed those lines which make of Cologne Cathedral one of the wonders of all time, this is not the place to discuss. But, first or last, he modelled his arch on the forest pine, which girdled his homesteads, and this is the sum and the foundation of Gothic glories in stone. The Switzer dwelt among other scenes. He was poor, and, from the nature of his country, questions of transport entered largely into the building account; also he had no time to ponder and evolve a great "style." So, while he dwelt among richer quarries than are to be found elsewhere in Europe, his houses are still fashioned largely out of wood. Because of the snow their eaves must be broad and overhang the walls. Because of the storms their walls do not rise more than a second storey, the tilt of the roofs is not great and is heavily weighted down with stones, and their windows are furnished with strong wooden

OLD SAWMILL IN THE LÜTCHINE, WITH THE EIGER IN THE BACKGROUND.

shutters. Lastly, the site of a house is a matter of import, too often of life itself. They stand out in the open valley, or they are sheltered under an overhanging crag. These are the causes, and these the elements, of their peculiar beauty of form. Colour follows suit. It is the scheme of surrounding nature, green and brown of the forest and meadow, white of the snows. In Italian-Switzerland, or by the French frontier, other ideals and other characters mingle with, or overshadow, the native style. The true Swiss church is a Puritan structure indeed, whitewash, clay, and timber, with—but by no means always—a foundation of stone. Its attempt at a tower is apologetic. Where the Italian element intervenes it is tall and apes the *campanile* in form, and its face is painted with gaudy and terrible Passions and Madonnas. But that is Southward—in the Oberland they are Swiss of the Swiss.

Here, cottage or more pretentious farm, the buildings are all of the one type—the typical "Swiss" as a stranger may call it. In the open valley it is squat and comfortable, with an outside ladderway to serve as staircase, and verandahs of a kind, often used as a store-place for the winter's supply of fuel-logs or other household stuff. More likely than not the entire lower, or ground, floor will serve as a hen-house and stock-yard combined, for in this one characteristic the Swiss and Irish peasant are not so far removed in manners, unless it be that the former prefers a slightly more marked degree of separation between owner and beast.

IN THE SERTIG THAL.

When the house has, for any reason, to be placed under the valley wall, fear of landslides and avalanches has taught the native to secure his position by choosing a spot which is protected by a foothill, crag, or grove of trees. In the particular case of which two pictures illustrate this article, the dwelling-house is built right over the primitive wooden troughs which carry the supply of water on which the owner's mill depends. The mill is immediately behind the main building, and farther up the valley you may catch a glimpse of one of those

quaint roofed bridges, which have their part in the memory of most visitors to the older cantons. Originally covered no less for the purpose of saving the bridge from destruction, under the accumulated weight of five months' snow-fall, than to assure unhindered means of crossing the stream even in the worst of weather, these sheltered roadways have in many cases offered a welcome scene of winter employment. The Switzer has always been an apt carver, and when he had carved his chairs and furniture and roof-tree, and while the foreign toy market of to-day was still undreamed of, his busy hands turned to beautifying the bridge which was so essential a part of his daily life. Nowadays he builds bridges of stone and steel like any other vandal, and the glory of their forerunners is passing out of the land.

III.

The beauty of this land is not limited to the naked grandeurs of the peaks or the richer landscape of the valleys. At scarcely any point can you escape the sound of running waters, and everywhere you may catch their glancing light, where they pour an eternal stream through middle space. It would be easy to set down their names, but it is little they would convey to one who has never seen, and cannot therefore realise their meaning. There is the "Spray-fall," whose waters tumble in clouds of spray, so scattered are they by their three-hundred foot plunge from crest to base; and this "Staubbach" is only the greatest of its kind. All down the *thal* you can see them, great and small, some touching rock three or four times in the descent, and at each touch spurting up in glistening showers of rainbow spray. Then there is the real "Rainbow-fall," whose leap is much less, and which issues from so narrow a cleft that its waters are not dissipated, but shoot out from the rock in a whirling column, so that a man may stand within a hollow arch of moving glass, and himself dry, look out on the world through a rainbow. For so swift and so smooth is the rush of this water, that from its under side the eye can hardly realise that the veil is moving liquid. This is wonderful, but more wonderful another stream which lies hidden among trees on the ascent at the higher side of the valley. Here a smaller glen runs down to join the main gorge. It is narrow and precipitous, and exposed in a particular degree to the chances of landslide and avalanche. Thus it happened that, when the frost went and the snows began to melt one spring, the gathered waters found their way of escape blocked by a huge rock, securely wedged and immovable. Moreover, so immense was the monster's weight, and so closely did it fit between the sides of their old channel, that the stream could neither force it nor rend a side issue. First it rose till the waterhead overtopped the obstruction, and so for long years the current tumbled over its summit. But down below the surface, unseen and unguessed, there must have been a depression in the face of the rock, and against this the water held a chance boulder. Always chafing and twisting the stone in its socket, an action was set up like that of the "glacier-gardens" which are exhibited to tourists at other well-known places. And so, after no man knows how many years, nor how long since, the water drilled out a circular hole through the heart of the live rock, whence it spouts in a stream as true as though it were delivered from the end of a water company's main at high pressure.

About the feet of these falls, and all around them, earth is a bed of flowers. Alpenrose girdles their sides, and in the undergrowth are great lilies, red and orange, with here and there that orchid which is called Venus's Slipper, and a thousand others. The wild briar takes on a crimson which might shame its English sister, and all the flowers are of a size which is elsewhere reached only by high cultivation. No man sees them nor are they cared for, yet I Fioretti, these little flowers of the field, have become great, and glorious, unmatched by any garden in the world.

From an old Print.

CHÂTEAU OF SAINT GERMAIN-EN-LAYE IN THE 18TH CENTURY.

SAINT GERMAIN-EN-LAYE

By ROSAMOND CHAPLIN

THE old palace of St. Germain-en-Laye, standing though it does on French soil, and belonging exclusively to France, has, I think, notwithstanding, a special claim to the regard and attention of Englishmen, from having been so intimately connected with the royal house of Stuart—that house whose members were destined for a time to reign as sovereigns, to suffer adversity so grievous as to be unparalleled in the history of any other family, and then to disappear for ever into the mists of obscurity and oblivion, leaving behind them only the memory of their ancient name.

> "Si quelque chose," says Voltaire, "justifie ceux qui croient à une fatalité à laquelle rien ne peut se soustraire, c'est cette suite continuelle de malheurs qui a persecuté la maison des Stuarts pendant plus de trois siècles."

In striking contrast to the sparkling magnificence of Versailles, there is an air of gloom and depression about Saint Germain, and a sadness seems to linger about it which even the bright rays of the summer sunshine cannot altogether disperse.

It may be that it is the antiquity of the place which gives rise to this impression of sadness—that it is merely the solemnity which age imparts, the grey mantle of Time encircling it within its folds; or it may be from the fact that there have been sad hearts behind those walls—hearts made sad by disappointed hopes and past failures, hearts filled with the thoughts of lost opportunities and the vanity of earthly things, hearts which might truly have echoed the despairing words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the imprisoned Richard II.:—

> "And nothing can we call our own but death;
> And that small model of the barren earth,
> Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
> For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
> And tell sad stories of the death of Kings."

For what a sad story is that of Queen Henrietta Maria, the daughter of a king, and the wife of a king; but destined to lose crown, kingdom, and husband, and become herself an exile. And an even sadder story is that of her son, James II., driven forth from his kingdom by his own subjects, with the consent of his own family, passing his latter years in a foreign land, dependent on the generosity of the king who had protected him, grieving over all he had lost, and having the additional

sorrow of self-reproach, and the ever-present thought that but for his own errors he might still have been on the throne of his ancestors.

And the son of James—an exile from his cradle, a witness to the tears and sighs of his parents, and growing up to see the heritage which should descend to him by right in the possession of a stranger.

And there have been others, forgotten now, perhaps, but whose names shine forth in the records of the age as splendid examples of fidelity and devotion, who have spent long years of exile here, not deeming the renunciation of country, home, and possessions too great, when made for the sake of those who had shown them kindness in the days of their prosperity.

These things are past now, and the sad kings and queens, with their faithful followers, have long since joined the great procession which returns no more; but this French home of theirs will ever be a reminder of the uncertainty of earthly joys, for within its walls there has been proved to the utmost the truth of the poet's aphorism* that, "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Robert, King of France, surnamed the Pious, who reigned from 996 to 1031, was, we are told, so much occupied with religious observances, that the government of his kingdom was entirely neglected. He, however, appears to have endeavoured worthily to fulfil his duties towards his subjects, and his charity and kindness, although perhaps misdirected, were nevertheless unbounded. During this reign, and no doubt by this pious king himself, there was erected in the heart of the great forest of Silva Ledia a monastery and chapel, which were dedicated to Saint Germanus, and it is from these monastic buildings of Saint Germanus that the name Saint Germain-en-Laye is derived.

The château of Saint Germain was commenced by Charles V. in 1367. The building of it was carried on by Francis I., and from his time down to 1682, when Louis XIV. left it for Versailles, it was one of the chief residences of the French Court. Two kings of the House of Valois were born here—Henri II. and Charles IX.—and it was during the reign of the former that the connection of Saint Germain with the House of Stuart begins, for here, where Catherine de Medici was holding the Court, came Mary Queen of Scots when she was brought to France as a child in 1548.

Mary's voyage from Scotland to France had been one of danger and adventure Besides storms and other perils of the sea, she had narrowly escaped being captured by the English cruisers which her good cousin Elizabeth had ordered to intercept her. In spite, however, of all these dangers she arrived without harm on August 13th, 1548, at the little port of Roscoff, near Brest, and her journey from there to the Court was one continual triumphal progress. At every town through which she passed sovereign honours were accorded to her, and a zealous greeting awaited her. On October 11th, 1548, she arrived with her following of Scottish nobility at the Château of Saint Germain.

The youth, the beauty, the graceful manners of the child-queen all contributed to create the most profound interest in her at the Court of France. She immediately became the centre of an adoring and admiring throng, who could talk and think of nothing else, and were indefatigable in their attentions towards her and their endeavours to please her.

King Henry II., who was absent at the marriage festivities of Jeanne d'Albret and Antoine de Bourbon at the time of Mary's arrival, hurried back with all speed to Saint Germain, and was charmed with the young sovereign, pronouncing her to be the most perfect child he had ever seen.*

Mary could only speak her own native language of Scotland, which the celebrated French historian, Brantôme,† called a barbarous, rough, ill-sounding language; but

* "Nessum maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.—
Dante's "Inferno," Book V., St. 121.

* "La plus parfaite enfant que je ne vis jamais."
† Brantome, born about 1540, died 1614.

he added, that accompanied with so much grace it became beautiful and very agreeable. The Cardinal de Lorraine, enthusiastic in her praises, wrote in 1553 that among daughters of noble or commoner he had never seen her equal in the kingdom.

Mary Stuart remained in France for thirteen years, a large portion of which time was spent at Saint Germain. On July 24th, 1561, just before her departure for Scotland, a fête in her honour was held at the château, which though intended for a festive occasion, must have been a sad one for the Queen, as she was now to bid farewell to the place so full of happy memories for her.

Often during the dark and troublous years of her after-life, when surrounded by rivalry, lawlessness, and intrigue—when misfortune after misfortune came crowding upon her, and unfaithfulness and disloyalty seemed to triumph over truth, her thoughts must have strayed back to the château on the banks of the Seine, where not a cloud ever marred the bright sunshine of her brilliant youth.

Henri IV. spent much time at Saint Germain, and had so great a love for the place that he granted to the inhabitants of the town the special favour of exemption from all taxes—a prerogative which they enjoyed until the Revolution. This king, not finding the old château sumptuous enough for his tastes, erected a second palace of a most elaborate and beautiful design, surrounding it with lovely Italian gardens, which extended down in five terraces to the river Seine. This palace was destroyed in Louis XVI.'s time, either at the commencement of the Revolution, or previously, and nothing now remains of it but a small building known as the Pavillon Henri IV., which is supposed to be the former chapel of Henri's palace.

Louis XIII. died in this palace of Henri IV. on May 14th, 1643.

Louis XIV. was born in the old château of Saint Germain on September 16th, 1638, and was baptised when he was five years old in the chapel of the same a few days before the death of his father, his god-parents being Cardinal Mazarin and the Princess de Condé.*

The youthful Louis, who from his cradle had been the object of the servile adulation of the courtiers, had already formed a very fair idea of his own importance, as the following anecdote proves :—

After the ceremony of the baptism, the dying king having requested that the child might be bought to his room, asked him his name. "Je suis Louis XIV." answered the boy. "Pas encore, mon fils, pas encore," said the poor father.

In 1644 came the fugitive Queen Henrietta Maria, seeking a place of refuge in her own land from the storm of revolution which had engulfed her husband's throne, and was devastating England from one end to the other.

The Queen of England landed at Brest, in Normandy, and proceeding to Paris, was most hospitably received there by her royal relations. She was conducted to the Louvre, "where the day following her arrival she received all the honours due to a queen, and to a queen a daughter of France."†

Two years afterwards her son Charles Prince of Wales, arrived in France, where he seems, by his personal charms, to have created a very favourable impression.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "La Grande Mademoiselle,"‡ who at one time entertained very serious thoughts of uniting herself in marriage with Charles, but who could not quite make up her mind to accept a king without a kingdom, describes him at the time of his first arrival in France in 1646 as being "rather tall for his age and having a fine head, black hair, a dark complexion, and tolerably agreeable in his demeanour."†

When the rebellion known as the Fronde broke out in Paris in August, 1548, the French Royal Family, who were at the Louvre at the time, wisely thought it

* Charlotte de Montmorency, mother of the Grand Condé.

† Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

‡ Annie Marie Louise Henriette d'Orleans, daughter of Gaston de France, Duke of Orleans by his marriage with the Princesse de Bourbon Montpensier. She was considered the greatest heiress in Europe.

expedient to place themselves at a safe distance from their loyal people in the capital, and so without delay they left for Saint Germain, escorted thither by the Prince de Condé. The château, however, probably owing to the somewhat unexpected advent of the Court, was not altogether prepared for its reception, and seems to have been tolerably uncomfortable, most of the ordinary necessaries and comforts of life being altogether wanting. The supply of food was so short that most of the retinue had to be dismissed, and those that remained were compelled perforce to content themselves with sleeping on beds composed of layers of straw.

From a Print in the British Museum.

MARY STUART AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

In fact, so great was the necessity in which the royal family found themselves at this time, that the Queen Regent, Anne

of Austria, was compelled, we are told, to pledge the Crown jewels in order to raise money.

Henrietta Maria was then in Paris with her youngest daughter. She had previous to this made a request to Cromwell to restore to her her dowry. This he had refused to do, giving as a reason that she had declined to be crowned with her husband on account of the difference of their religion. Being, therefore, thus deprived of her own means, and the French Sovereigns, owing to their misfortunes, being unable to assist her, she suffered very considerable poverty at the commencement of the Fronde.

She and the young Princess Henrietta were discovered one very cold morning in January by Cardinal de Retz, who had come to pay his respects to her, without even the comfort of fire.

"Posterity," said the good Cardinal, "will hardly believe that a princess of England, grand-daughter to Henry the Great, hath wanted a faggot in the month of January, in the eyes of the French Court."

When the Court returned to Paris at the conclusion of the first part of the Fronde, Queen Henrietta, who before the commencement of it had already spent some time at Saint Germain, now once more took up her abode there, being joined by her son, now King of England. She lived to see the Restoration, and died in 1669, at her château at Colombes, near Paris, and was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XIV. greatly improved and beautified Saint Germain, which had been the home of his youth, and during the first forty years of his reign his chief residence; he built the five great towers which encircle the château, and he made also the magnificent terrace which is one of the principal features of the place. This terrace, the work of Lenotre, is a broad, shady walk, one mile-and-a-half long, and is called by a great authority on the subject, "one of the finest promenades in Europe." On one side of this terrace is the forest of Saint Germain, more than 10,000 acres in extent, and on the other side is a view beautiful in the extreme, no doubt even more beautiful in the days of Louis XIV., when railways and other modern destroyers of the picturesque were unknown—a richly-wooded country watered by the River Seine, which winds through it like a sparkling ribbon; verdure-clad hills on either side, and far beyond, the city of Paris with its spires and domes, rising out of the blue haze of the far distance.

But there was one point in that landscape which did not please the Grand Monarque, and that was the grey towers of the cathedral of Saint Denis distinctly discernible in the direction of Vesinet; for the King knew that beneath those towers was the royal burying-place, where, in spite of all his present glory, he would be one day laid. This constant reminder of death became at last distasteful to one who considered himself more or less immortal, and he determined that at least the view of his sepulchre should no longer be allowed to intrude itself upon his gaze, and so when the Palace of Versailles was completed in 1682, he departed from Saint Germain, which from henceforth ceased to be a residence of the French Court.

But the old château was destined to receive yet another king within its walls—for Louis XIV. graciously lent it to James II. and his wife, Mary Beatrice of Modena, when they came with their first infant son as fugitives to France in December, 1688. Louis XIV. had been indefatigable in his assistance to James in the latter's attempts to save his crown, supplying him with troops and money against William of Orange, and now when these attempts had failed, and James was driven forth from his kingdom, Louis extended to him a welcome so noble and magnanimous that it must ever command the admiration of posterity.

Nothing could exceed the kindness and consideration which the French King showed to his unfortunate cousin and his family in their adversity. "In truth," says Lord Macaulay, "his conduct was marked by a chivalrous generosity and urbanity such as had not embellished the annals of Europe since the Black Prince had stood behind the chair of King John at the supper on the field of Poitiers."

James had entrusted the Count de Lauzun, a French nobleman who had been well known in England, to escort the Queen and the young Prince of Wales to France, where after many vicissitudes they arrived at length, James himself following shortly afterwards.

Louis XIV., who was at Versailles when he heard that Queen Mary was journeying towards Paris, announced his intention of going himself to meet her on the road, and commanded that his family and the whole of his Court should accompany him in state, in order to show her by his mark of respect, how honoured and pleased he was to receive her in his kingdom.

And so he drove out from Versailles in a magnificent coach drawn by eight horses,

From an old Print in the British Museum.

JAMES II.

After the Painting by Largilliere.

and surrounded by a brilliant escort of musketeers, the royal princes and princesses, and the great nobility of France following in a hundred carriages, each drawn by six horses.

When the messenger who had been despatched forward came galloping back to announce to the king that the Queen of England was close at hand, Louis descended from his coach, and walked bareheaded towards her carriage. Mary, on seeing the king, would have prostrated herself at his feet, but Louis instantly raised her, speaking gracious words of welcome, and assuring her of his great friendliness and goodwill towards her husband and herself, and then he conducted her and the young Prince of Wales to Saint Germain, the Queen driving with Louis in his own coach.

King James, who had travelled from England by a different route, arrived the next day at the palace, where he was received with the greatest cordiality and affection by Louis, who had again driven here from Versailles in order to be the first to offer a friendly greeting to the fugitive. Every honour and attention that were possible were shown to the exiled king and queen; they were surrounded at Saint Germain with a pomp and state as great, if not greater, than would have been the case had they been reigning sovereigns instead of uncrowned exiles. Louis not only granted them an annual income of £45,000, but commanded an additional £10,000 should be sent to them for their personal expenses. "Le roi fait pour ces Majestés Anglaises des choses toute divines," writes the Duchess of Orleans, whose valuable correspondence forms so important a part of the chronicles of the day; "car n'est ce point être l'image du Tout-puissant que de soutenir un roi chassé, trahi, abandonné? La belle ame du roi se plait à jouer ce grand rôle." *

The good qualities of Louis certainly showed themselves on this occasion in a very marked degree, and as a proof that his reception of James was no mere outburst of generosity on his part, he permitted him to live at Saint Germain for the rest of his life, a period of thirteen years, maintaining him during all this time almost entirely at his own expense, and doing all in his power for his comfort and amusement.

But James did not at once give up all hope of regaining his lost kingdom. In 1689 he went to Ireland to rally round him those willing to fight for his cause, and to strike a blow at the forces of William.

Louis XIV., who had supplied him with everything that could possibly be required for the campaign, from ships, troops, and two millions of money, down to the silver vessels for his own personal use, took leave of him with the following memorable words:—

"Monsieur, je vous vois partir avec douleur; cependant je souhaite de ne jamais vous revoir, mais si vous revenez, soyez persuadé que vous me retrouverez te, que vous me laissez." *

The expedition, however, was a failure; James, with his army of Irish troops and the six thousand French sent by Louis, was defeated by William's forces at the battle of the Boyne, fought on June 30th, 1690.

Again, in 1692, the French fleet under Admiral Tourville, fighting on behalf of James, was defeated by the allied English and Dutch fleets off Cape la Hogue. Other attempts followed, and it was not until the Peace of Ryswick in 1697, that Louis at last consented to acknowledge William and Mary as King and Queen of England.

The birth of the Princess Mary Louisa, the youngest child of James II. and Mary of Modena, took place at Saint Germain in 1692, and brought a ray of comfort to the exiled parents. "Ah," exclaimed the king; "I have now a daughter who has not sinned against me."

James II. died at Saint Germain on September 16th, 1701.

* "The King does for these English Majesties things quite divine; for is it not to be the image of the Most High to support an exiled, betrayed, and abandoned king? The beautiful soul of the king rejoices to play this great part."
—*Correspondence de Madame.*

* "Sir, it is with grief that I see you depart; at the same time I wish that I may never see you again, but if you return, be persuaded that you find me just as you leave me.'

Louis XIV., ever gracious and thoughtful, had paid every attention to him in his last illness, sending to him his own physician, and himself visiting him constantly. Three days before the end, Louis came to Saint Germain accompanied by a numerous following, and at the bedside of the dying King, and in the presence of the English exiles, and many persons of the French Court, he made the solemn declaration that he would, as soon as James were dead —acknowledge his son James Francis Edward as King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and on the evening of the day of King James's death a clatter of hoofs and a flourish of trumpets was heard outside the gate of the Palace, and a gorgeously-arrayed herald with hat in hand, announced in a loud voice in French, and English, and Latin, that the Prince of Wales was now

From a Print in the British Museum.

MARY OF MODENA.

After the Painting by Largilliere.

James the Third of England and Eighth of Scotland.

Requiems and masses were sung without ceasing by the body of the late king as it lay in state for twenty-four hours in the death chamber at Saint Germain, and then after being embalmed it was distributed to different communities and churches. The heart enclosed in an urn was taken to the Convent of Chaillot, and confided to the care of the pious nuns there. A part of the interior of the body was buried in the parish church of Saint Germain, and another part was sent to the English college at Saint Omer. The brain and parts of the head went to the Scotch college at Paris, where the Duke of Perth erected a monument. The remainder of the body was conveyed to Paris by the Duke of Berwick, the Earl of Middleton, the late king's chaplain, and others, and laid to rest in the chapel of the English Benedictines, there to await the day, so fervently desired by his followers, when it might be transferred in state to Westminster Abbey.

The charming character of Queen Mary Beatrice caused her to be greatly loved and respected in France; the memoirs and letters of the time extol her patience under adversity, her unselfish charity, her unfailing thoughtfulness and solicitude for the devoted band of English who had followed her husband into exile, and who after his death remained near her.

She survived her husband for seventeen years, living quietly during that time at Saint Germain, surrounded by her little court. In 1712 she experienced another great sorrow in the death of her daughter, the Princess Mary Louisa, and in 1718 she herself breathed her last, to the great grief of the Jacobites and the regrets of all her friends.

She had given directions that her body should lie at the Convent of Chaillot until it should find a sepulchre among the Royal tombs at Westminster.

In 1824 the old Parish Church of Saint Germain-en-Laye was entirely re-built, and during the work of excavation to prepare for the foundation of the new church, the workmen came upon three leaden caskets. On one of these was the following inscription:—

> "Ici est une portion de la chair et des parties nobles du corps du très haut très-puissant, très excellent Prince Jacques Stuart, second du nom, Roy de la Grande-Bretaigne, né le XXII octobre MDCXXXIII, décédé en France à Saint Germain-en-Laye le XVI septembre MDCCI."

There was no inscription upon the other two leaden cases, but there is hardly a doubt that they contained portions of the remains of Queen Mary Beatrice and of her daughter, the Princess Mary Louisa.

When the tidings of this discovery came to George IV., he made known to his ambassador in Paris his wishes concerning the re-burial of the caskets—which ceremony he ordered to be conducted with all the pomp and state possible—intending, when the church should be completed, to erect a fitting monument.

The re-burial of the royal remains took place, but George IV. did not live to carry out his intention of the monument: and it was Queen Victoria who placed one to the memory of King James in the present church of Saint Germain-en-Laye, close to the palace which sheltered him so long. The following is the epitaph inscribed on this monument:—

REGIO GENERI PIETAS REGIA.
Ferale quisquis hoc monumentum respicis
Rerum humanarum vices meditare.
Magnus in prosperis, in adversis major,
Jacobus II Anglorum Rex
Insignes aerumnas dolendaque fata
Pio placidoque obitu exsolvit
In hac urbe
Die XVI Semtembris A N. MDCCI
Et nobiliores quaedam corporis ejus partes
Hic reconditae asservantur.

The two lateral inscriptions are:—

Qui prius augusta gestabat fronte coronam
Exigua nunc pulvereus requiescit in urna,
Quid solium, quid et alta uvant? terit omnia lethum.

Verum laus fidei ac morum haud peritura manebit;
En quoque, summe deus, regem quem regius hospes
Infaustum acceptit, tecum regnare jubebis.

There were three original inscriptions in the old church of Saint Germain, no doubt

placed there by the adherents of the Stuarts who still remained in France. One of these inscriptions was on the wall of a chapel, and the other two were on white marble slabs in the pavement of the church close to the high altar.

These three inscriptions totally disappeared when the church was re-built, and it is only through the Rawlinson MSS. at Oxford that they are known.

From a Print in the British Museum.

LOUISE MARIE, DAUGHTER OF JAMES II. AND MARY OF MODENA.

The inscription on the wall of the Chapel was as follows :—

REGI REGUM
Felicique memoriae
Jacobi II Majoris Britanniae Regis

Qui sua hic viscera condi voluit,
Conditus ipse in visceribus Christi.
Fortitudine bellica nulli secundus,
Fide Christiana cui non par?
Per alteram quid non ausus?
Propter alteram quid non passus?
Illa plus quam heros
Ista prope martyr.

* * * * *

Moritur ut vixit fide plenus
Eoque advolat quo fides ducit
Ubi nihil perfidia potest.

The two inscriptions on the marble slabs near the Altar of the Church were as follow :—

VISCERA
Jacobi Secundi
Magnae Britanniae regis
Virtutibus regiis maximus
Fide Major
Obiit Sancti Germaini in Laya
Die XVI Septembris MDCCI.

and the other—

Viscera Ludovicae Mariae
Filiae Jacobi secundi
Magnae Britanniae regis
Consummata in brevi explevit tempora multa
Dilecta Deo et hominibus
Annos nata prope viginti
Abiit ad Dominum die XVIII Aprilis MDCCXII.

From the death of Queen Mary Beatrice down to the outbreak of the French Revolution, the palace of Saint Germain was occupied by the English exiles and their descendants, who with tender affection for James's consort, always held sacred the room in which she had died, preserving everything in it as precious memorials of a deeply-loved and honoured queen.

The château does not appear to have been injured in any way during the Revolution. Its thick walls and stronghold-like appearance no doubt gave rise to the idea of making it a prison, and it was perhaps this idea, of which the death of Robespierre prevented the accomplishment, that caused it to be saved from destruction at that time. Later on it was used as barracks for the regiments quartered at Saint Germain, afterwards it became a military prison, then followed a long period of desertion, until at length the Emperor Napoleon III. thoroughly restored it and made it into a musuem for antiquities: and as such it remains to this day.

In the vicinity of Saint Germain there are several small châteaux or villas, each with a history of its own. One of these, called the Château du Val, situated near the Grille Royale at the entrance of the forest, was erected by Louis XIV. from the designs of Mansard. Another is the Pavillon de la Muette in the depths of the forest; this was originally a hunting lodge of Francis I., and had kennels attached to it, where were kept the hounds used in the chase. It was restored by Louis XIV.

Not far from this is the Pavillon des Loges, where Madame du Barry retired after the death of Louis XV. In the reign of Napoleon I. this villa was made into a dependance of the College of the Legion of Honour at Saint Denis. There is an old chapel close by where is held the yearly Fête des Loges.

Saint Germain, then, is full of memories, memories of kings and queens, courts and pageants, gladness and sorrow, smiles and tears—all with their own story, but each story teaching the same great lesson that

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
Death lays its icy hands on Kings."

SHIRLEY.

After the Painting by Phillips. *Photo by J. W. McLellan, Hsghbury.*

THE GIPSY GIRL.

(In the Glasgow Gallery.)

THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

By CECIL BARBER

"O God, let me at last find her who is destined to be mine, and who shall strengthen me in virtue."—*Extract from Beethoven's Diaries.*

I.

A MAN worked steadily. Before him lay the last page of a full score, and he was penning the tiny notes in feverish haste. The few final chords, spread over the entire range of an orchestra, had but to be filled in, and then—why then, there remained but "Finis" to be written.

The room was almost dark, and there would have been scarcely light enough, had not a blood-red sun hung in mid sky opposite the window. From this a long ray came across the orderly lines of stave after stave, and the bewildering maze of signs yet wet with ink; and gradually the climax which the writing conjured up in the mind of the composer neared completion. No sound marred the stillness beyond the occasional crackle of a cinder in the grate and the sputtering of the pen on the paper. Months of toil, for which years of study had been the preparation, lay embodied in the pile of manuscript to the writer's left hand. This was his one bid for fame—for that undying reputation, which is the goal of all endowed men who use their gifts aright.

The clock struck—the half hour. With a long flourish the man wrote the word that placed the coping-stone on the work, and leant back in his chair with a sigh. The afternoon sun, now sinking into the grey haze of evening, illuminated his strong face, which was flushed with the glory of creation. The undertaking was finished, and the mortal could now taste the joy of the Creator, Who saw that what He had done was good. Heaven-sent thoughts, noble in themselves, were at last put down in black and white. Slow and patient practice in his craft alone had enabled the man to give them being. The fruit of his labours lay ready to be reaped.

He laughed triumphantly.

"I don't care if I die to-night," he said, throwing his shoulders back. "All that I can do is here." He tapped the sheet in front of him, where great columns of notes set their seal on what had gone before. "It is my best—I have written it all to please myself and my God, in simple faith that one day it will come to its own." He turned back the manuscript, page by page, until he came to the opening bars; noticing as he did so the countless gems of expression, which had come so easily to his mind. "And," he added, "as this is the first honest expression of thought I have ever set down on paper, I'll mark it 'Op. 1.'"

He regarded the finished work for another instant, and then got up and walked to the window. It was growing darker every minute. The sun had sunk from sight; the cheerless street was quite deserted of humanity and full of mist; and the dull heart of red in the fire sent a wan glow into the room. He pulled down the blind and lighted the two candles on the mantelshelf, on either side of a broad pier-glass. The leaping flames threw his haggard features into eerie prominence, and he paused involuntarily to observe them. He discovered himself examining the presentment critically. Resting his elbow against the ledge he proceeded to value mentally what he saw before him, as though the confidence of the previous moment was suddenly assailed by all the old doubts. He was without conceit, and his scrutiny was mercilessly keen. For what was the revelation which the mirror made to Austen Ould?

A short, thick-set man confronted him there. The head was so massive as to seem to overburden the rounded shoulders.

It was crowned with curly black hair, brushed backward over the scalp and from the ears. The forehead was grandly made, and hung over the rest of the face like marble cliffs in miniature. The nose, inelegant in profile, broadened to the front as it descended, in keeping with a wide, full-lipped mouth. The chin was flat at the base and slightly cleft, and the jaws were harshly defined and quite straight. Both cheeks were seared by three lines, each of which took a different direction, giving to the general cast of countenance a tinge of gloomy humour, which the almost ferocious intensity of the eyes entirely belied. The eyes, indeed, were the key to the curious puzzle of the features. They told of raging intellectual fires behind the pale mask, wherein they were poised like a couple of live coals. In a word, the face was unhandsome, but immensely strong. It was Ambition in the flesh.

Ould smiled grimly at the uncouthness of the sight, and the shadows on his reflected face flapped up and down like the beating of black wings.

"You look," he muttered, still eyeing himself, "as if your face had been hacked out of a lump of hard wood with a blunt knife. Good for me, then, that my face isn't my fortune!" The thought amused him, and he slapped his leg. "Things might have been worse after all, if I had had to depend upon appearances. I never thought of that."

He glanced about the room to find a safe place for keeping the symphony. He saw the grand piano that filled half the available space; the two busts on the brackets—Beethoven and Bach—and the portraits of the other masters on the walls. These things, inanimate though they were, were not mere images to him; the familiar features lived with him, and encouraged him by their conscious strength of purpose. How they had mocked defeat, these great men, and won their laurels, was to him a continuous source of surprise and (what was better) of comfort. But they were born to triumph in the end; and—Ould saw himself again in the glass—so was he! These large minds had helped to fashion his own genius into shape by their precept and example; he had learned what they taught.

So he stood with the child of his imagination in his arms, while Bach smiled down upon him with kingly kindness and Beethoven scowled approval.

Somewhere in the neighbourhood of the street a loud bell began to clang. Ould looked at the clock. Quarter to six—the ringers were starting their call to evening service. In a moment a wild carillon pealed out; and Ould thought, with sardonic amusement, of the good people of the town whom that message would send to don their finery for a weekly excursion into religious sentimentality. And he did not forget that he was to assist in the medley; play Mendelssohn-and-water as his vicar ordered—modern drawing-room prettiness instead of the old-world music of men who could not (had they chosen to) win in their day the cheap applause of the multitude, but who fought with Time and conquered.

So, having locked "Op. 1" securely within a cabinet, Austen Ould set out for church.

II.

It was an eminently respectable service. Doors were open, to adopt the language of the theatre, which St. Saviour's rather resembled, at a quarter to six, and by the hour the free seats were all full. The family pews were reserved until the bells stopped ringing, so that the owners thereof might troop languidly up the middle aisle, with an air of conscious importance in the eyes of the Almighty, at whose glorification they were willing to assist. Ould, from his organ loft, noticed it all with a contempt which familiarity with the scene had bred. And the service as a whole was imbued with the spirit of the place. During the sermon he had ample opportunity for reflection. "The germ of Christianity," said the preacher, "was Faith."

"Faith!" thought Ould, on his little hard seat. A wise man, he had read, makes more opportunities than he gets; and he himself, with the faith of Old Israel, had as a rule to make bricks without straw. Yet

he had not progressed very far in his profession. In the hard struggle to keep his head above water, in spite of opposition, Ould found himself growing soured, and he was aware that thereby he was losing conviction and the power of application. He had been stagnating; yet he had had little chance of doing anything else. He was without influence, and alone in the world: and so in desperation he had written "A Symphony of Life." He never dared hope to hear it performed, but he felt it due to himself—and, as he would laughingly add, to posterity—to unburden his mind of all that possessed it.

He had frankly set himself to achieve the impossible; for his dream of ultimate greatness seemed totally beyond realisation. Inspiration had come to him suddenly and curiously. Once during a morning service he had chanced to look obliquely into the reflector above his head, and had caught therein a lovely vision in the form of a fair woman's face. It happened that she was turned towards him, and her features, suffused as they were by a shaft of light of many colours from a clerestory window, haunted his memory. For she, like his art, lifted him out of himself, and raised him to a point a little lower than the angels. "Such a woman as that," he said to himself, "would be my salvation." The thought was purely abstract, and not in the least selfish; for when the vision had once vanished, he never framed it again, either in the mirror or elsewhere. "Oh, to be worthy!" That was his only purpose —to be worthy of honour and praise; not for his own sake, but for the advancement of his art, and to bring blessing to the memory of the mother who bore him in bitter anguish. And now this new light had flashed into his understanding. It put fresh life into him, spurred him on to take another longer step towards the goal, gave him heart and hope for the great endeavour.

Sometimes when he found himself aloft on this giddy pinnacle of hope he would lose his balance by a relapse into self-consciousness, and be dashed to the grey earth once more. For the stern realities of life were always before him. And while man does not live by bread alone, he needs bread. And so here Ould was settled—organist of a church where the vicar was musically a Philistine, too much concerned in frightening his congregation, or, as he put it, educating them, with candles and vestments to pay any attention to the settings of the services. Ould came under the same lash; must needs play music that was pleasing to the ear outwards, and wallow in a morass of unenlightened melody and academic harmony. While his soul thirsted for the purer music that has come down from former times, he had to busy himself in up-to-date saccharine tunefulness, with due regard to fussy expression marks and accordingly with one foot glued to the swell pedal. But after all his art was his one solace, in spite of that. He lived for it alone. Music was his religion and his faith, and claimed his entire faculties.

His was not an attractive personality. His clothes were shabby. Engrossed as he was in his profession he had an unreasoning contempt for the common things of life; all such he brushed aside as worthless. Even people who had the best of intentions towards him, and who had not made the fatal mistake of offering him their hospitality "as a help to him," told him that he aimed too high. "Bosh!" said he, with more truth than politeness; "No man can aim too high, but he must be ready for a long fall if he overrates himself." He would look his adviser clearly between the eyes and say: "But I don't do that." The ordinary individuals—and they were as a rule quite ordinary individuals, who tried to patronise the young musician with the poor clothes—would laugh out loud when they reached home, and tell their wives "What a conceited ass 'young Ould' is." And the women having appreciated the deep humour of the phrase "young Ould" would cry: "That man!" and talk of somebody else.

Not only had his decision led him to write a work which, to all appearances, was worth so much wastepaper—for the doors of the local philharmonic society were shut to

Ould turned slowly, with a savage: "Go to the devil!"

him through the jealousy of the conductor, whose incompetence made him fear and hate every newcomer — but Ould always closed the service with a classical voluntary.

For this reason he had chosen the big "G minor Prelude and Fugue" of Bach to-night. His predecessor had been in the habit of ministering to the absence of taste rather than the taste of his hearers, by playing such stuff as their hearts loved; and consequently Ould had not been surprised to note how unanimously the worshippers fled as soon as he started upon the work. Still, the music sounded all the better for an empty church, and Ould did not mind.

But it happened that the local patron of art was in the church. He was a baronet, and had considerable wealth. His word was law in that toady-town, and he himself had been somewhat spoilt by excessive sycophancy on the part of those with whom

money is the only standard of value. But with all his high-and-mightiness he was a sincere lover of music, and he not only knew good music when he heard it, but knew also why it was good. He had much influence in the neighbourhood, seeing that he was president of the philharmonic and its chief supporter. As he lived some distance away from the town, he had not been to St. Saviour's since Ould's appointment; but he had learned from the private advices of his daughter that a musician with a soul was at last installed at the fine organ. Imagine his delight, then, on hearing the astonishing piece open with such brilliancy. In his pleasure he left his seat, walked straight up to the player, and gave him there and then what he intended to be a friendly invitation to supper.

A man who is at work on the big "G minor" of Bach does not like to be interrupted, and while hands and feet were hard pressed, Ould turned slowly to his tormentor, with a savage: "Go to the devil!"

Sir Robert Cressy fell back amazed.

"In a church, too," he murmured.

He was just about to hasten to the vicar with his report, and a demand for the instant dismissal of the churlish organist, when suddenly the noble subject of the fugue, given out this time on the *tuba mirabilis*, smote his senses. Unwillingly he dropped into a choir-stall and listened. The theme went on its soaring way, darting eagle-like into a sun of splendour and falling to earth again through a cloud of golden glory.

At the end there was a dead silence, and the few people in the wilderness of empty seats who had waived the delights of supper, or who had come to criticise and had stayed to learn, were heard to rustle out. Sir Robert was entranced; and he had not missed the fact that the two pieces had been done from memory.

Then Ould faced round.

"Sorry if I was rude just now," said he, with a slow smile, "but Bach wants all that I can give and much more. You see I could not remember all of it."

He pointed to a slip of notepaper pinned on the desk in front of him. It contained a bar out of each piece done in pencil, but these two fillips to his memory were all that he had needed.

"What do you say?" stammered Sir Robert, harking back to the past insult. "One word from me to the vicar——"

"No doubt," said Ould, closing the console. "Why do you wait?"

Sir Robert stared hard at the player, and then his glance fell.

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly. "I was unthinking at the time. Will you come home with me, and give us some music?"

Ould frowned. He had learned from bitter experience how he had often been asked to people's houses for what he could do rather than for what he was.

Sir Robert noticed the frown, and added hastily: "I am busy with the philharmonic programme for next season, and I should like you to meet my committee. I understand that you compose."

Ould knew Sir Robert Cressy by sight, and had been advised that this was a man whom he "ought to work." So he hastened to make amends.

"Oh! I shall be happy to come," he said, turning off the water. "You mustn't mind my bad manners."

Sir Robert laughed, and the two men shook hands.

Then they passed down to the church gates, where the carriage was waiting, and were driven away; and Ould (who believed in walking as exercise, but preferred driving for comfort) wondered, as he sat back in the luxurious seats, whether his chance had at last come.

III.

Both were silent on the homeward journey. The message of the old master engaged their thoughts. After a long drive they reached the Woodlands. As they stepped out of the carriage Sir Robert, taking the younger man's arm in a fatherly way, which somehow won his affection, said:

"You will meet two rather interesting

people here besides my daughter—Ordish, the philharmonic conductor, and Johnson, the critic. You have no doubt heard of both men, and you certainly ought to know Johnson. He is a first-rate fellow, really, though he is perhaps hypercritical. It is said that he will find fault with the angels' costumes (that is if they have any) at Judgment Day; but he sets the time in music hereabouts. He judges from the best standard, and so we always take him into our confidence when we make up our programmes. I am afraid that Ordish and he don't hit it"—Sir Robert paused—"for obvious reasons," he added, with a laugh.

Leaving the hall they entered the drawing-room, where standing before the fire were two men, to whom Ould was introduced.

Ordish was a plain-faced individual, with a self-conscious air, who eyed the stranger in a rather supercilious fashion, and was not over-cordial; Johnson, on the other hand, commanded some attention. He was tall, with a clean-shaven, well-chiselled face, and iron-grey hair. He looked artistic to his finger-tips, and was natural and easy in his manner. Ould was pleased to see that he appeared to know who and what he was.

All four men talked commonplaces for a moment or so, or at least three of them did, Ordish seeming to confine his remarks to ready acquiescence of the critic's. Then the door opened, and a tall, fair girl advanced into the light of the standard lamp. When she had greeted the other two, Sir Robert took the musician forward.

"My daughter," he said, and Ould bowed over the slim hand.

Now, once this same man had appeased the curiosity of a prattling dame, who collected specimens of bad writing and worse sentiments, by putting highly novel "confessions" into a sumptuous autograph album devoted to that purpose. "What sort of a girl do you admire?" the impudent query ran. With a sweep of the quill, worthy of the eccentricity which the occasion demanded, Ould had written: "As I am short and dark I naturally prefer a tall, fair girl."

Here was one before him, and the man recognised her instantly as his divinity in the flesh. It was the same sweet face which had stamped itself upon his memory. Could she—did she—know? Ould saw only a calm, untroubled expression when he raised his eyes to hers. Of course not! he decided. Yet her glance had faltered, unnoticed by him. He did not guess that she had seen him in the church as plainly as he had seen her, and that she had not forgotten.

During supper Ould observed with increasing admiration the graceful way in which she acted hostess to her father's host. It was a pleasant meal, and to Ould's embittered feelings, used as they were to a slovenly and poverty-stricken table, the appurtenances brought a keen pleasure. Although he did not profess to have "company manners," yet Ould had sufficient self-confidence to be equal to the occasion, and even if he did not talk much he unconsciously allowed himself to be drawn out by the critic on one hand and by May Cressy on the other. Sir Robert, noticing the progress on that side of the table, busied himself with Mr. Ordish, who, in spite of an obvious effusiveness towards his patron, could scarcely conceal his preoccupation with the others.

Afterwards an adjournment was made to the drawing-room. Here the chaste glow from shaded lamps and the gilding of white panels awoke a new sensation of peace in the silent brooding soul of Ould, who had known luxury in nothing but his own thoughts.

Sir Robert Cressy went over to the pianoforte, opened it, and asked his daughter to sing. She obeyed without hesitation, and accepted Ordish's proffered accompaniment. In a pleasant soprano she gave one of Schubert's songs, and then a latter-day setting, slight but beautiful, to Kingsley's lines, "O that we two were maying."

When she had finished, the girl found Ould regarding her with fresh interest, and her colour grew at his patent approval. She nodded with a smile in response to his thanks.

"Won't you play now?" she asked.

The rest chorused the entreaty; and Ould, who was now thoroughly at his ease, took his seat at the piano. He struck a chord at random. It was in a minor key—nature's key—and the sorrowful sounds went shuddering along the strings like uneasy birds of passage on the wing. He looked down at the notes, and saw that he had chosen the key of C sharp minor—a key to be devoted surely to the expression of chastened melancholy or even deep-seated anger. Without pause he started upon the broken chords at the head of the "Sonata" of Beethoven's which stands in the list as Op. 27, and which foolish people are in the habit of dubbing the "Moonlight Sonata" for no apparent reason.

The first movement, as the faithful are aware, is "the outpouring of the spirit of the early Beethoven, full of romance and real or imaginary grief. The feeling is expressed in a series of melodies lovelier than anything written after Mozart; it is deep and tender beyond anything Beethoven himself had written up to that time." The music was well attuned to the player's humour. His indefinable longings found expression therein; all his disappointments, the memory of continual chafing at delay in realising his ambitions crowded upon him in face of the strange elation of the moment. Ould was quite sure of himself now, for somehow he seemed to be in sight of the distant goal. As he played, an access of happiness came upon him, and he felt that he was burying the grey past in the mournful music, so that nothing should live to darken the approach of a brighter day. Nevertheless, he was conscious that something real would still be lacking—what, he could not tell. Success was within reach, because his chance had come; but even that, he was convinced, would be incomplete.

Ould glanced round the room, and found the girl watching him. She turned her large lustrous eyes away immediately, for the spell of the imposing figure at the piano was at the instant unendurable. To her Ould was a re-incarnation of Beethoven himself, whose portrait hung on the wall behind him, in all the glory of rugged features and untamed hair. She saw the same massive head bent over the keys, and the stern face filled with a self-absorption caused by the sheer inspiration of the "Sonata." And the plaintiveness of the music seemed almost out of place in that scene of comfort and refinement. The tale of a hard struggle in an unsympathetic world had no right to intrude upon the restfulness and quiet of that drawing-room.

Then the player entered upon the second movement, "which is as tender as the first, but more fanciful without becoming freakish. In the trio of it a sinister emotion begins to thrust through." Ould applied the story he was telling so powerfully to himself. Constant harassment and disappointment had made him cynical—had he not admitted as much to himself in the church?—and had weakened his conviction. In the final movement of the "Sonata" "this sinister emotion is given full vent; it comes out with a thoroughly Beethovian explosion, and then, so to say, the thunderstorm ends in a terrific pelt of rain, and one seems to see the wild ragged-edged clouds driving through the wet sky."

No sunshine anywhere, but a gradually diminishing wrath to a sober, drab-coloured ending, with a golden slit in the clouds over purple hills in the west So the piece ended.

There followed the silence of deep thought. Ould will not forget the scene: Sir Robert deep in an easy chair, with his white hair shielded by a knotted hand; Ordish sheepishly self-centred as usual, and quite unmoved; the critic looking up at the gilded ceiling, with his eyes half shut and his face suggestive of the repose of absolute enjoyment; and the girl leaning forward, with parted lips and a heaving breast, tracing pictures in the heart of the fire.

She indeed was the first to speak.

"You have put more into that 'Sonata' than ever I heard before. I used to think it a kind of 'Song without words,'" she said, with a flashing glance at Ould, whose heart quickened its beating suddenly.

To the composer's excited fancy he could hear the full orchestra.

He calmed himself immediately, and turning to her his heavily-lidded eyes:

"Perhaps I understand its meaning," he suggested simply.

"Delightful!" murmured Sir Robert, beaming from his chair.

"Excellent!" cried the critic. For once he had been stung into praise.

"Very good!" admitted Ordish, as an anti-climax.

Ould's glance rested on the clock. The hour warned him to be gone. He rose to say so.

"Don't hurry away," Sir Robert pleaded. "Must you? Oh, well, the question of the philharmonic must stand over. You have given us," he said, "to use a rather inexpressive expression, a treat."

"I have done my best," said Ould finally.

Johnson stood up.

"I must be going too," he said; then to Ould: "You go my way, I think?"

"That depends on which is your way."

Ordish looked from one to the other with lively concern. How would Johnson take the delicate snub?

"Well," said the critic, with an amused smile, "perhaps you'll allow my way to be yours?"

"Gladly," said Ould.

So the two men shook hands with Sir Robert, Ordish, and May.

"Manage to sound him about the philharmonic," Sir Robert whispered to the critic.

"I will," said Johnson.

"Thank you for that music," said the girl in a low voice to Ould.

"Thank you for yours," said he.

"Ah, mine was a trifle to yours," she cried.

"Both, I think, were sincere."

He bowed and left her, and rejoined Johnson, who was waiting for him. Together they passed out into the starlight, and set off towards the town at a brisk pace. They had not much to say to each other as they walked along. At last Johnson blurted out:

"Have you written anything of your own?"

"Reams of rubbish," returned the other readily, "but I date my start from this afternoon; I finished my first opus."

"What is it?" said the critic.

"A symphony—symphonic poem if you like."

"May I see it?" Johnson asked. Then after a pause of diffidence, quite strange to him, he added: "I have some influence in this part of the world."

"You can have the score with pleasure," said Ould. "It is my best, whatever you may think of it."

"I will treat it as such."

As Johnson had to pass Ould's lodgings he went with him to the door, and waited outside while Ould ran inside and produced the manuscript.

"I couldn't come in, you know," said Johnson, with a light smile. "It would have destroyed my impartiality!"

"Would it?" Ould gave a boisterous laugh. "Then I am sorry for you, and for the idiots who think so."

They parted at the gate—the critic with his *blasé* nature stirred somewhat, Ould with the dismal prospect of bare discomfort.

In the drawing-room at the Woodlands Sir Robert Cressy had taken his stand on the hearthrug.

He looked in the direction of the door where Ould and the other man had passed out.

"That," said he, with an extended finger, "is a coming man."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Ordish languidly.

May looked again into the fire at the fluttering pictures there.

IV.

"Is this all?"

Austen Ould stared at the laconic note from Johnson which accompanied the return of the manuscript of "A Symphony of Life," with kind regards.

"What the devil does he mean?" he asked himself, as he broke an egg.

He was in a bad humour, having passed a restless night, and risen earlier than was his wont. It was the morning after, and the musician was suffering from a reaction

The unseemly haste with which Johnson, the critic, had sent back the symphony annoyed him too. He did not know that Johnson had sat up till the early hours poring over the score, and had despatched it by the six o'clock post so as not to keep it any longer than he could help from Ould.

The composer looked out at the raging wind and rain that beat against the window of the room, and his brow was puckered with upright lines. He propped the score against the coffee-pot, and turned over the pages listlessly.

The work was divided into three real movements with a short *finale*, in which, as he had already admitted privately to himself during the night, "the bottom fell out." The scheme was an ambitious one, as befitted "A Symphony of Life." The first movement in the "simple unadorned" key of C major was entitled "Hope," and was built upon a fresh and buoyant theme, in which the unshaken confidence of a youthful outlook was faithfully expressed; but, as though in answer to this, a second subject was heard, speaking of the diffidence produced by ignorance of the world. In the second movement, christened "Disquiet," a sinister idea was developed which grew and grew in force, leading thence to the third movement. Here, in the name of "Melancholy," a gloomy humour was apparent, lifeless and without relief. And then an exuberant *finale* carried the story through, without a title this time, though an obvious spirit of recklessness prevailed.

Although the last movement was surprisingly short, and ended with startling suddenness, yet it appeared to contain, as its creator intended that it should, a travesty of all the original themes deprived of their sonority and grandeur. The conclusion was in fact the triumph of pessimism, on which Ould had rather prided himself at the time of writing. But he felt now—and his waking thoughts had been mostly taken up with the conviction, as the effect of the previous night—that his philosophy as expressed in his symphony was a poor thing, and that the life he had portrayed fizzled out to an ignominious end.

"Is this all?" Johnson had written.

Ould reviewed his career. As a young man he had started life with enthusiasm and some self-confidence. He was new to the world and its misery, and viewed it as a big kingdom to conquer—a place where intellect alone could triumph. This was the idea which had prompted the opening movement of his symphony, and the simplicity of the construction gave point to the notion. When the second movement opened, all would be conscious that the hero, as they had pictured him so far, had undergone change. He was suffering disillusionment. Doubt had attacked him; he was puzzled at first, then utterly perplexed. The whimsical, almost freakish character of the movement served to show this; and bewilderment was its predominant feature. No surprise could be felt, then, that the young hopeful went to the other extreme. He was feeling the press of the "wheel of things," and as his strivings came home to him as futile in the face of discouragement and disenchantment a settled melancholy filled him. The third movement saw him through this stage, which might be called "Hope deferred." Now followed a short mad strain, breathing careless defiance. Was that all?

Ould turned to Johnson's letter again, and repeated the single query it contained.

"By the Lord!" he exclaimed, "that man is acute. He has found the weakness as—confound him!—he generally does. If I don't round off this symphony, it will mean a slating from Johnson if ever it is heard. But how—how——?"

He stared out of the window lost in thought, and but for the relentless slash of of the rain on the panes the stillness was complete. Soon he came to earth again, and pushing the breakfast things from him turned once more hurriedly to the concluding bars of the manuscript. He studied it long and earnestly in silence.

Then he sat up sharply and cried:

"I have it! What I want is a recurrence of the first themes—Hope transformed into greater grandeur and brilliancy, as though

He took her in his arms.

some new influence had come into the life of this poor wight who is me."

He locked the door, and having pulled out a pile of paper sat down to "finish" his symphony.

For some time he made no commencement. With pen in hand he looked at the virgin sheet before him, arranging his thoughts. He seemed to see in front of him, faint and elusive, the face of a tall, graceful girl, with clear-cut features and shining blue eyes that met his in mute inquiry. The phantom never left him, but danced up and down on the white paper wherever his glance fell. And as he let his wits accept the delusion all indecision gradually left him, and he began to work.

He had now no difficulty in foreseeing the end, the worthy end of "A Symphony of Life." And he marked the *finale* "Joy."

Ould was occupied with the work for the whole morning. Lunch-time passed, but he gave it no thought. The sun, which was now smiling through the rain, southed in due course, and slid gently over the shining roofs down its golden ladder to the west. Afternoon came, and still he worked. With never an erasure, never a pause, and never a second thought, he wrote on in untiring energy, fitting together an elaborate mosaic to contain the unalloyed joy that had entered his being.

He took the two themes of the first movement, one boyish and the other girlish by contrast, that had opened the symphony in such early confidence. They were both caricatured in the *finale* as it was at present sketched, but he gave them again in their old simplicity, as a kind of quaint reproach at the cynical levity which had marked the previous ending. Then he clothed them afresh in larger thought, so that they became melodies, deep, tender, and sustaining, and worked the two hand in hand, so

to speak, to a glorious *coda* of unspotted splendour.

He was nearing the end of his labours, which so far had not told on his body (for his mind was as fresh as ever), when a long bright ray from the setting sun once more intruded into the room. No mist enshrouded the steady beam this time. It kissed his hair first, and slowly lengthened until it lay right across the last page, bringing into prominence the crashing chords, reiterated and tremendous, that were needed to emphasise the happy future which lies in wait for the honest heart and the faithful mind.

To the composer's excited fancy he could hear the full orchestra sounding out their loudest *tutti*, carrying along "A Symphony of Life" to its triumphant climax.

He could see the conductor's arm compelling, enforcing, leading, watch the violins madly at work, note the "sacred" trombones roaring forth, mark the rapid rattle of the drums. And then a shout of applause and mad cheers raised, the conductor himself bowing, and the bandsmen rising to join in the ovation. He looked into the crowded hall, and saw a pale, statuesque figure stand and wave her handkerchief, her face lighted with enthusiasm.

The great work was finished. Ould breathed hard, as though he had suddenly come to the surface of deep water. The sunbeam, unwilling to leave the achieved design, still lay on the edge of the score; the ink still glistened in its eye. Then the sunbeam fell off the page, and the ink dried.

But Ould had overtaxed himself. He rose unsteadily, and his limbs ached. He felt faint and weary, and before his tired eyes, on the walls, the carpet, the ceiling—wherever he looked—endless staves and clustered chords sh fted eternally.

He went to the door, unlocked it, and rang the bell. To the servant who appeared, he said, "Bring me something to eat," and he gathered up that part of the symphony he had called "Joy," and put it with the rest, out of sight.

The woman returned with another note, bearing a crest on the envelope. Ould opened it slowly, for he was overcome by sheer lassitude, and could hardly bring his eyes to read what was written. He had, in fact, to examine the letter twice before the contents were plain to him. It was a direct commission from Sir Robert Cressy to write anything up to a half-programme work for the next philharmonic concert, and to name his own fee. Yet Ould was almost too sick at heart to feel pleasure at the proposal, although it was what he had prayed for ever since he had known what ambition was.

He picked up the sheet of notepaper, however, which he had received from Johnson the critic, and which had lain by his hand throughout the busy day. Beneath the question "Is this all?" he wrote four words: "No; I've finished it," and gave it in an envelope to the servant to post.

Then, being all alone and overwrought with the labours of the day, Austen Ould flung his arms on the table, and burying his face in his hands broke into short, quick sobs. And he breathed a single name—May.

V.

Six months later the work was performed, and it won instant success.

Sir Robert Cressy had acted entirely on his own initiative when he commissioned Austen Ould to get ready a half-programme piece for the philharmonic society, but not until he had heard Johnson's opinion of the symphony before it was finished. Ordish was not pleased, naturally, and in a sinuous but persistent way he set himself to prevent the newcomer from getting a hearing for his creation. He contrived to place countless blocks in Ould's way. There were several numbers for the orchestra to rehearse, and he devoted as much time as he possibly could to these, and only allowed Ould to have an occasional chance of practising the band in his symphony. He prefaced Ould's appearance at the weekly rehearsals with some little speech like this: "I was hoping that the entire evening might be devoted to the serious work we have in hand, but I suppose that I must make way now and then for Mr. Ould."

And the musicians, who made it a point of honour never to take the slightest notice of Mr. Ordish's beat, would cheer the latter sentiment rapturously. They were dying for a man who could count three in a bar. Ould would then take his stand at the conductor's desk, throw his shoulders back, tap the rail, and glance round the orchestra with arm upraised.

Then work began.

On the third occasion Ould refused, in spite of the band's protests, to prolong the rehearsal after the usual hour, and forthwith went to Sir Robert.

"Do you want my symphony to be given at the concert?" he demanded.

"Why, of course."

"Then," said Ould bluntly, "see that proper opportunity is allowed me for rehearsing it."

Sir Robert, observing that something was amiss, dragged the reason from him, and then did his best to soothe the irate composer. Next morning he and Ordish had a short and sharp fifteen minutes over the telephone, and the conductor did not enjoy his lunch as much as usual.

Balked of his design in this way Ordish did his best to see that Ould had the worst position on the programme, namely the first.

"Let us give our friend the place of honour," said he, with an engaging smile at Ould, who was consumed with wrath at the proposal.

"Honour be damned!" he was about to fling across the committee table; but Sir Robert Cressy waved the remark aside with an easy sweep of his arm.

"Exactly," he said to Mr. Ordish—"the place of honour in the second part."

Mr. Ordish smiled thinly, and Ould, swallowing his resentment, chuckled aloud. So it was arranged.

These little difficulties settled, Ould had comparative immunity from further hindrance, and Mr. Ordish pocketed his annoyance by declining to observe the existence of his rival. But as Ould entirely ignored Mr. Ordish, the effect of the situation was somewhat lost. Johnson when he heard, by an aside that he could rely upon, what was happening, went about his duties in the same calm and pleasant manner, but his eyes twinkled when he thought of the philharmonic and its conductor.

Thus the eventful night drew nigh when Ould tried his fortune. As if by magic critics and representatives from festival and orchestral societies seemed to spring up on all hands, and flock to the hall. How the news travelled, Johnson with his intimate information perhaps knew, but the report penetrated even to London that a new man was coming to the front, and should be watched. The public got wind of something similar, and gave Ould an ovation as he appeared on the platform to conduct his piece, bowing with quiet dignity in spite of an ill-fitting dress suit.

Until he became immersed in the music Ould felt supremely miserable—so much was at stake—but his awkwardness vanished for he knew that from a near row May Cressy's serene gaze was fixed upon him. For she was more than a mere "influence" now—she was a necessity to his happiness. And the faces of the band gleamed approval as Ould lifted his bâton, and never was a new work given with better intention.

For an account of the memorable scene that followed the performance of "A Symphony of Life," one must turn up the files of the newspapers in general, and one in particular. Johnson was so busy that night, it is said, that he could only be present for a short time after the middle interval, and he left early, but a whole column of close type was not sufficient to record his impressions of the new piece.

"Johnson," said Mr. Ordish to Ould some time afterwards, when acquaintance with Ould denoted a kind of brevet rank, "went out of his way to be kind to you."

"How good of him!" exclaimed Ould. "You know him better than I do."

To May the critiques brought a multitude of emotions, and as she read them through and through on the day after the concert she experienced keen joy at the praises, quite unqualified, which were showered on the work. One account gave her special pleasure. The writer was

son, and a passage in the article never seemed to weary her. She read it over and over again. It was this:

". . . The piece ended, as we knew it first, in what we ventured to think was a question mark. There was indeed no ending at all. Something was needed to lift the life here treated from the abyss of pessimism into which it had fallen. And the riddle is solved by the introduction of a broad and noble subject and second subject, something on the lines of those which open the work, but more majestic, more grand. 'Joy' becomes 'Hope' in apotheosis. And so this 'Symphony of Life' terminates in a pæan of joy, of thanksgiving almost, that crowns the entire conception. It is as though some good influence had come into the existence of the hero, and borne him in the end to Heaven. . . ."

There was more of course—an inquiry into the technical aspects of the music, which was as favourable as that made into its ethics. But all this conveyed less to May Cressy than the paragraph she was reading. She put down the paper, and gave up her mind to probe its meaning.

What was this influence of which the critic spoke, that had saved the life, and made the symphony? She knew the circumstances of its inception, for her father had given her Johnson's version of the affair. Ould, she guessed, had completed the extended design on the very day after she had first met him. She was alive to a feeling of intense interest in—she dared to call it admiration of—the man who had come so suddenly into her life; and she was conscious too of a bond of sympathy between herself and him. She had been much in his company at quarter parties, which Sir Robert had arranged when Ould had been at the piano, and Johnson had dropped in to smoke his pipe and listen. She was not ignorant of the pleasure which it gave her at all times to talk with Ould of his art. And as she reviewed the past few months, countless little acts came to her mind, indicative of the profound regard which Ould entertained for her good opinion and her interest.

Now in her loneliness, surrounded by these silent voices all with one accord singing his praises, she let her fancy play upon his familiar figure—that image of rugged strength and indomitable purpose. She even had to confess to a longing to share, or at least to follow, the opening career to its fulfilment.

And so it happened that her listless imaginings were not shocked when the door opened and Austen Ould was announced.

She rose to receive him, but the scene seemed unreal. She felt that she was but acting a part in the ordered drama of two lives. It was only natural that he should come to her flushed with success, and ready to lay the first fruits of that success at her feet.

He came across the floor, and took her hand in his. For an instant they looked at each other without speech, for the hearts of both were too full for words.

Then, in a voice that sounded distant and mystical, the girl heard herself ask the question:

"What was this influence which came into your life, and helped you to finish the symphony and continue the life so happily?"

He did not answer, but his eyes were eloquent of love.

"It is your own life story that you have told?" she went on in the same serene voice.

He bowed his head over her slim hand.

"That which music expresses is eternal and ideal," he said, with Wagner's axiom on his lips. "It does not give voice to the passion, the love, the longing of this or the other individual under these or the other circumstances, but to passion, love, and longing itself."

"But what was the influence?" she asked.

He took her in his arms.

"You," he answered.

And a moment later Austen Ould asked himself whether all the striving after the eternity of fame, the fight for mere existence, and the struggle for eminence were worth the glory of a single kiss.

BY HOOK AND BY CROOK

By PERCY COLLINS

A Romantic Phase of Natural Seed Sowing.

PLANTS are incapable of voluntary motion. They remain throughout life securely anchored to the ground by their roots. Yet we constantly see a new plant springing up in a spot where its kind has never been known to grow before, and are often at a loss to account for the sudden appearance. By what means, we ask ourselves, can a plant that is firmly rooted on one hillside sow its seeds in a meadow situated a mile away across the valley?

Very many seeds simply drop to the ground, when ripe, beneath the branches of the parent plant, and germinate where they fall. This is particularly the case with annual herbaceous vegetation—plants that are dead and gone long before their seedlings begin to grow. But it requires only a slight effort of thought to realise how greatly plant life as a whole, and perennial plant life in particular, would benefit by any circumstances calculated to remove its seeds from the immediate neighbourhood of the original growth. Both the parent plant and the expected seedlings would gain inestimably in life's battle from such tendencies. The former would preserve room in which to develop and flourish, unhampered by the growth of young plants about its roots; the latter would reap the benefits offered by new and unexhausted soil.

SEED VESSEL OF THE AFRICAN "GRAPPLE" PLANT, WHICH IS CARRIED ABOUT BY ANIMALS, SOWING ITS SEED WHEREVER IT GOES.

As a matter of fact, Nature has supplied a very large number of plants and trees with special contrivances for getting rid of their seeds. In some cases it is the sudden and violent bursting of the pod which scatters the seeds hither and thither in all directions: the capsule of the West Indian sandbox tree is a case in point. It explodes with such force that the flying seeds are capable of inflicting severe wounds, while the accompanying report resembles the detonation of firearms. Other plants, such as the cocoanut palm, launch their carefully-packed seeds upon the crest of a wave, to be sown on the beach of some far-off island. Still others — and they are a numerous group—have seeds which by ingenious mechanisms are converted into temporary flying-machines and parachutes.

But the most fascinating phase of this romantic subject is that dealing with hooked and burred seeds, for here we see birds and animals pressed into unwitting service of the vegetable kingdom.

In examining a mixed collection of seeds from any part of the world, it is

SEED POD OF "MARTYNEA FRAGRANS," SHOWING THE TWO HORN-LIKE HOOKS BY WHICH THE POD CLINGS TO ITS UNWILLING CARRIER.

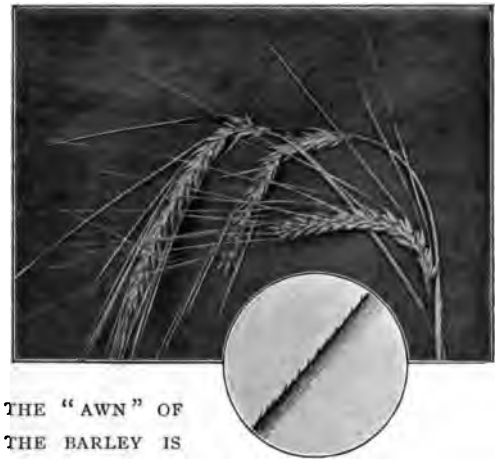
always noticeable that a large percentage are covered with hooks or with spines. These processes spring either from the pod or from the seeds themselves, and seem to exist for the express purpose of entanglement with any woolly or hairy substance with which they may be brought into contact.

Now many animals delight in rolling and lying amongst rank weeds and grasses. Besides, it can be readily understood that any creature, even by passing through a tangle of vegetation at a time coincident with the full ripeness of these hooked seeds, would be certain to collect a large number amongst its fur or hair.

SEED VESSEL OF THE "YELLOW MARTYNEA": THE HOOKS ARE SEVERAL INCHES LONG, AND ATTACH THEMSELVES TO ANY PASSING ANIMAL.

THE AVENS, A COMMON HEDGE PLANT, HAS A WONDERFUL HOOKED SEED, SHOWN ENLARGED IN THE SMALL PHOTO.

Take, for instance, the remarkable seed vessel of the African "Grapple" plant, which is covered with long, hooked arms, standing out at all angles. Once firmly fixed to an animal, it cannot possibly be shaken off, but is carried about from place to place—wherever its bearer may wander. And as the pod dries and splits, the seeds are shaken out—a few here, a few there, over a wide area of country. If the "Grapple" plant were possessed of brains and had deliberately set itself to think out a method for getting its seeds widely dispersed, it could hardly have hit upon a more ingenious plan.



THE "AWN" OF THE BARLEY IS FURNISHED WITH ROWS OF MINUTE BARBS.

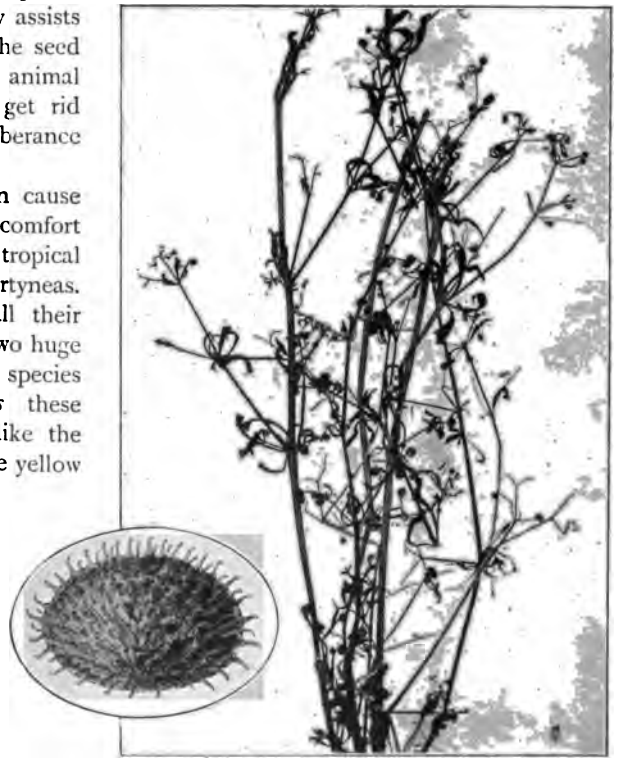
It is said—and one can readily credit it—that when an ox gets one of these terrible seeds fixed to its mouth, the poor beast stands roaring with pain and a sense of helplessness. But it is probable that the torment thus imposed upon the hapless carrier actually assists in making the germination of the seed more certain and speedy, for an animal would certainly do its best to get rid of such an unpleasant encumberance without delay.

Other seeds which must often cause their carriers a good deal of discomfort are those of the beautiful tropical flowering plants known as Martyneas. Most of the species throw all their energy into the production of two huge hooks. In the case of the species known as *Martynea fragrans* these bend outward from the pod like the horns of an ox, while those of the yellow Martynea have a regular upward curve. In both cases, the hooks attain a length of several inches.

Both of these plants are native to tropical America, but an allied species (*M. diandra*) has spread into the East, and is described as a common hedge plant in Bengal. During his visit to India in 1875-6, King Edward's attention was drawn to this plant from the fact that a panther, killed in one of the shooting excursions, was found to have a quantity of the formidable seeds attached to its skin.

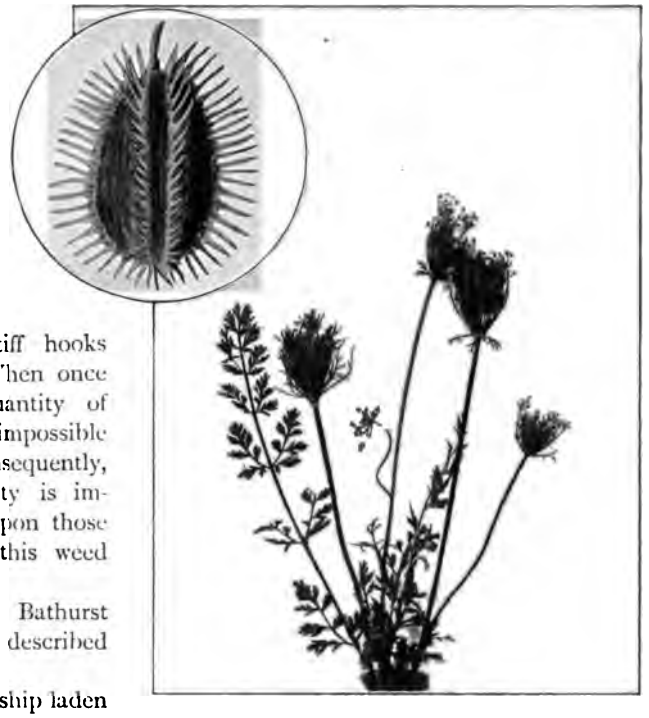
Many less obtrusively hooked seeds cause their carriers little or no discomfort, and simply remain amongst the hair or wool until the occasion of the animals' periodic moult. In countries where sheep roam vast tracts of uncultivated land, it is found necessary to arrange that the time of shearing shall fall at a date preceding that at which these hooked and burred seeds are known to ripen. Should this precaution be neglected, the wool becomes almost valueless on account of the quantity of seed which collects amongst its fibre.

In this respect, no plant is more universally dreaded than that known in Australia as the "Bathurst Burr." A



THE COMMON CLIVERS, OR GOOSE-GRASS, WITH ITS TENACIOUS LITTLE SEED BUTTON.

native of Southern Europe, this pestilential weed has managed to work its way over the greater part of the world, and wherever wool is a staple export, it is as much feared as the plague or the Colorado beetle. The seed is not a large one, but it is marvellously adapted for entanglement with wool, owing to the great number of stiff hooks with which it is covered. When once sheep have collected a quantity of these burrs, it is almost impossible to cleanse their wool. Consequently, in Australia, a heavy penalty is imposed by the Government upon those who neglect to keep down this weed on their property.



FLOWER HEADS OF THE CARROT, FORMED INTO CASKETS FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THEIR SPINY, HEDGEHOG-LIKE SEEDS, SHOWN IN THE SMALLER PHOTO.

The introduction of the Bathurst burr into Cape Colony is thus described by Mr. E. L. Layard:

"Between 1855 and 1860 a ship laden with wool, from Australia, was wrecked on Cape L'Agulhas. Many of the bales were washed up and salvaged, being spread out to dry on the shore, and subsequently sold on the spot by auction. Some were bought by a gentleman living at Simon's Town, near Cape Town, transported thither, and again spread out on some open land to dry. From these two localities specimens were forwarded to me of a new unknown plant that had sprung up in considerable quantities. Dr. Pappe, a well known botanist, residing in Cape Town, identified these as the Bathurst burr. From the first-named place it spread all over the country, official reports showing that it almost always appeared first along the roadsides, evidently dropped from the fleeces of animals travelling along them. The burrs must have been in the fleeces of the

THE SELF-HEAL OF OUR DITCHES HAS STIFF, PRICKLY SEED CASES.

COMMON HEDGE PARSLEY HAS A PRICKLY TWO-LOBED SEED.

tation. Doubtless this is the reason why plants with seeds of this kind have spread all over the country, and are found flourishing on every bank and in every meadow.

One of our most beautiful hooked seeds is that of the common agrimony, a plant familiar to most country people and valued by them on account of certain medicinal properties with which it is credited. Each of its pods resembles an exquisitely modelled cup or chalice, with a lid, and a coronet of tenaceously hooked spines round the rim.

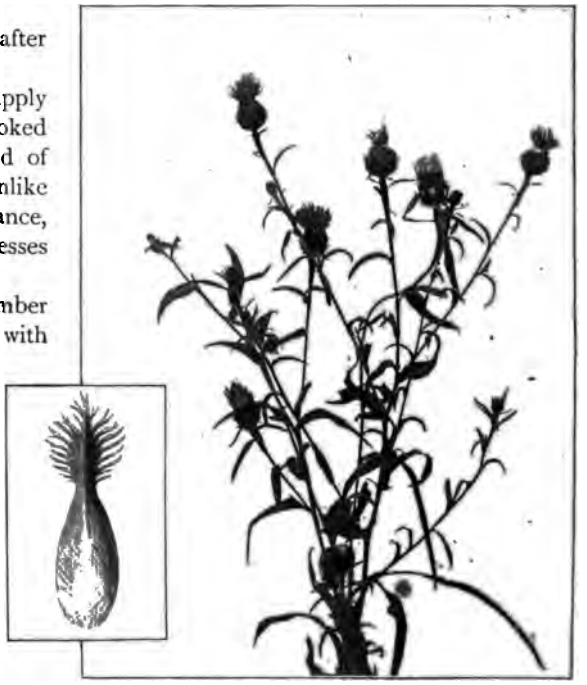
The common barley, too, is the type of an interesting group of seeds. Each grain developes a long process known as the "awn," which is beset throughout its entire length with rows of minute barbs. It is, in fact, like a countless series of fish-hooks, set one after another in a long line.

wool laid out to dry on the shore after the shipwreck."

English lanes and meadows supply many interesting examples of hooked and burred seeds. The single seed of the avens, for instance, is not unlike that of the Martynea in appearance, save that it is very small, and possesses only one hook instead of two.

All who are not too old to remember their school days must be familiar with that common hedge weed, the goose grass or clivers, the little seed buttons of which are so ready to adhere to a coat or jacket. Boys are never tired of surreptitiously decorating the backs of their betters with patterns worked out in these tiny hooked burrs.

Rabbits and hares—not to mention the lesser tenants of our fields and hedge-rows—must collect quantities of hooked seeds amongst their fur as they push their way through tangled vege-



THE KNAPWEEDS, COMMON ENGLISH WILD FLOWERS, HAVE UNIQUE AND CURIOUS SEEDS.

This awn is capable of inextricable entanglement with hair or wool, and doubtless aids the barley in the broadcast sowing of its grain.

Some of the common, white-flowered umbelliferous plants have exceedingly curious seeds. That of the carrot, for instance, looks like a hedgehog on occount of the rows of closely set spines with which it is covered. The carrot, too, is interesting because of the manner in which it wraps up its seeds until they are quite ripe and ready to be carried away and sown. As soon as the tiny flowers that make up each head of bloom have been fertilised, the network of stems beneath them bend inwards and over, forming a kind of basket in which the seeds may develop unharmed by the exigencies of the weather or the attacks of insects.

Other curious hooked and spiny seeds which well deserve notice are those of the common hedge parsley, the self-heal, and the knapweeds both greater and lesser. Indeed, the variety of hooked and spiked contrivances with which seeds are furnished is almost endless. But in each case the object is essentially the same; namely, to secure a wide distribution.

THE AGRIMONY, AN OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HERB, HAS A BEAUTIFUL CUP-SHAPED SEED VESSEL, WITH A CORONET OF HOOKED SPINES.

THE COMMON BURDOCK, A PLANT WHICH MIGHT BECOME EXCESSIVELY INJURIOUS TO SHEEP FARMERS WERE ENGLAND A WILD, UNCULTIVATED COUNTRY.

Happily, rural England, with its well-tended meadows and fields, is too much like an orderly garden for injurious weeds to constitute a really serious menace to any branch of farming. Were this otherwise, there is at least one plant which would be liable to cause trouble. This is the well-known burdock, whose hooked seeds might become almost as injurious as those of the Bathurst burr, did natural conditions favour its abundant increase.

JUDGE HONEYBONE'S HAUNTED HOUSE*

By ERNEST G. HENHAM

THE Washington County special, on the Sunrise Route, slowed into the station of Sprague's Falls, and the conductor pushed his head into the smoking-car to announce, "We will have to lie up half-an-hour, gentlemen. Sorry to delay you, but an axle of the dining-car has heated. You will find the scenery around the Falls as good as any in Maine."

The car was crowded with sportsmen, making for Princeton, to enjoy the season. These men had been strangers, more or less, when they boarded the special at Washington Junction, but were arguing like old friends long before the conductor intervened. None of them was in any hurry to reach the terminus on Big Lake; and all were unanimous that, whatever happened, they could not afford to drop the dining-car, because a hungry wind was blowing across the high track, and it was nearly time for the "first call" to luncheon. Every man put on his Panama hat and descended from the train in that contented mood which prepared him to enjoy anything from an exploded safety-valve to a cyclone.

"Heated axle, eh!" snorted Judge Honeybone, who, it was commonly believed, had acquired his title from having once served in a judicial capacity at a baby-show. "I guess I don't rightly understand axles, hot or cold, but if they are anything near as awkward as a choked furnace or a Gouldsboro cheese, this train and me part company right here."

The Judge was an individual gifted with the irritating knack of monopolising conversation. For the last fifty miles his strident voice had swamped the inarticulate efforts of his companions, as he dilated upon the manifold advantages of hatching out salmon fry in incubators, furnished with Spanish moss. By suggestions, dropped inadvertently, the shrewd travellers suspected that the Judge had some pecuniary interest in the Grand Lake Salmon Hatching Coy., Ltd., of East Machias, which was the case, as the trippers discovered by a subsequent visit to the hatchery in question. The baby-critic believed in combining a certain amount of business with pleasure, when the particular business interfered in no way with his personal enjoyment.

"What's that, Judge?" demanded an attenuated disciple of Isaac Walton, who was smoking a long cigar, which threw him ludicrously out of proportion. "I guess we know what a choked furnace means when the thermometer is at zero; but what's a Gouldsboro cheese, anyhow?"

"Never heard of a Gouldsboro cheese!" snorted Judge Honeybone. "Well, I hadn't either, till I had waded through life quite a piece. Sit right down on this bench, while I pass the time telling you how one twenty-pound yellow cheese played havoc with my peaceful home one-time."

The travellers, who had already discovered that the unlearned Judge was no amateur at stretching the longbow, grinned sympathetically at each other, and arranged themselves in various postures about the benches and crates outside the ticket office underneath the perplexing clock, which indulged at noon in the startling habit of suddenly altering its dial and replacing the numerals one to twelve by thirteen to twenty-four, thus summarily disposing of those antiquated chronological symbols a.m. and p.m. When the party had arranged itself to his satisfaction, the Judge straddled contentedly across the platform, worked his cigar into a remote part of his mouth, and commenced:

"About ten years ago, before I embarked on the speculative business which brought me in my pile, I opened a law-office in Leonardville, which is a village seven miles from Millfield, on the road to

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"Jim came up close to me and said, 'There's ghosts!'"

Oh City, Look-to-Heaven County, in New England. There was mighty little business those days, and after a while I got weary of counting flies on my office window, and watching soakers passing in and out of the saloon right opposite my shingle-pole. I was figuring out one day that my wife and I would soon be getting down to potatoes, cooked in their jackets to avoid waste, which food from a domestic economy point of view is the last stage before a tight belt, when my office door opened, and in walked Mr. Lafayette P. Shawmut, of Red Bank, Pennsylvania.

"Kindly remember that I do not say a word against Mr. Shawmut's personal character. He was a gentleman from the highest point of his innocent bald head to the square toes of his Boston boots. He looked around him in a dazed kind of way —he was the most absent-minded man I ever met—and I would swear that he couldn't have told me his own name if it hadn't been printed on the card he was holding, and directly he got into my office he seemed just as anxious to get out again. But I was between him and the door, and had him anchored in a chair before his whiskers could shake.

"'Mr. Honeymouth?' he said, when I had him fixed.

"'You've shot over it,' I told him. 'Honeybone is my name, Sir. An unusual name, but in that it resembles me. So, at least, I have been informed by numerous clients who have been disentangled from apparently hopeless positions by my conscientious application to their affairs.'

"Had to say that much, you will allow, gentlemen, for advertisement.

"'I own a piece of property in this village,' the old softhead went on; 'and I very much require your advice, Mr. Honeybag.'

"'Still a bit off the bull's eye,' I said, handing him a sheet of notepaper with my name printed on it. But it wasn't going to be any use. He wouldn't even have remembered what he had come for if he hadn't read it all out of a note-book.

"Well, gentlemen, this old Shawmut had been brought up in the pious belief that two corner-lots in Leonardville belonged to him, and now, he told me, a cousin had turned up claiming that he could show a better title to the property, so Shawmut wanted my advice as to how he could make good his claim, because he was thinking of building on those lots. That was a knotty question for any lawyer, you will admit. If we had been further west I would have recommended him to shoot the cousin as the easiest way of clearing the title. As we were in New England I just advised him to play grab and to freeze on those lots, and I told him if he liked to send his cousin along to me I would explain to him—the cousin that is—that he had no more title to the land than he had to be next Pope. I talked to Shawmut for an hour, and presently got him satisfied.

"'You think that is my best course, Mr. Honeybear?' he said, ringing the changes, as per custom, on my label.

"'Sure of it,' I told him. 'You'll find it in Roman Law.'

"Well, gentlemen, I'm not going to choke you up with details concerning that legal controversy. May I be sunstruck if I remember rightly just now how I managed it, but my name isn't Artaxerxes S. Honeybone if I didn't fairly and squarely convince that cousin of my client that those two lots in Leonardville no more belonged to him than to the mosquitoes that whistled over them. And having told you that much I'll cut the cackle and come to the cheeses.

"After I'd fixed up his business, old Shawmut came round to see me as happy as a Colorado bug in a potato patch. He was going back on that night's mail to Red Bank, before he forgot where he lived, and as he said good-bye he asked me to send along my bill of costs, which I may mention was, when complete, as clever a piece of progressive mathematics as any of you gentlemen are ever likely to see. As he was going out he seemed to remember something all of a sudden, and stopped to say:

"'When I get home I shall send you one of my Gouldsboro cheeses, Mr. Honeydew'

—it was wonderful what trouble that otherwise worthy gentleman took to fix me with an *alias*—'they are very famous cheeses which I make myself, and there are none like them in the world. I shall send you one of the largest and ripest as a slight token of my gratitude.'

"Shawmut paid his bill like a little hero, the only trouble being that he made out the cheque to Artaxerxes S. Honeysuckle, and I had to endorse it accordingly, and face the chaff of our local bank-manager. About a week later, as I was picking peas in my front garden, the freight clerk came along, and after giving me good evening, said, 'Say, are you expecting any freight through from Pennsylvania? There's a case up in the shed that is likely meant for you, only it's made out on the bill of lading to Mr. Honeycomb.'

"Directly he said that, I remembered old Shawmut. I went right that minute to the shed, and had the case brought back on an express waggon. There was no doubt that the cheese was large, as promised, and there wasn't any manner of question either about its ripeness. As it was carried into my house I had to stand before the door and beat back the flies with a branch of willow, or I would have had an Egyptian plague of them inside. As it was, the parlour was filled with buzzers all the evening, and it was quite pathetic to watch them seeming to *ask* for that cheese, which was hidden away safe in the darkest corner of the cellar to cool and think of its sins. But there was no getting away from the fact that the insect population of Leonardville was more than trebled that night.

"Grabbing an old sword, I opened the door about two inches, and listened."

"Next day my wife and I went for a holiday to visit her folks at Acron. We hadn't been away for quite a time, and now that we had the means and the weather was set fine, we concluded that we might do

worse than enjoy our lives a spell. We got back at the end of a fortnight late in the evening, and found the place as we had left it, and Jim, our hired man, cutting kindling in the yard. I could see by the look on Jim's face that things weren't running so level as they looked.

"'Well,' I said, after my wife had gone up to unpack, 'what's wrong, Jim?' He looked up at me, scared like, and rubbed the side of his head, peeking around to make sure that my wife was out of earshot. Then he came up close to me and said, 'There's ghosts!'

"'What,' I said, 'ghosts, are there?'

"'The house is full of 'em,' said Jim.

"'Don't tell the landlord,' I said. 'He puts up the rent for all improvements. How do they shape, Jim?'

"'Ain't seen 'em yet,' he said. 'I've slept in the house last three nights, and I could hear 'em moving and crying—ay, and jumping, and they've got stomachs has them ghosts.'

"'Why shouldn't they?' I said. 'Ghosts don't appear to have much personal property, and you wouldn't want to deny them stomachs.'

"'And they've got digestive apparatuses,' Jim went on. 'Leastways, I guess they have.'

"'How do you know, if you haven't seen them?' I asked him.

"'I put my supper in the cellar, and they went and ate it,' he said.

"I couldn't get any reason out of Jim, so I got quit of him and went indoors. The place seemed the same as usual, and I said nothing to my wife, not wanting to scare her. We ate our supper and got to bed, and I went right off to sleep.

"I may inform you, gentlemen, that ours was different from any other house in the district, having been set up by an English crank, who wanted to make his surroundings feel home-like. There was a deep cellar running under the entire house, and a big hall, with a flight of stairs made of Virginia oak, wide enough to allow a party of three to come up abreast. Right at the top of the stairs was our bedroom. There was a door to the cellar, but it had gone crazy, and wouldn't shut.

"I guess I am addressing an audience of married men, who know what it is to be woke out of their slumbers by an elbow in the ribs and a kind of stifled voice whispering, 'Get up! There's a robber in the house.' Gen'rally that robber is the family cat, sometimes it's rats, and then again it may be a genuine ghost that you're entertaining unawares. I was stirred up by the dig in the ribs aforesaid, and my wife crying, 'Artaxerxes! There's someone in the cellar.'

"'There's nothing valuable there, my dear,' I said, half asleep. 'Let him stop.'

"'It's just a ghost,' she gasped, trying to find cover.

"That roused me, because I remembered Jim's story. I got up, lit the lamp, and grabbing an old sword descended to me from an ancestor who had fought in the war of Independence, opened the door about two inches, and listened. It was mighty dark upon the stairs, and I allow I might have felt a bolder man if only the incident could have been timed to occur when the sun was in working order. I distinctly heard a noise. If any gentleman here finds himself unable to grasp a scientific fact, he will find me sufficiently broad-minded to pity him; but I could plainly hear a heavy breathing, the kind of noise an old gentleman might make after going three times at boiled pork, with a dragging, heavy sound such as a mighty big frog might make shuffling along a plank sidewalk.

"'It's a ghost right enough,' I said to myself; but my wife heard me and let out a scream which ought to have moved the heart of any decent phantom to pity.

"'Go down and scare him away,' she gasped.

"'I guess the ghost is doing the scaring,' I said. 'Ghosts ain't geese, my dear. You can't wave a sheet at them and shoo 'em off the premises.'

"'Let me down from the window,' she says.

"Directly she spoke I had what the philosophers call a flash of intuition. I had forgotten all about old Shawmut and

his present after we went away; but as I stood there, and listened to that spectral being bumping himself around, and flopping and moaning, the whole thing came back to me, and I knew that the apparition what had eaten our Jim's supper was Lafayette P. Shawmut's Gouldsboro cheese."

An inarticulate murmur went up from the assembly beneath the clock, and the conductor, who had recently joined the party, banged his boot upon a knot in the platform, and remarked succinctly, "That corks."

"How is it you didn't smell the cheese?" demanded one of the fishermen.

"That is a point which worried me at the time," the Judge responded. "But it was settled to my satisfaction before morning. Gentlemen, that cheese had reached a stage when it was beyond smelling.

"I went back to my wife and washed my hands of the whole concern. I told her that the cheese belonged to her department, and that it was her business to keep it under control. I had never interfered with her housekeeping arrangements in the past, and I wasn't going to begin then. But she just called me a coward, and refused to go down and do her duty. And in the meantime there was that Gouldsboro cheese running crazy about the house.

"'It will eat the chops I got in for breakfast,' she said.

"I told her I only hoped it hadn't got hold of my corn-whisky, a luxury to which it would naturally not be accustomed. I didn't like the prospect of having to face that cheese if it was mad drunk. Besides, liquor might make it vindictive. It might smash the furniture, or rouse the village, or maybe tear up some of my valuable papers. I never wished for daylight more in my life. I wasn't going down to tackle the thing in the dark. It might have jumped at me sudden out of a corner.

"Presently I heard a shout. It was Jim, who slept behind the kitchen. I opened the door again and called back, and I could tell by the sound of his voice when he answered that Jim was scared.

"'The ghost's around,' he called up. 'He came to my door and breathed at me through the keyhole.'

"'Can't you fix him?' I whispered down the stairs. 'I guess it's nothing but a cheese.'

"'Huh!' exclaimed Jim. 'What? a cheese!' I heard him give a frightened sort of laugh. 'If 'twas naught but a cheese, I'd get a bit of bread and some beer and eat him. This here is a ghost.'

"'Where is he?' I called.

"'I heard him flopping towards the parlour,' said Jim. 'I'm going out to get a man to help me catch him.'

"The manner in which Jim emphasised this statement made me determined to deprive myself of his services.

"We heard him leave the house by the back and for a while there was silence. Then the noises broke out again louder, and it seemed to me closer.

"'Artaxerxes!' my wife screamed. 'That cheese is coming up the stairs.'

"I would have been clear-headed enough if I had been alone, but she made me fairly streaked. We locked the door and barricaded it with furniture, and my wife opened the window and called 'Murder,' though there was no one to hear, the house being in a lonely spot. I sat there watching the door, every second expecting to see the cheese break it down, and come rolling into the room with fury written on its face. But nothing happened. It was all my wife's imagination. That Gouldsboro cheese wasn't worrying its head about us. Food for its stomach was what it was after.

"After a while Jim returned with a man. There was daylight showing by then, and I reckoned I might as well go down and see what was happening. We fixed up all the lamps, and after a dram round I brought out my gun and we started to hunt. We found that cheese in the parlour, lying peacefully asleep upon the lounge."

"How did it get there?" asked an incredulous voice.

"Hopped," said the conductor caustically.

"I gave it both barrels before it would wake," went on the Judge, unmoved "Then Jim got his shovel, and the three of us removed the remains, and buried them under a pear tree in the back garden. Then I gave the man who had come to our help two dollars, concluded to forgive Jim because there was no denying he was handy, and went back to bed.

"When I got into my office next morning, there was old Shawmut waiting for me. He had come in on the night train, and had run round first thing before he forgot what it was that had brought him back to Leonardville.

"'Good morning, Mr. Honeybee,' he says, as respectful as possible. 'You never wrote me how you liked my cheese, he went on.

"'Couldn't find the words,' I said. And that, gentlemen, was the truth.

"Then he started out to read from his note-book. It appeared that the cousin was a mean kind of man, and not being satisfied with my opinion had gone to another lawyer, who had told him that he could fire old Shawmut out of those lots higher than any rocket. Lafayette P. had just heard from him, stating his affectionate intention of immediately starting on it.

"'A man has offered to buy the lots off me,' my client went on. 'It seems to me that is the best thing I can do, if the buyer will be satisfied with the title.'

"'You want me to make him satisfied?' I said.

"'If you think it will be honourable,' he answered, with his innocent look.

"'It will be good business,' I said.

"'I think you are a very wonderful man, Mr. Honeystalk,' he said, as he rose.

"'Tired of hearing it,' I said.

"Well, I fixed up that bit of business too. Those lots were sold, without any consideration for that cousin; and old Shawmut grabbed the cheque and left for Red Bank, child-like and content, while I cashed in my commission, and began to conclude that Leonardville was too small a place for my talents. Besides, I was afraid that the purchaser of those lots might not be able to properly appreciate my gifts, when he discovered that he had got a rank bad title. Serve him right for being too stingy to pay a lawyer to look after his interests. Men such as he starve the professions."

"Come along there, for Princeton," called the brakesman, swinging down upon the group; and at the same time the white-capped autocrat of the dining-car leaned from his platform, and cried, "Luncheon now ready. First call."

"One moment, gentlemen," said the Judge. "To complete my little experience, I have only to say that upon the eve of my departure from Leonardville, I received a communication from Shawmut, which read, I think, exactly in this way:

"'Dear Mr. Honeymoon, I hope you do not think I have forgotten you. To show you that I have not, I may tell you that I have just sent off to you, per freight, another of my famous Gouldsboro cheeses, which I trust you will enjoy as much as you did the last. Yours ever gratefully, Lafayette P. Shawmut.'"

"Who got that cheese?" inquired a stifled voice.

"Gentlemen, I do not know," said Judge Honeybone gravely.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

A few minutes later the sportsmen filled the dining-car, and the clatter of knife and fork replaced the noise of tongues as the Washington special panted towards Princeton.

FIRE-FIGHTING IN BYGONE DAYS

By ROTHA MARY CLAY

THE oldest remains of fire engines which are to be seen in this country are in the British Museum. True, they were not found in England (but at Bolsena, in Italy), but we possess them in our national collection, and may therefore be interested in them. These relics consist of parts of two Roman fire pumps, on the principle invented by a Greek mechanician, Ctesibius, of Alexandria (120 B.C.), and described by his pupil, Hero (who compiled a work on pneumatics). Hero called this appliance " the siphon used in conflagrations."

The remains in the British Museum show parts of two such machines. The pieces consist of two double-cylindered force pumps, differing slightly one from the other. The two plungers in the cylinders were worked with a reciprocating motion, by means of a rocking beam, now lost. They alternately draw in water through valves at the bottom of the cylinder and force it into the vertical pipe in the centre.

No remains of this kind have yet been found as traces of the Roman occupation of Britain, yet we have reason to believe that there was a Roman Fire Brigade here at the beginning of the 5th century, A.D. We quote from the Rev. J. Hirst, who discovered that at that time there was a cohort of night-watchers or firemen at Concangium (identified with Greta Bridge, Yorkshire). He writes: " The fact of there being a *numerus vigilum*—an ancient historic corps of Roman firemen—stationed in Britain is in itself well-nigh unique in the military annals of ancient times."

" The chief duty of the Roman firemen," he adds, " was to make their nightly rounds in order to prevent and extinguish fires. Hence frequent mention is made by ancient authors of the axe and bucket which they carried with them. . . . They were a body trained to arms and accustomed to exact discipline."

If the Romans, with their knowledge of mechanics, used only buckets and an occasional " siphon," what of mediæval times? Terrible as are conflagrations in the present day, it is impossible to realise the awful ravages of fire in earlier times. Open hearths were common in cottages built of timber and thatched with reed, and such wooden dwellings as caught fire in those early days were inevitably doomed. It would seem that in Anglo-Saxon times the hall was the only place where there was

FIG. A.
THE CURFEW, OR *COUVRE-FEU*, ANCIENTLY USED TO COVER OVER HEARTH FIRES AT NIGHT.

a fire, and old illuminations show that even the cooking was conducted out in the courtyard, presumably for safety.

The custom of ringing a curfew bell, at the sound of which fires were to be extinguished, seems to have been introduced by our great king and law-giver, Alfred, in 872. He ordered the inhabitants of Oxford to cover up their fires every night at the given signal. The Curfew Law of William the Conqueror (1067) is better known. It commanded "that in every towne and village a bell should be rung every night at 8 of the clocke, and that all people should then put forth their fire and candle and goe to bed." Henry I., however, "restored to his subjects the use of lights in the nights"—a measure possibly not so wise as it was popular.

The curfew (from *couvre-feu*), of which an illustration is given (Fig. A), was probably not used as an extinguisher, but covered over the fire in safety till morning. Examples being rare, some have questioned the very existence of such an utensil. Dr. Johnson, however, refers us to Bacon, and gives in his Dictionary: "Curfew—a cover for a fire." Six are now known to exist; most of these date from Tudor days only, but they probably replaced older implements of the same preventive nature. The curfew was made of pieces of copper rivetted together. The glowing wood and embers were raked to the back of the hearth, and the open side of the cover placed against the heap. This custom must have averted many disasters by preventing danger from sparks.

Conflagrations were of constant occurrence in these early times. In 1087, "a devouring fire spread abroad over almost all the principall cities of England."

In 1189, judicial precautions were taken by the first Lord Mayor of London. "As for prevention of casualties by fire, the houses in this Citie (being then builded all of timber, and covered with thatch), it was long since thought good policie wisely to provide that all men should build their houses of stone up to a certaine height and to cover them with slate or baked tile. Since which time, thanks bee given to God, there hath not hapned the like often consuming fires in this Citie as before."

The ward-motes of the city followed this good example, and made certain fire-laws the same year. Every great house was henceforth to keep ladders. During the

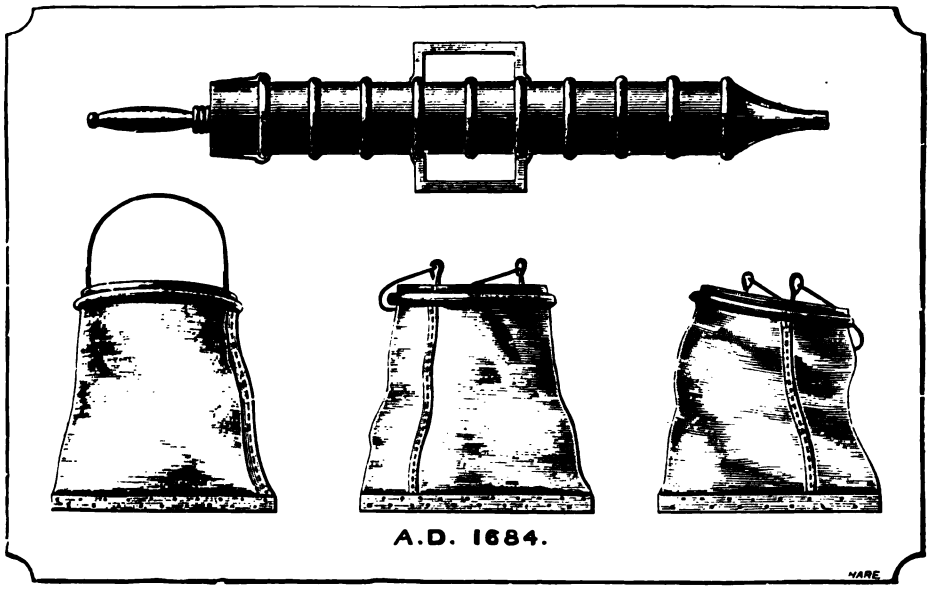

FIG. B.
ANCIENT FIRE-BUCKETS AND BRASS HAND-SQUIRT (16TH CENTURY).

FIG. C.
METHOD OF USING THE HAND-SQUIRT AT A FIRE.

summer the owners were to provide "before their doors a barrel full of water for quenching fire." Another clause ordained "that ten reputable men of ward, with the aldermen, provide a strong crook of iron, together with two chains and strong cords, and that the handle have a good horn and loudly sounding."

In 1268, the Night Watch was instituted, the men being "all in brighte harnesse"; these watchmen acted primarily as police, to prevent disturbances, but no doubt they also kept watch against danger by fire.

In 1444, Caxton notes that "Paulus steple was sette a fyre by lyghtnynge, which was quenched by force and laboure." Stow's "Chronicle" adds that "espying the fire, the Maior and much people came thither and *with vinegar quenched the fire*." This recalls the methods of the firemen of Imperial Rome, who made use of "rags and cloths steeped in vinegar" for the same purpose.

Precautionary measures were made from time to time, especially in London, such as: "Every Warde must have a racke, with two longe cheynes of yrne and two ladders . . . . Every house must have a Tubbe with water, redy for parell of fire."

In Scotland we find that the wise King James I. made strict precautionary laws in 1425. A plentiful supply is ordered of "leddiris, sayis (tubs), and cleiks (hooks) of yrn to draw down tymber and ruffes that are fyryt."

The latter implements for demolishing buildings play an important part in the early days of fire-fighting. In 1583, Fleetwood, Recorder of London, announced in a speech: "In London, houses are to be pulled down with engines, hooks, and ladders . . . and this is for avoiding of the rage of fire."

Two such Fire Crooks may be seen at Banwell (Somerset), bearing the date 1610. Mr. F. A. Knight describes them thus: "These Thatch Anchors are very massive and heavy oaken poles, 20ft. long, and each furnished with a wrought iron head, like the head of a great boat-hook, or one fluke of an anchor. They are furnished with rings, and to these rings ropes were fastened, so that when the crook had been hoisted on a burning roof, and its pointed end buried in the thatch, the blazing straw might be torn off by the united efforts of many men."

The use of Thatch Anchors is suggested by Shakspeare for a far different purpose. One of his heroes proposes to make use

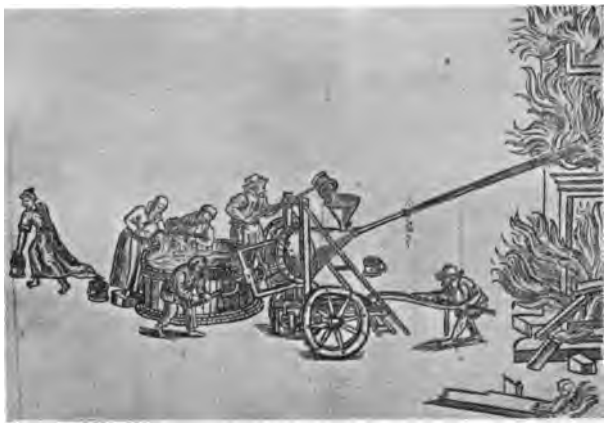

FIG. D.
THE SQUIRT MOUNTED ON WHEELS, FIRST MENTIONED IN 1590.

FIG. E.
ANCIENT MANUAL FROM EXETER, DATING FROM 1626.

of them to reach the distant window of his lady-love:

"Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up *with a pair of anchoring hooks.*"

Here their use was not, as usual, to prevent the spread of flames—rather to fan the fire of his affection for Silvia! Fire crooks remain at Horncastle, Oakham, and Minchinhampton. Totnes has also a small one, more of the size of a "preventer" or fire-hook — a much smaller implement. We may say, then, that buildings were demolished "by hook or by crook"—by one instrument or another—to prevent further danger.

The appliances used at this time are summed up in the order given in Exeter in 1558, for "leather buckets, ladders, and crooks."

Soon afterwards, however, the unwieldy hand-squirt or syringe of brass was introduced. It was about 3ft. long, and required three men to work it, yet having only a capacity of about half-a-gallon. The illustration (Fig. C) shows the method of using it.

The first mention by an English writer of a squirt mounted on wheels is in 1590. Lucar published a treatise on geometry and mechanics, announcing in the title that the contents were "in part collected out of diverse authors in diverse languages, and in part devised by Cyprian Lucar, Gentleman." His squirt is evidently copied from a French work published by Besson a few years earlier. The picture given in Fig. D is Lucar's woodcut, an Anglicised copy of one of Besson's plates. The text sets forth "how a great store of water may be thrown out of a new devised squert upon any fiered house." The vessel would hold a hogshead of water, was shaped like a

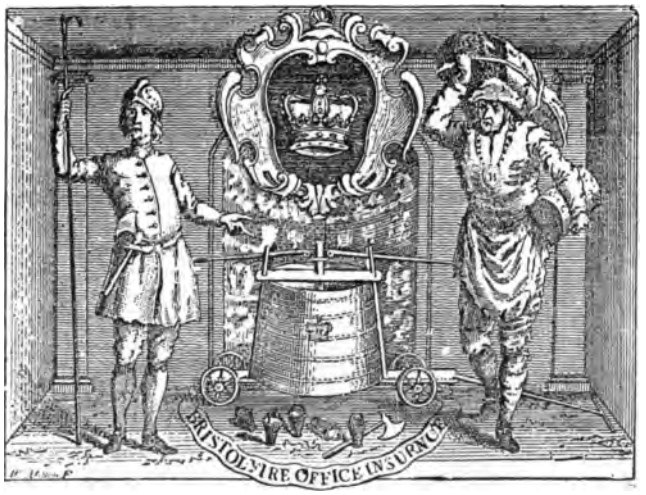

FIG. F.
ARMS OF BRISTOL CROWN FIRE INSURANCE OFFICE, SHOWING AN EARLY TYPE OF MANUAL.

cone, and filled by a funnel, the stream being forced out by a screw-piston. It was on a movable frame, so that "with ease and smal strength" it could be "made to squirt out his water with great violence upon the fire that is to be quenched."

It is difficult to form any idea of the kind of "engines" in use during the next hundred years, and the term is applied to any kind of mechanical contrivance. In 1634, mention is made of "divers squirts and petty engines to be drawn upon wheeles from place to place for to quench fire." In 1633, a fire on London Bridge is described in Wallington's "Journal," and he says: "For the three engines which are such excellent things that nothing that was ever devised could do so much good, yet none of them did prosper, for they were all broken." Sometimes, however, they worked effectually. King Charles I. witnessed their utility, and in 1637 wrote to the Lord Mayor thus: "Whereas, wee have had good information of the excellent use to bee made of the new engins for spowting of water . . . we earnestly recommend unto you that there may

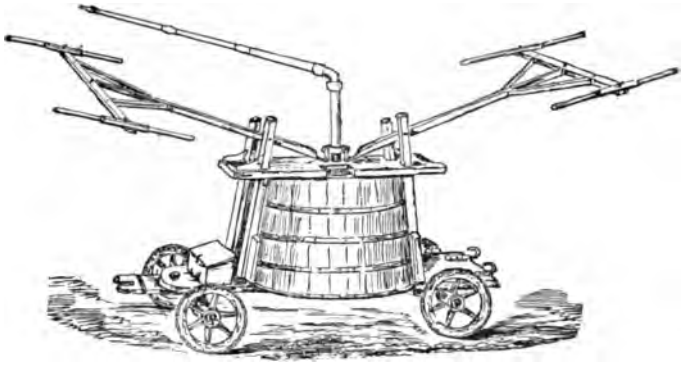

FIG. G.
DRAWING OF A MANUAL IN THE POSSESSION OF MESSRS. MERRYWEATHER & SONS.

FIG. H.
"TUB" ENGINE FROM DUNSTABLE, NOW THE PROPERTY OF MESSRS. SHAND & MASON.

FIG. I.
AN ANCIENT PRINT REPRESENTING THE DUNSTABLE MANUAL.

a frequent provision bee made of them . . . ."

The debatable question of the dating of the few really antique engines that remain, is one that presents great difficulties. There is no certain means of testing the accuracy of dates, which are often of necessity speculative, nor is there documentary evidence to assist us.

One of the most ancient manuals extant is a two-man engine from Exeter, which is said to date from 1626. We here depict it (Fig. E) assisting in the Coronation festivities. It has probably existed during twelve reigns. The pumps are contained

FIG. K.
A "NEWSHAM" ENGINE, FORMERLY AT DARTMOUTH.

in a box in the centre (not to be mistaken for an air-chamber). Above is a roof on uprights, upon which the fireman stood to direct the jet. A horn lantern at the front of the engine, and a wooden alarm rattle, used by the Beadle, are interesting accessories to it. The engine was stationed at the Guildhall, and in case of a fire within the city walls application had to be made to the Mayor or Beadle, who would lend it on condition that the whole was returned in good repair.

The earliest engines had no wheels. The Exeter one just alluded to was originally carried by means of hand-poles and straps. Others were dragged on sledges. A new sort of machine was advertised in 1658, as "more traversable in less room, and more portable than formerly used." Solid wooden "Cheese" wheels—that is, wheels without spokes—would be the next step in advance. At first they would not revolve on their own centre, but further progress would lead constructors to provide a turn-table fore-carriage. A great expenditure of power would be required by these solid wheels, and the friction would be liable to split them. It is surprising, therefore, how long they remained in use.

In records of the City of Bristol we read that in consequence of a destructive fire in 1647, the Corporation sent to London for a fire-engine (for which £31 10s. was paid, together with £8 8s. for forty-eight buckets). In 1683 (perhaps because men's eyes had been opened by the Great Fire in the metropolis) this engine had evidently become out of date. Mr. J. Latimer, who investigated these records, remarks: "The idiom of the West of England is amusingly adopted by the Chamberlain when he notes the payment of half-a-crown to some men 'that brought out the engine from under the Guildhall to try him whether he was in order.' Apparently 'he' was not, and a new machine was purchased for £34 15s."

Perhaps the Scot was even then foremost in striking a bargain, for Glasgow purchased its first engine for £25. This was in 1656. Two officials were to meet with one Colquhoun, and "to grie with him anent the making of the ingyne for casting of water on land that is in fyre, as they have in Edinburghe." They built "ane hous of daillis" (deals) for it—surely the

FIG. L.
ENGRAVING ON THE POLICIES OF THE SUN FIRE OFFICE, SHOWING THE NEW MANUAL.

FIG. M.
FROM HOGARTH'S CARICATURE "THE TIMES," REPRESENTING A MANUAL FROM THE UNION FIRE INSURANCE OFFICE.

first Fire Station of which we hear in Great Britain!

If provisions against fire were inadequate, still more were the measures for protection against loss by fire. The Anglo-Saxons had had guilds to secure themselves against "fire, water, robbery, or other calamity." In mediæval times little provision was made until the 15th century, when a method was devised of alleviating destitution. A friend at Court, or, later on, a successful "peticion at the seshions," resulted in the issue of a "King's Brief," or licence to collect money. Numerous entries are found in Parish Accounts of alms for sufferers by "fyre" or "floud," as when in 1606 a village congregation in Somersetshire gives "to a burned Towne in Devon, iijs. 4d." In time, Briefs became unpopular with the congregation, and we do not wonder that Pepys, in his "Diary" (1661), notes one Sunday: "To church, where we observe that the trade in Briefs is come now up to so constant a course every Sunday that we resolve to give no more to them."

The country folk still proved generous, for the accounts of the village of Langley Burrell (Wilts.) show 140 such responded to between 1661 and 1700. Amongst many of interest we quote one: Oct. 10th, 1666. "Collected on the fast day towards the reliefe of those persons who have been great sufferers by the late ffire in the Citty of London," &c., £1. 16s. This fast day was kept throughout the country; after which, September 2nd—the day of the outbreak—was ordered to be observed in the City for ever; it was kept yearly at St. Paul's until 1859.

As early as 1609, insurance had been suggested; and as Mr. F. B. Relton (in his "Fire Insurance Companies") has pointed out, petitions were made to Charles I. and favourably answered in 1635; but the whole subject passed into oblivion during the Civil War. It was not until the awful disaster of 1666, which caused general

FIG. N.
MANUAL PURCHASED BY WISHFORD (SALISBURY) IN 1728.

terror, that the thoughts of the prudent turned again to the subject. Dr. Barbon's office was founded in London the following year, and this was merged into the Fire Office of 1680. The "Hand-in-Hand" (1696), "Sun" (1710), and "Union" (1714) followed. These Fire Offices soon began to keep their own engines. These would probably be at first a tub on low wheels with a force-pump and nozzle, a combination of the tub and squirt. It would be little larger or more powerful than a garden engine of the present day. The "Sun" showed on its early policies an oval tub engine, worked by levers at each end; a fireman with pick-hook on the right of the Sun design; a porter carrying bales on the left. A similar vessel is depicted on the policies of the Bristol Crown Fire Office (Fig. F), which was the first provincial Insurance Office, founded 1718. The fireman exhibits it with evident pride, and his other appliances are worth noting; while the porter no doubt represents the Salvage Corps of later times.

We give an illustration (Fig. H) of an engine of this character still existing, which is probably unique. This curiosity dates from about 1678, and it belonged formerly to the town of Dunstable. Messrs. Shand & Mason now possess this primitive engine, and also an old print (Fig. I) issued by the maker, Keeling, depicting the method of using such machines.

We are bound to come to the conclusion that the inventor of a machine (even though he be a peer) cannot be considered the fairest exponent of its usefulness. The Marquis of Worcester invented a fire-engine, and wrote an extravagant description of it to King Charles I. Walford quotes the letter, which closes thus: "By divine permission and heavenly inspiration, this is my stupendious water-commanding engine, boundless for height and quantity!"

Of whatever character the before-mentioned appliances were, they consisted merely of a suction pump and forcing pump combined. Squirt and pump alike produced water only with an intermittent discharge. Moreover, as the pipe was not flexible but rigid, it was difficult to reach the desired spot. Besides this, a great many men were required to work them—a number quite out of proportion to the jet thrown.

A great development was soon to take place.

Richard Newsham, a pearl-button maker of London, devised (or possibly adapted) an invention which has been of infinite service ever since. We may call this man, therefore, the Fire-King of the 18th century. Indeed, it was said of Newsham that "in his engines he gave a nobler present to his country than if he had added

provinces to Great Britain." His new engines were patented in 1721 and 1725. That these engines were generally adopted and fully appreciated is shown by the following extract from a circular of the period: "Richard Newsham, of Cloth Fair, London, Engineer, makes the most useful, substantial, and convenient engines for quenching fires, which carries continual streams with great force. He hath played several of them before His Majesty, and the nobility at St. James's, with so general an approbation, that the largest was at the same time ordered for the use of that Royal Palace."

It was the addition of the air-chamber which worked this radical change, for the new engine could force a stream of water in a continuous flow upon the fire. Briefly, it is so planned as to cause the air confined within the upper part of the chamber to press on the water beneath it, and thus to force out the water with regularity. The combination of this principle with that of the force-pump, still employed in the construction of the latest machines, constitutes Newsham's right to be called "the Father of the Modern Fire Engine in England."

Another improvement, no less useful—invented by the famous Van der Heydes, of Amsterdam, and introduced from Holland about this time—was the substitution of the leather hose for the fixed pipe, which enabled a stream of water to be carried in any direction. Leather hose for "conveying water to and from fire and other engines" was patented in 1676, and was first used that year at a great fire at Southwark. It was long, however, before it came into general use.

A most interesting specimen of Newsham's engines was formerly at Dartmouth, and may now be seen in the South Kensington Museum (Fig. K). It is described thus: "It has two acting pump-barrels 4½in. diameter, 8½in. piston-stroke, and a tall air-vessel to secure a continuous discharge. The pumps are placed in a tank which forms the frame of the machine, and the water to be pumped was brought in buckets and emptied into the tank, but the suction inlet to the pumps is provided with a two-way cock, by which the pumps can be arranged to draw either from the tank or a length of suction hose." The pumps were worked by men at the long cross-handles as in modern manuals, but in addition two treadle-boards were provided, upon which several more men stood and assisted the pumping.

At the back of the engine, protected by a sheet of horn and a door, are the following quaint directions: "When you play a stream to its full length, hold the branch steddy some Time. Let so many Men as can stand upon the Treadles (with their Faces towards the Stage) work with their Feet, whilst a full number on each side

FIG. O.
A "NEWSHAM" ENGINE PRESENTED TO THE PARISH OF BRAY IN 1737, RECENTLY RENOVATED.

assist with their hands. . . . Play it twice a year to see it is in order. . . . Let the Forcers be New Leathered and New Valves made once in 7 years, whether they be wanting or no, and so the Engine will be kept in good order. . . . Paint the Ironwork and Cistern once in 7 years to preserve them," &c., closing with the name of "me, the inventor, R. Newsham." It bears the date 1734. The Corporation accounts for Dartmouth are wanting for that year; but the price was probably about £50, for the first London-made engine was supplied to Glasgow for that sum in 1725. He received orders from all parts of the world, indeed, and the first fire engine exported to New York in 1732 was one of his. Americans have termed this type of engine "a two-decker," from the positions of the operators.

The reigns of Queen Anne and George I. show then a great advance in protection against fire, and against loss by fire. An Act was passed in 1707 "for the better preventing of mischiefs that may happen by fire." It concerned London only, and ordained that every parish within the "Bills of Mortality" was to keep one hand engine. The Fire Offices also kept engines. The early policies of the "Sun" show the old tub engine as we have said, but the later policies (from 1748) show the heading of which an illustration is given (Fig. L), but with the figures reversed and differently costumed. In this print we see the new engine in all its glory. The "Union" (or "Double Hand-in-Hand") Office was founded in 1714. Its insignia was four hands clasped, as shown on the engine (Fig. M). This is a fac-simile of a political caricature, called "The Times," by Hogarth (1762), which represents Mr. Pitt helping to set the world on fire, whilst Lord Bute tries to put it out with an engine of the "Union" Office.

FIG. P.
MANUAL BUILT FOR THE PARISH OF STAINES IN 1738.

The illustration (Fig. N) gives a good idea of the new type of engine. It was purchased by the rector and churchwardens of Wishford (Salisbury), in 1728, for the sum of £33 3s. It is probably the oldest engine actually still in use. This fact proves the great value of the new invention.

An engine of Newsham's, similar in character, was given to the parish of Bray (Berks.) by Lady Coleraine, of Cannon Hill, Maidenhead, in 1737. The Parish

Council renovated it recently, when it was unearthed after lying idle for over a century. Probably it was originally mounted on "cheese" wheels.

The photograph reproduced in Fig. O shows that this old engine is by no means obsolete, but is capable of doing good work.

Newsham died in 1743. An obituary notice in the *London Magazine* refers to him as "long known to the publick by his incomparable engines for extinguishing fires." This type of engine continued to be built, and certainly shows a great advance in the art of fire-fighting from the scenes depicted in Figs. D, E, and H. Yet one of these engines is depicted in a print of 1748 at work at a fire in Cornhill which "burnt with great fury for ten hours," and destroyed eighty houses.

Other makers soon followed in Newsham's wake, and their engines are very similar in character. Improvements in detail were made by Messrs. Hadley (predecessors of Messrs. Merryweather), Phillips (founders of the firm of Shand and Mason), Rowntree, Bramah, and others.

Hadley, of Long Acre, built a "Patent Fire and Garden Engine" for the parish of "Stanes," dated 1738, of which an illustration is given (Fig. P). It is almost identical with Newsham's Dartmouth engine; it has treadles, and also a little door behind containing the instructions. This was used

FIG. R.
ENGINE CONSTRUCTED IN 1774, NOW IN THE KNARESBOROUGH MUSEUM.

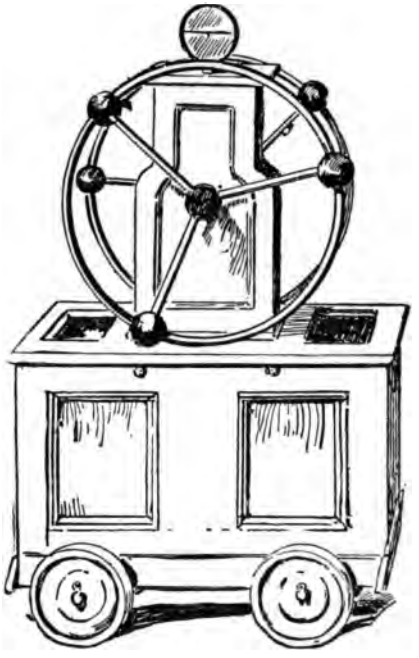

FIG. Q
FLY-WHEEL MANUAL FROM WINDSOR CASTLE (1735).

thirty years ago, and has been worked by the fireman who appears in the picture. The quaint helmet is of the same date as the engine.

Another of Hadley's manuals is one, dated 1735, from Windsor Castle (Fig. Q). It is worked by a curious fly-wheel motion, the wheel having leaden weights attached. This engine is now the property of Messrs. Merryweather.

In 1774 Phillips constructed an engine (Fig. R) for Knaresborough Castle (Yorks.), which may now be seen in the museum of that town.

The singularly picturesque old manual at Malmesbury Abbey (Fig. S) bears no date, and the little door no longer contains the instructions. Adam Nuttall shows a similar engine on his advertisements dated 1751, and Phillips built one of the same character for Measham in 1786. The levers are of quaint design, probably to facilitate the filling of the cistern.

In 1774 Parliament took measures to organize more adequate provision against

fire. A law was passed, ordering that parishes should provide and maintain their own engines. Yet even if a parish was provided with one, there was no provision for its attendance when required, nor was it manned with a regular brigade; many, therefore, fell into disuse very soon. The matter was left to the Insurance Companies' engines, which were by this time numerous, for the offices actually undertook to provide engines in such places as they had many subscribers. The "Sun" in 1727 had offered "assistance and encouragement for purchasing of engines."

We read of *ten* engines employed at one fire in Bristol in 1777; but of these not one remains, though the city still possesses one dating a few years later. In 1790, the sum of £40 was bequeathed by a parishioner to purchase this engine for the Parish of St. Michael the Archangel.

being very large. In the front it bears a metal plate, with a coloured representation of Christ and the woman at the well, and the legend "Give Me to Drink"; curiously

FIG. T.
THE PARISH FIRE BRIGADE AS DESCRIBED BY DICKENS.

enough the same subject is met with on ancient domestic fire-backs. This most interesting engine is the only specimen of this particular type in existence.

Space does not permit more than the mention of the "Fire Annihilators,"

FIG. S.
OLD MANUAL AT MALMESBURY ABBEY (UNDATED).

In 1794, a fine twenty-manual semi-rotary engine was constructed by Rowntree for the City of Exeter. It differs widely from Newsham's in appearance, having a circular air-vessel of copper at the top, and

chemical instruments invented by Godfrey in 1723; nor of the Floating Engines (1760); Fire-Escapes (1766); Fire-Alarms (1784), nor yet of the marvellous improvements during the nineteenth century.

As to the development of the modern fire brigade, very little was done, save by the Insurance Companies, until Braidwood organised his regular, disciplined brigade (1833). At the beginning of that century, Young tells us that a rough corps undertook the duties of fire-fighting in a certain district of London: for Bridewell Prison possessed an engine, and the "Bridewell Boys" were allowed to go out with it. They are said to have worked splendidly, although with more zeal than method.

In France it was the monks who had undertaken these duties until the days of a regular brigade. The first fire-pumps belonged to these religious communities, and the monks themselves dragged them to the place of danger.

In England, however, the beadle was usually the "chief officer" of the Parish Fire Brigade. Dickens describes this dignitary's importance and gravity—"a gravity," he says, "which has never been disturbed in any case that has come under our observation, except when the services of that particularly useful machine, a parish fire engine, are required. Then, indeed, all is bustle. The engine is hastily got out, and a plentiful supply of boys being obtained, and harnessed to it with ropes, away they rattle over the pavement, the beadle running—we do not exaggerate—running at the side." Dickens goes on to describe the arrival: "It came up in gallant style—three miles and a half an hour, at least; there was a capital supply of water. Bang went the pumps—the people cheered—the beadle perspired profusely; but it was unfortunately discovered, just as they were going to put the fire out, that nobody understood the process by which the engine was filled with water; and that eighteen boys and a man had exhausted themselves in pumping for twenty minutes, without producing the slightest effect!"

Yet, in spite of Dickens' insinuations, the old engines could do good work in skilful hands, and there is no need to despise the small beginnings which have led up to such great endings as our splendid modern fire brigades, with their wonderful appliances.

[The writer desires to acknowledge the favour granted by the loan of the blocks for illustrations L and M by the managers of the Sun and Union Fire Offices respectively; of F by Mr. J. Arrowsmith; of I and R by Messrs. Shand and Mason; and of B, C, G, Q, and T by Messrs. Merryweather. Mention must also be made of the great courtesy shown by various members of the Fire Service; and of the great assistance rendered by gentlemen of the well-known firms of fire engineers—Messrs. Merryweather, Messrs. Shand & Mason, and Messrs. Stuart & Moore, and by officials at Earl's Court. The International Fire Exhibition affords to all an opportunity of studying the evolution of fire-quenching appliances.]

A COUPLE OF ARTISTS

By MAUD M. STAWELL

THERE were two men in a studio—Harry Cunnyngham, the painter, and an acquaintance, Sydney Haldane. Cunnyngham was painting, greedy for the last moments of daylight.

"May I explore?" asked Haldane, who was bored.

"Do anything you like," said Cunnyngham, "as long as you don't talk to me."

A long silence followed, while the painter worked as though the sun would never rise again, and his friend exercised an inquiring temperament in every corner of the studio; ransacked portfolios which contained little but dust, and brought to light canvases which had excusably sought the darkness.

"What's this?" he asked at last, flourishing a sheet of paper covered with pencil sketches.

"Héloïse," said Cunnyngham, shortly. After a pause he added:

"Exhibition."

Haldane was accustomed to Cunnyngham's elliptical style of conversation when at work.

"I see," he said. "These are sketches for a picture of Héloïse, to be exhibited in next year's Academy?"

Cunnyngham grunted assent. Then, throwing down his brush, he left the easel and became less laconic.

"The worst of it is, I can't find a Héloïse. It takes a lot of things to make a Héloïse. I want a sort of white rose, you know, with just the faintest suspicion of a glow in its heart. Know the sort of thing—eh?"

Haldane smiled.

"I can't find one," Cunnynham went on, "There are lots of white roses, of course-but they have a habit of being unpar. donably ugly."

"I could show you a white rose that isn't ugly," said Haldane, after a pause; "but I don't feel sure about its glowing."

Cunnyngham was excited at once.

"Never mind that," he said, with rather an unpleasant laugh. "If you'll point me to a white rose, I'll undertake to see that it glows."

After a moment of intense gravity Haldane smiled again, a long complicated smile, beginning with pure contempt and ending with pure amusement. Under the influence of the amusement he said:

"Come to tea with my sister on Sunday."

Then, as the contempt reasserted itself, he took his hat and went away.

At five o'clock on Sunday Harry Cunnyngham was uneasily conscious of being excited, and even nervous. At five minutes past he was being introduced to Miss Helen Vance.

"The makings of a perfect Héloïse," he said to himself, as he bowed to her. "But she has never met Abelard."

The most striking quality of Miss Vance—more striking even than her pale beauty—was her air of aloofness. It was not that she was absent-minded; that is too uncertain and unaccountable a condition to be identified with this serene concentration. She was, above all, mistress of her own thoughts. Cunnyngham wondered anxiously if it were possible that this white rose should be made to glow. She suggested convents and meditations and grave studies, but she did not suggest Abelard. She wore a long grey dress of very simple fashion, and Cunnyngham instinctively looked for a rosary, which was not there.

The artist's aims were furthered by the entrance of other visitors. He soon found himself seated with Helen Vance at a little distance from the tea-table, listening with acute pleasure to her peculiarly deep, calm

voice. Her conversation was unlike anything in his experience. She ignored all the usual introductory remarks, plunging at once into larger subjects, in discussing which she showed a mind as calmly balanced as her manners and her voice. Cunnyngham spoke earnestly on the topics of her choice, but thought almost incessantly of his picture. He was unconscious of Haldane's smiles. When at last he rose to take his leave, he had fared so far, that it seemed quite natural to say to her abruptly:

"May I paint you? Will you sit to me?"

"In what character?" she asked, showing no surprise.

"As Héloïse."

He trembled while she hesitated. When she gravely said "Yes," he sighed with relief. It would have been cruel to lose, through his own haste, so excellent a foundation for a Héloïse.

As he walked home, he asked himself why she had consented. In the face of her impersonal manner, even his vanity refused to flatter him.

* * * *

One afternoon, many weeks later, Cunnyngham's mind was again occupied with Miss Helen Vance. She had just left the studio with her curiously ornate chaperone, and the painter was gazing at her half-finished portrait in a spirit of discontent. The likeness was fairly good, but what of that? The likeness to Helen Vance was, as a matter of fact, the least important thing in the affair. The picture as it stood was, in the words he had applied to Helen, an excellent foundation for a Héloïse, and that was all. The face on the canvas was that of a beautiful nun; he could find Abelard nowhere in her eyes. He groaned angrily as he thought of Miss Vance and her calm, inscrutable face with its air of aloofness.

"On Thursday," he said to himself, "I will make a desperate effort. I've been —well—in short—I've been making love to this woman twice a week for two months, and at this moment she's as impersonal as a clockwork mouse."

He had little hope that Thursday would mark an epoch.

Yet when Thursday came he received a surprise. Miss Vance, immediately on her arrival, assumed her usual position in a comfortable chair, while her companion, the elaborate woman of fashion, who looked so incongruous beside her, seated herself at a little distance and found peace in a lady's magazine.

Helen's expression, as always, suggested high thoughts. She had never yet asked to see the picture, nor had she spoken of it with any interest. This indifference to his work was irritating Cunnyngham nearly as much as Helen's failure to exhibit the emotions necessary to make Héloïse complete. By way of a forlorn hope he handed her a volume of latter-day romance, and set to work.

He painted in silence for some time, but was conscious of wasting energy. The impassive face before him was annoying him unspeakably.

At last he spoke.

"Miss Vance, excuse me. I am afraid I must ask you to put down that book now; I am approaching the crisis."

He made an effort to smile. Helen closed the book quietly.

"What is the crisis?" she asked.

"Abelard," said Cunnyngham.

A change passed over Helen's face.

"Ah—Abelard!" she repeated softly. "You have come to Abelard? Is he to be in the picture?"

Cunnyngham watched her intently, with growing excitement.

"Abelard," he answered, "is to be seen only in the eyes of Héloïse."

"Ah!" said Helen again softly, "in the eyes of——"

She paused, and lifted her eyes slowly till they were looking straight into Cunnyngham's. Amazed, he saw himself reflected in them. A faint flush crept into Helen's face, from throat to forehead, and gradually deepened without seeming to embarrass her in the least. But Cunnyngham was not analysing her emotions; he was merely observing closely; fearing to lose an effect which must necessarily be

transient; hoping that it might last till he had it by heart. She seemed to feel his mood, for the flush died suddenly, and her manner as suddenly froze. She rose abruptly.

"I must ask you to excuse me," she said. "Madame, my hat, if you please."

Bowing distantly to the bewildered painter, she left the studio followed by her rustling companion.

Cunnyngham whistled, then laughed, then turned eagerly to the easel and began to paint. He found it comparatively easy now to put Abelard into the eyes of Héloïse.

The next morning he received a note:

"DEAR MR. CUNNYNGHAM,—I am sorry that I shall be unable to give you another sitting. I am leaving London. I shall hope to see your poor dear nun at the Exhibition.

"Sincerely yours,

"HELEN VANCE."

"It doesn't really matter now," said Cunnyngham to himself. "But what an odd note. She doesn't write a bit like—like herself. And then—'your poor dear nun'—how unlike her. After all, though, what *is* she like?"

He repeated this question several times in the day, as he painted.

"I wish she hadn't gone off like that," he thought. "Of course it doesn't really matter; I've got what I wanted. Still——"

The next day he said to himself:

"There's something wrong about the chin. I daresay I can alter it from memory. Still——"

On the day after that he went to see Sydney Haldane.

"Where's Miss Vance?" he asked, coming to the point at once.

The question appeared to surprise Haldane.

"Why, don't you know? Didn't you see in the paper? Gone starring in America."

"Gone *what*?"

"Starring. Do you mean to tell me you haven't yet found out that Helen Vance is also known as Helena Vandyke?"

"As—as—not the *actress*, Haldane?"

"Certainly, the actress."

"But, man, they're not in the least alike."

"She's a good actress," said Haldane with one of his intricate smiles. "I told her what you wanted, you see."

After a pause Cunnyngham said coldly:

"You were very kind."

"She said she'd do her best for you."

"She was very kind," said Cunnyngham again, as he left the room.

He walked home quickly, and began to work at his picture of Héloïse. His hand, being that of a master, served his bitter mood with marvellous rapidity. The transformation was sudden and complete. The eyes, that had been dim with thoughts of Abelard, the painter filled with cruelty and craft. A hint of shining green and gold was twined into the dark hair, and showed oddly against the nun's hood, which in the original picture had fallen slightly away from the face. There was a curious iridescent gleam about the throat, too, when he had finished with it, and as he painted it he quoted aloud:

"Her throat was serpent, but the words she spake
Came as through bubbling honey."

When the time came for him to name his picture, it was called, not "Héloïse," but "Lamia." It was hung, according to the custom with Cunnyngham's pictures, on the line at Burlington House.

He appeared, of course, at the Private View. He stalked rather morosely through the rooms, disgusted with himself, with his picture, and with the crowd that loitered near it. Suddenly from this group of admirers a woman detached herself, and came towards Cunnyngham with outstretched hands and much rustling of silken skirts. "Well," she said, laughing good-naturedly, "I've been looking at your revenge."

Cunnyngham was bewildered for a moment. This befrilled and perfumed woman of the world, with the notable hat and the pronounced manner, was someone he had not met before.

She pouted.

"You don't recognise poor Héloïse!"

"*La nouvelle Héloïse*," he said, recovering his self-possession.

She lifted her eyes slowly till they were looking straight into Cunnyngham's.

She laughed delightedly.

"Ah—that's right—now I am forgiven."

He continued to look at her with disconcerting gravity. Then he said abruptly:

"May I paint you again?"

"As Héloïse or as Lamia? One would like to know."

"As Mrs. Harry Cunnyngham."

"Well"—she smiled—"there are difficulties——"

At this moment Sydney Haldane sauntered up to them.

"Ah, Cunnyngham," he said, "I see you are making up your quarrel with my wife!"

LEO XIII.'S DEATHBED SOLILOQUY

A Translation of the Latin Verses composed by the aged Pontiff in his last illness

By W. V. COOPER

LEO, the hour of death o'erwhelms thee fast
And Time commands th' eternal way to wend
As thou hast earned. What lot doth Heaven send?
The bounteous gifts of God through thy life past
Have bid thee hope to reach high Heaven at last.
Yet think—the burden borne unto the end
Of long-drawn years, the burden on thee cast—
How hast thou borne thy Master's keys so vast?
Their penalties most sore, whom men commend.

As thus thy heart is troubled, hark! the sound
Of gentle tones, and lo! a gentle face,
With words of help: "Whence comes this dread profound?
What need to cherish gloomy thoughts that smart?
Christ's presence, pitying, aids thee: then take heart.
Thou seekest pardon: God gives cleansing grace."

The hour is past: the body frail has freed the spirit's life.
Left are the earthly pomps and schemes, the worldly rule and strife.
He meets his Master face to face, he knows how God esteems
The man's true service here, his fights, his penitence, his dreams.

RONDEL:

From the XIVth Century French of Charles D'Orleans

By JOHN SWAFFHAM

TIME hath doff't her her cloak so old,
Wind, rain, snow, they are fled to-day;
And herself is clad in right rich array
Of sunshine, laughing clear, so bold.
Beast nor bird may a song withhold,
But in his own tongue each must say—
"Time hath doff't her her cloak so old,
Wind, rain, snow, they are fled to-day!"
River and fount, streams manifold,
Seaward, singing a joyous lay,
Jewelled all with a silver spray;
All earth now doth a new dress hold;
Time hath doff't her her cloak so old!

EDMUND GOSSE, LL.D.

By RICHARD GARNETT

ONE of the institutions of ancient Greece which most clearly bespoke progress in civilization was that of the *proxenus*, or citizen specially entrusted with the defence of the rights and properties of the members of some other state which, without actually belonging to it, he represented among his own people. Mr. Gosse's distinctive part among Englishmen of letters of the present day is largely that of such a *proxenus*. It has come to him unsought, in virtue of his sympathy with the literatures of particular nations, and with particular periods of the history of his own nation. It is now more than thirty years since Mr. Gosse made a memorable appearance in this character as the revealer to England of modern Danish and Norwegian poetical literature, including its palmary performance, Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." Whatever various opinions may be entertained respecting Ibsen's later writings, few will dispute that in "Peer Gynt" we have a work of splendid poetry and deep significance, which it is a great honour to have introduced to England. Mr. Gosse's criticism, accompanied by excellent translations, paved the way for the great flood of Ibsenism which afterwards rolled in upon us, assisted by the contemporary metamorphosis of the poet's style and method into a form more suitable for dramatic representation, but less palatable, we suspect, to his first English expositor. Whether on this account, or from a certain aristocratic and fastidious character to be remarked in Mr. Gosse's views of things, he was not prominent among the advocates of the more popular phases of Ibsenism, but while maintaining a connection with Scandinavia, which has proved eminently serviceable to English literary interests, extended his representative character far beyond Scandinavian limits. He has been at the head of two important enterprises, the extensive library of foreign translated fiction, published by Mr. Heinemann, and the series of literary histories brought out by the same gentleman. The former has been more efficacious than any similar undertaking in acquainting English readers with the best contemporary fruit of foreign fiction; the latter is even more valuable as a key to the treasures of the past. A minor but equally successful undertaking is the recent sumptuous edition of twelve of the best French novels with prefatory essays and in masterly translations, superintended by Mr. Gosse.

As a critic and historian of English literature, especially in the character of Clark lecturer, Mr. Gosse has been still more active, and here, too, he supports in some measure the character of a *proxenus*. He early discovered that the Restoration period was considerably underrated, and set to work to rehabilitate it in the persons of some of its most characteristic representatives. Congreve and Etheredge owe him much, nor has he been deterred from championing Aphra Behn. In the eighteenth century his special predilection is Gray, to whom he has ministered both as editor and biographer: ascending the stream of time, he is particularly fascinated by Donne. Donne, Congreve, and Gray are sufficiently unlike to indicate much catholicity in the taste that impartially comprehends them all, and in truth Mr. Gosse seems at home almost anywhere in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; his domains may be said to stretch from Jonson to Johnson. It will be observed that this is not the age of sublimity, or of expression of the deepest feeling; and Mr. Gosse's limitations become apparent when he confronts a Titan like Milton or Carlyle. The peculiar quality which imparts zest to his criticism is a certain delightful malice, the faintest suspicion of a vein of irony compatible with admiration, but hardly with reverence; inapplicable, therefore, to the greatest productions of the human mind, or to moods of uncommon fervour. In the case of the majority of writers, however, it is the very thing requisite to make criticism acceptable.

We have spoken of Mr. Gosse chiefly in the character of a critic invested with something of an official position, for it is in this that he holds a position apart. His original compositions, however, would suffice for a considerable reputation. From "Ferdusi in Exile" down to the briefest lyric his poetry is distinguished by a singular elegance of expression; and when artistic feeling is reinforced by strong human emotion, as in his beautiful lines to his daughter, he displays real power. The same finish characterises his prose,

whether essay or review, fanciful tale or polished satire like the incomparable skit upon the project of an Academy of Belles Lettres. Nothing, perhaps, exhibits his talent to so much advantage as a form of which he is almost the creator, the obituary memoir so blending personal reminiscence and critical appreciation, that it is hard to say which is designed to predominate. His biography of his father, and his memoirs of Walter Pater, Coventry Patmore, and Lord de Tabley are examples of sincere and well-merited eulogy, restrained by good taste and a slight tinge of scepticism from expanding into panegyric.

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(Continued on page 648.)

OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—XVI.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

EDMUND GOSSE.

Born September 21st, 1849.

S. R. CROCKETT

By GEORGE BIZET

MEN of the South, Gentlemen of the North, People of the West, and Folk of Fife, is Sir Walter's classification of his "loving countrymen"; and it is the first of these that, so far, Mr. Crockett has mainly made his reputation by representing. Full-blooded and fond of the lasses are the men of the Crockett country. The novelist has the temperament, and the mental accent, of his native Galloway. What the Parliament House and upper-class Edinburgh were to Stevenson, Galloway and its legends are to Mr. Crockett. In colours rich and warm he pictures the place, the people and its personages. He "commenced author" with poems—"Dulce Cor"—and there is an abundance of the "sweetheart" element in all his writings. At first, while continuing to be a clergyman, his productions were rather in the realistic vein, such as "The Stickit Minister"; but when he became a professional novelist he widened his area, joining in the renaissance of idealism and romance.

To soothe the tired brain and calm the over-strained nerves; to carry us into a world where they pass the time carelessly as they did in the golden age; to delight our eyes and senses with gallant and gorgeous pageants; to appeal to that healthy feeling for action and deeds of high prowess, for all that is heroic in man and lovely in woman—these are no mean achievements, and so long as human nature is what it is, the novel which does this will not wholly lose its dominion over men's minds. That is the opinion of the keenest literary critic of my acquaintance, and it appears to me very applicable to many of Mr. Crockett's best romances; to "The Grey Man," vital with tender passion and alive with action, and to "Little Anna Mark." Here I may observe that Mr. Crockett is not generally successful in the highest in depicting woman: her part is often only that of a chorus, and she is, occasionally, at least, a little out of tune. But Anna Mark lives and moves and has her being, doing her part admirably in that splendid story, the wild rapidity of the events in which raises one to a pitch of excitement and expectation sufficient to carry off even the rather De Rougemont devil-fish episode.

Exuberant in invention of incident, Mr. Crockett is sometimes too stirring for the middle-aged reader; as in the almost unceasing "go" and gore of "The Red Axe," the weird Satan-worship adventures in the later portion of "The Black Douglas," and in his latest story, "Strong Mac," where in one serial instalment the hero is liberated from durance for suspected sheep-stealing, only to be imprisoned again on suspicion of murder. Accustomed to the strict legal accuracy of Scott and Stevenson, one is struck with the mis-description "the Crown Council" for Crown Counsel, in "Strong Mac," which, mayhap, will read better as a whole. Such fecundity is incompatible probably with perfection. The novelist must live: he is human, with a home to support, and to be too scrupulous might be selfish. Hence he cannot always be too particular, thus resembling the Borderer, of whom it is written—

> "He sought the beeves that made his broth
> In Scotland and in England both."

Mr. Crockett was wont to be classed by severely æsthetic and satirical reviewers as of the "Kailyard School." That phrase has disappeared. Such a school never existed. It was merely a nine-pin put up by jocose writers, whose criticism had a tendency towards beer and skittles, and whose maxim was the easy one—"'Tis better to damn than to be dull." It is facile work to find fault. Ignorance is very apt in the language of contempt. One sneering individual I cornered recently on an admission that he had read nothing scarcely of Mr. Crockett's, which fact surely cut him off from criticising, although he was voluble enough, after the manner of men who "parrot" superfine criticism.

Time enough to dissect him when he's dead. Meantime, he is, happily, very much alive; and so are the creations of his pen. Warm, palpitating, hearty people compose the world of Mr. Crockett, whose atmosphere is one of general joyousness. No life at low ebb, no helpless, hopeless pessimism; no anæmic analysis, but muscular action: in this somewhat resembling the cheerful student who, asked if he was to do analytical work, replied, "No, but I'm learning a little lyric about 'Annie Laurie.'"

Elizabethan directness is an element in

OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—XVII.

Photo by Elliott & Fry

S. R. CROCKETT.

Born September 24th, 1860.

his delineation of the dynamics of the tender passion, sung in "Bonnie Annie Laurie." Its energy rather than its enervation, its tension and its transports, are the main theme of much of his work, from "The Raiders" to "The Banner of Blue." That last is a powerful book. Its scene is laid in Midlothian, in the year '43. Mr. Crockett was Free Church minister at Penicuik in that county, and knows well the men, the place and the spirit of the time. From his familiarity with the Bible, there is a fine old English flavour about much of his phrasing. The tone of his mind is also elemental, that is, the great main facts of life are foremost—love, birth, and death.

His humour is strong, here and there a trifle heavy; but as Malise observes in "The Black Douglas," that highly-coloured searchlight on Scottish history: "Ah, well, 'tis not his fault. No man hath a sense of humour before he is forty years of his age, and for that matter 'tis all the riper at fifty."

Like the German Emperor, Mr. Crockett is still young, ardent, ambitious. High are the aspirations shadowed forth in the foreword to "Bog-Myrtle and Peat." The dreamed-of tales are to form the Book of his Youth, his Love and his Heart.

As the rosy fingers of the morn melt and the broad day flares forth, the visions of the night must fade. But aspiration and higher (if not highest) achievement may yet go hand in hand. For there is a brave and manly note in the conclusion—"Ever, with the eternal human expectation, I rise and wait the morning and the final opening of the 'Book Sealed.'"

Thackeray is a novelist of manners, George Eliot of character, and Mr. Crockett may be called a novelist of incident. But the time is not ripe for a more elaborate estimate; although there are those among us who rashly and roughly show a fine contempt and paltry pigeon-hole for most writers who have the misfortune to be not yet dead.

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W. W. JACOBS

By CLARENCE ROOK

TEN years ago there was no such person in the literary world as W. W. Jacobs. There was a young man, quiet in manner, timid in aspect, who sat at a desk in the Savings' Bank Department of the General Post Office. His seat was next to that of one Edward Bennett, who needs no further introduction to the readers of the ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED, and in those days neither name was appended to anything more interesting—to the general public—than an official document on its way to a pigeon-hole. Then came Mr. Jerome, with *To-day* on the watch for the new man. And the new man appeared when Mr. Jacobs's first short story was published in *To-day*. There was no doubt about the matter from the first; there was no struggle for recognition. No sooner were the short stories gathered together and put into a book with "Many Cargoes" on the cover than everyone saw that the Savings' Bank Department must lose an average clerk for whom the British public had offered a bigger price as a provider of amusement. The bargain was struck; and so far the depositor has not lost, and the reader has gained.

For Mr. Jacobs has staked out his claim in literature, and, geographically speaking, it is a modest one. He does not cut across Mr. Kipling's empire of the Seven Seas, and it leaves Mr. Joseph Conrad in supreme command of the Typhoon. He is concerned with the sailor-men who ply their business in barge or schooner around our coasts—though in his last story, "At Sunwich Port," he has extended his claim to cover the captain of a steamship, and, when he found that his claim was acknowledged, after the fashion of empire builders, he annexed another corner of the world, and the cottagers who drink their beer at the "Cauliflower" became his subjects. It is a small domain: but Mr. Jacobs rules it. After all, if you want to analyse an ocean, it is not necessary to pour the Atlantic into the test tube; and the coasting vessels, the village inn, will provide the microcosm.

With the rest of his readers I have surrendered to Mr. Jacobs. I end by sitting back and laughing at the simple cunning of his sailor-men, who are never really at sea but when they are on land, and can always be outwitted by a woman. Indeed, there is scarcely a living writer who can keep up so perpetual a chuckle at the back of his reader's throat. If I must analyse my enjoyment, I should say it depends in great measure on the fact that Mr. Jacobs has chosen once and for all between the two possible methods of telling a story, and has chosen the method which suits him. Given the aptitude for creating situations—and without that no story can be written at all, or at least cannot expect to be read—the writer of stories has two courses open to him. He may tell his story from the inside, as it were, watching the developments of conduct in his characters from their souls outward, and treating circumstances as merely the environment which helps or retards that development. That is the method of Mr. Thomas Hardy, for example. Or he may tell it from the outside, taking no thought as to why this should be thus or that otherwise, but just setting down what happened and how it appealed to him. That is the method of Mr. Jacobs. The distinction might be developed; it might be shown how Mr. Henry James has often tumbled into obscurity because he has confused the two methods, handling either alone with equal dexterity. But to appreciate Mr. Jacobs aright, it is necessary to bear this rough distinction in mind.

For if for a single moment you take Mr. Jacobs as writer "from the inside"—which I earnestly beg you will never do—you will be doing him a gross injustice. In this almost inconceivable situation, you would say to yourself: "Here is a man who depicts a large class of brave and laborious men as compact of small meannesses, desires to swindle their fellows, and withall they are fools. Surely the carrying trade of the country has not become the envy of the world through the efforts of men who are always trying to be pettily dishonest and always failing!" Remember that he is telling the story from the outside, and that you are invited to listen to a writer who has worked up the art of after-dinner story-telling in literature to something near perfection. The art is not an easy one. The story must be

rolled over and over in the mind till the excrescences are knocked off; and then it must be brought out with the swift glances, the happy comments, the studied natural gesture—and the parenthesis, which is of the essence of story-telling. All this Mr. Jacobs has acquired, and this alone should ensure a success. But he has one other advantage in the capacity for receiving and recording impressions. One might imagine that the air of St. Martin's-le-Grand would eliminate early and casual memories of Thames lighters, coasting schooners, and tramp steamers. Here I must add the appreciation of an expert. Two years ago I made acquaintance with the captain of a tramp steamer on the quay at St. Petersburg. He invited me into his cabin. As we smoked and talked of ocean voyages, the captain alluded to the boredom of a straight run of five hundred miles. "I read," he said; "I read a lot," jerking his head towards a tiny bookshelf. Going over to the bookshelf I found four volumes with W. W. Jacobs on their backs. "Ah, when I go ashore I always ask if there's anything more of that man's," said the captain. "He's followed the sea." And he proceeded to explain to me that people who did not follow the sea ought not to write about it, since they always made mistakes. Mr. Jacobs can scarcely wish for a more genuine appreciation than that; and this same power of swift observation of essentials will serve him when he decides to annex a further corner of the literary world.

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Lawyer Quince. *Strand: Aug.*

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1897.—W. W. Jacobs a New Writer. *Bookman: May.*
1898.—Notice, with Portrait of. *Literary Year Book.*
Portraits of. *Strand: Dec.*
1899.—Interview by W. Pain. *Young Man: Feb.*
1900.—Note on "A Master of Craft." *Athenæum: Oct.*
1902.—Note on "At Sunwich Port." *Spectator: May.*

EDMUND GOSSE, LL.D.

(Continued from page 642.)

1903.—English Literature.
Vol. II., Henry VIII. to Milton, with R. Garnett.
Vol. III., Milton to Johnson.
Vol. IV., Johnson to Tennyson.
Alfred de Vigny. *International: April.*
Samuel Pepys. *English Illustrated: June.*
The Patron in the 18th Century. *Harper: June.*

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1891.—Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler."
1893.—Ibsen's "Master Builder."
1896.—La Motte Fouque's "Undine."

WORKS EDITED BY, OR INTRODUCTIONS TO.

1881.—Asbjornsen's "Round the Yule Log." Introduction.
English Odes. Selected by.
1882.—Toru Dutt's "Ancient Ballads." Introductory memoir.
1884.—Works of Thomas Gray. Edited.
Discourses of Sir J. Reynolds. Edited.
1885.—Webster's "Love's Graduate." Extracted.
Selected Poems of T. Gray. Edited.
1888.—Jane Shirley. Plays. Introduction.
1890.—Poetical Works of T. L. Beddoes. Edited.
Jæger's "Life of Ibsen." With verse by.
Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea." Introduction.
Heinemann's "International Library." Edited
1892.—Zola's "Attack on the Mill." Edited.
1894.—Novels of Björnson. Edited.
Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Introduction.
Letters of T. L. Beddoes. Edited.
Conversations of James Northcote, R.A. Edited.
Smith's "Nollekens and his Times." Edited.
1896.—Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship." Introduction.
Saint Juirs, Tavern of the Virtues. Essay by.
1897.—Short Histories of the Literature of the World.
1898.—Works of H. Fielding. Introduction.
1900.—Penn's "Some Fruits of Solitude." Introduction.
Andersen's Fairy Tales. Introduction.
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1902.—Cawein's "Kentucky Poems." Introduction.
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1874.—A. Lang on "Viol and Flute." *Academy: Jan.*
Review of "Viol and Flute." *Athenæum: Jan.* *Spectator: Jan.*
1875.—H. G. Hewlett on "Modern Ballads." *Contemporary: Nov.*
1876.—G. Saintsbury on "King Erik." *Academy: Feb.*
Review of "King Erik." *Athenæum: Jan.*; *Spectator: Mar.*
1878.—E. Dowden on "The Unknown Lover." *Academy Feb.*
1879.—Review of "Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe." *Athenæum: Mar.*
Review of "Studies in the Literature of North Europe." *Saturday Review: Mar.*
T. H. Ward on. *Academy: April.*
Parlor Plays. *Scribner: Oct.*
Review of "New Poems." *Athenæum: Nov.*

OUR BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.—XVIII.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

W. W. JACOBS.

Born September 8th, 1863.

1880.—Review of "New Poems." *Scribner: Feb.* and *Mar.*
1881.—E. Dowden on "English Odes." *Academy: April.*
On "English Odes." *Athenæum: May.*
English Odes: A Review. *Spectator: July.*
1882.—E. Dowden on "Gray." *Academy: July.*
Review of "Gray." *Athenæum: July. Critic: July. Spectator: Aug. Lippincott: Sept.*
1883.—Cosmo Monkhouse on "Cecil Lawson." *Academy: Feb.*
On "Viol and Flute." *Atlantic: June.*
On "Cecil Lawson." *Spectator: June.*
E. Dowden on "17th Century Studies." *Academy: Nov.*
1885.—H. C. Beeching on T. Gray's Works. *Academy: Jan.*
On Gray's Works, edited by E. Gosse. *Literary World: Mar. Atlantic: April. Harper: May.*
G. Cotterell on "Ferdusi in Exile." *Academy: Dec.*
1886.—Mr. Gosse's Poems. *Spectator: Mar.*
On "From Shakespeare to Pope." *Quarterly: Oct.*
Ethics of Reviewing. *Saturday Review: Oct.*
1886.—Mr. Gosse and his Critics. *Spectator: Oct.*
"Quarterly Review" and Mr. Gosse. *Athenæum: Oct.* and *Nov. Critic: Nov.*
1888.—Review of "Thomas Gray. *Critic: July.*
1890.—R. Le Gallienne on "Viol and Flute." *Academy: Oct.*
1891.—On the "Life of P. H. Gosse." *London Quarterly: April.*
1892.—Interviewed by R. Blathwayt. *Bookman: June.*
1893.—Lister. Catalogue of the Library of E. Gosse.
A. H. Miles on, with selections. *Poets and Poetry of the Century*, Vol. viii., p. 307.
1894.—A. C. Benson on the Poetry of. *New Review: Nov.*
1895.—Notice of "A Catalogue of a Portion of the Library of." *Bibliographica*, Pt. I.
1896.—Critical Kit-Kats. Reviewed. *Saturday Review: April.*
Critical Kit-Kats. Reviewed. *Bookman: Aug.*
Living Critics, by Arthur Waugh. *Bookman: Sept.*
1899.—Leslie Stephen on "Life of John Donne. *National: Dec.*
1903.—An Impression by Clement Shorter. *Good Words: April.*

AN OLD-WORLD GOWN

By KILDA KILROY

(To Beatrix.)

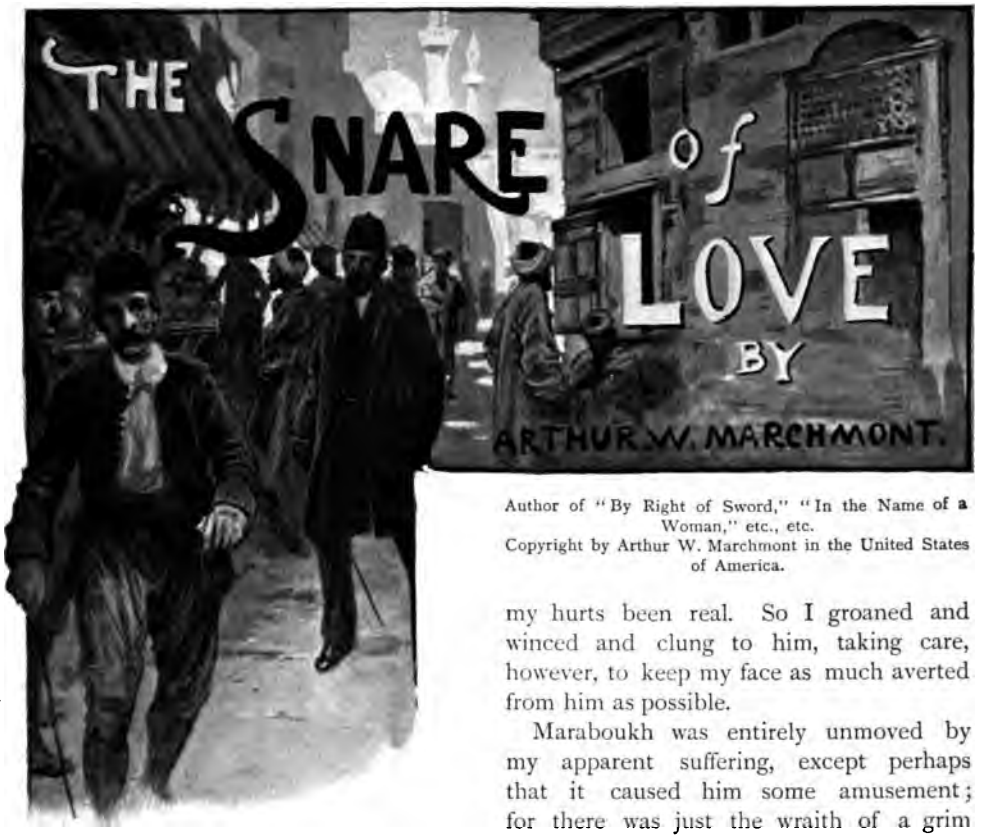
THE fire-light rose and died away
On ancient screen and cabinet;
I sat alone at close of day,
By cares and troubles hard beset.
Light footsteps crossed the oak parquet,
And, turning quickly with a frown,
I saw you by the old spinet—
A modern maid—an old-world gown.

A rare "old master" gone astray,
In blue brocade and snowy net;
A princess from a by-gone play;
A partner for a minuet;
An irresistible coquette,
From high-heeled shoe to dainty crown
And over all—I feel it yet—
The glamour of an old-world gown.

Child of to-day and yesterday,
In whom the past and present fret,
You thought to match your quaint array
By working "cross-stitch." In a pet
The tambour-frame was soon upset,
The rainbow silks came fluttering down,
And could it be a *cigarette*
That glowed above an old-world gown?

L'envoi.

Lady, once more we two have met—
This time in bustling London Town—
Tell me, can either quite forget
The day you donned an old-world gown?



Author of "By Right of Sword," "In the Name of a Woman," etc., etc.
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CHAPTER XVI.

STALEMATE

IN my ignorance of how best to enter the Pasha's presence I overacted my weakness a little, so that instead of giving me time to recover myself, he made a sign to one of the mutes to help me; and this was precisely what I most disliked.

It is a well-known characteristic of these unfortunate people that the destruction of their powers of speech and hearing has the effect of rendering their sight especially keen, and memory particularly retentive, and I was afraid that they would be very likely to detect my imposture.

But I had to submit to the test, as any attempt now to shirk the assistance might have aroused suspicion. The man who came to me was a great broad-shouldered muscular fellow, capable of picking me up as easily as he would a baby; and he seized hold of me roughly by the arm, and set me on my feet in a fashion that would have caused me excruciating torture had my hurts been real. So I groaned and winced and clung to him, taking care, however, to keep my face as much averted from him as possible.

Maraboukh was entirely unmoved by my apparent suffering, except perhaps that it caused him some amusement; for there was just the wraith of a grim contemptuous smile about his mouth at my contortions. He would not have been a true Ottoman had he shown any concern. The Turks appear to have become so inured to scenes of horror and brutality that indifference and contempt of human suffering are all but instinctive characteristics.

"When your tongue is loosed, speak," he said callously. "What is this news you bring?"

I continued my little pantomime of suffering, and then as if making a vigorous effort, I stood up and tried to get away from the big mute's touch. Noticing it, the Pasha waved the man back, and beckoned me forward. I was fervently thankful to have escaped the ordeal of his scrutiny without discovery, and I shuffled forward a step or two nearer the table, and stood with bowed head, avoiding the light so far as practicable.

"Quick, Hamdi, your news," he said sharply.

"Thy servant's tongue is dumb with fear of his lord's anger," I said in a trembling tone of agitation.

"Would you have me find means to loosen it?" asked the bully threateningly. "What has happened?"

"Thy servant has been beaten, and put to the torture; much has been discovered; but thy servant held his peace." He made a quick gesture of frowning impatience.

"Who tortured you?"

"The secretary of the wealthy Giaour, the dog Ormesby," and I made a pretty hash of my own name, as though it were unpronounceable in the mouth of a true son of Islam. "He is a wizard, and knew I had sought his life."

"It was your own bungling, Hamdi. Does he still live?"

"He is a wizard. Thy servant saw him take the poison—with my own eyes I saw it—I swear it by the tomb of my fathers; but it harmed him not—and he lives."

"Did he see that paper about which I sent you word?"

"Thy servant burnt it," and I described what Koprili had done in my room. He listened closely, and the cunning which Koprili had shown seemed to please him; but when I said that Grant had taken the poison meant for me he changed to anger.

"You are a bungling dog, Hamdi, and if they had killed instead of whipping you, it would have served you right."

"My lord's anger is worse than death to his faithful servant," I murmured, bowing my head, but watching him furtively all the while. He sat for some moments buried in thought, giving now and again little starts of impatience and mortification.

"What else does that secretary, Ormesby, suspect?"

"I fear much, my lord. He questioned thy servant closely between the blows of the bastinado, as to the attempt against the life of the wealthy Giaour, the American; but thy servant was dumb."

The Pasha looked his doubts of this.

"But you had done as I ordered you in that?"

"The American is sick to death, and will die, my lord," I replied, not quite seeing what kind of answer to make.

"You mean you gave him what I sent you?"

"Is not my lord's word as the law of the Koran to Hamdi, his servant?" This made it definite at any rate. He had not only ordered Koprili to poison Grant, but had himself sent the drugs; and as I mumbled out the false confession of the crime, my blood ran hot with rage against the Pasha. Stephani was right it seemed; and they had made their plans against Grant before the attempt against me. But why, when, as Haidée herself had declared, they held his life as more valuable than that of any other man in the plot, because of the money he could command? What was this baffling double treachery? These thoughts flashed through my mind as I stood with lowered head waiting upon this villain's words.

"Does the Greek, your mistress, know of all this, Hamdi?"

"Does my lord mean as it concerns the American?"

"Have they tortured the wits out of you that you ask such a fool's question?" he returned angrily. "Have you betrayed me?"

"Is thy servant a dog to bite the hand that feeds and protects him?"

He looked up at me sharply and suspiciously as I thought, and to my surprise muttered to himself in French.

"Have I trusted you too far, I wonder?"

I could put that thought into plainer terms, for I knew what accidents could happen to the rogues of powerful Turks when they were held to know too much for their master's safety.

"Did my lord speak?"

"I was thinking that you have been a faithful servant, Hamdi, and have blotted out that unfortunate past of yours," he said smoothly, with a very evil smile.

"My lord's favour is as the sun of Hamdi's life; to please him and to do his will is his servant's one desire."

"Tell me, then, and speak frankly like a faithful and favoured servant—has this secretary of the American taken any steps to prove his suspicions?"

"I overheard him say that he should find means to reach Rechad Effendi."

"You have let no word of him escape your lips?"

"Thy servant's lips were sealed as with the seal of the tomb."

"He has no suspicion that Rechad is nothing to us?" he asked in a tone that showed how important he held this to be.

"May my lord's anger be turned from his unworthy servant for speaking the words, but I fear he knows it."

I had hit him hard now and got well beneath the cold, impassive surface.

"By Allah, this must be seen to!" he exclaimed, striking the desk with his clenched fist and speaking impetuously. "Tell me all you know, Hamdi, as you value my favour."

"My lips speak but of the things I have seen. He charged me with destroying the paper, and when I denied all knowledge of it he answered: 'You are lying, Koprili' —the dog of a Giaour to call me liar! And he said he knew the paper was but a forgery, my lord; that His Highness, Rechad Effendi, had never seen it; that his master, the American, knew this too; that he had learnt all my lord's plans by wizarding, and knew them; and that to any document there must be another name than that of Rechad Effendi."

This was all pure bluff on my part, of course; and I answered as slowly as I could, calculating the effect of every word, and so judging how far I dared go with him. But every syllable told; and the effect of the last sentence showed me plainly I had struck right home again.

"Do you mean he spoke of His Highness, War-ed-in Effendi?"

In that instant I saw the whole plot like a flash of light, and for my life could not entirely restrain a start of surprise. He had spoken impulsively, and the name had slipped from him without thought and against his intentions; and the start I gave made him aware of the dangerous slip. In a second I had myself in hand again, and answered:

"Thy servant can but tell his lord the truth. He said he knew all concerning War-ed-in Effendi."

"And this is the man you have let escape?" he cried in a voice of thunder, while his eyes gleamed with angry menace. "You have betrayed me shamefully, Hamdi, and may have ruined everything."

Then he lapsed into deep thought, and I stood as if bowed down by the weight of the anger I had roused, but pondering closely all that this disclosure meant to us.

I had got all I needed. War-ed-in Effendi was the much younger brother of Abdul Hamid. Common report gave him a very different character from that of Rechad; and some years before he had been said to be in sympathy with Maraboukh, who had been one of the officials in charge of him. Rechad Effendi was thus the mere stalking-horse used to cover the conspiracy in War-ed-in's behalf. Rechad was, as we had always counted upon, a man likely to favour such a scheme as Grant's; while the younger man, if Maraboukh was to be his favourite and chief minister, was just as certain to cancel every concession made the instant he was on the throne. Like Maraboukh himself he was reputed an Ottoman of the Ottomans, and hated the Westerns with intense hate.

With the knowledge of this inner plot in my possession I could do all I needed, and my anxiety now was just to get safely out of the house; but I feared lest Maraboukh, having spoken too freely, would deem it unsafe to let me go.

I would have given something to know the drift of the Pasha's thoughts as he sat, heavy-browed and stern, revolving what I had told him and what it meant to his schemes; and probably what he had better do in regard to me.

After a long trying silence he looked up.

"How did you manage to get away and come to me?" he asked suspiciously, and I could understand his doubt. Koprili being known as the poisoner was not likely to be let free by people whom the Pasha deemed as shrewd as those of the White House. While if I said I had escaped, it would be a plausible excuse for not letting me return.

"The Greek, my mistress, in pity for my sufferings found the means for me to bring the news to my lord," I said after a moment's hesitation.

"Your sufferings, dog. What are your sufferings to me?" he thundered, noticing my hesitation. "How could she do it, since they had found out what you had done?"

"My lord knows she is all powerful with the American, and all but rules there in his name."

"Is that the truth? Beware how you seek to deceive me, Hamdi," he cried again in his sternest tones.

"Thy servant is but a thing of naught in his lord's hands. By the beard of the Prophet, it was as I say; and the Greek charged me to return with my lord's commands; and old Lelia waits to admit me secretly."

"Lelia, Lelia, who is Lelia?"

"I but speak of her by the name she bears in the house where she is about my lord's commands," I answered readily enough, but it was plain I had made a bad blunder.

"Whom do you mean?" he asked in the same angry tone.

"The anger of my lord and the torture have clouded his servant's recollection of her name," I answered, cursing myself roundly for the dangerous blunder.

"Forgotten your wife's name, have you? You must have suffered, my poor Hamdi." It is impossible to convey an impression of the subtle cunning with which this was said, or the significance of the cruel smile that accompanied the words. What he thought I know not; but what he meant to do I was very soon to know. "So you are really ill?"

"The countenance and sympathy of my lord have strengthened me. I can return and do his bidding."

"That's just what you won't," he muttered, in another French aside; and adding aloud in Turkish, in a tone of compassion: "You are too ill to do any more good there. You have earned rest and you shall have it."

My blood chilled as I heard this. I knew it meant a prison at first, with worse probably to follow.

"It is as my lord wills," I answered submissively, while racking my wits how to get out of the mess, and conscious that all the time the keen, cruel eyes were fixed intently upon me.

Another minute would probably have settled that part of my fate, but then there came an interruption. A messenger entered and handed Maraboukh a paper, standing while it was read. The Pasha made no sign while reading it, except that once, all suddenly, he looked up at me, and caught me staring hard at him. Then he smiled again, ominously as before, and sent the servant away.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked, holding up the paper, his tone quiet, but his eyes stern and menacing.

"How can thy servant know his lord's affairs?"

"Yet you might have recognised it, Hamdi, thou man of faith and truth, for it is thine own letter."

Every pulse in my body seemed to leap at the words, to stop suddenly, and then to go beating and thumping on furiously. I went closer to the table as if to examine the letter.

"It must be the letter I wrote to send to my lord before I knew I could come myself."

"No doubt that is it, Hamdi; it has been delayed," he said, with a suggestion of positively devilish cunning in his manner, and he paused as if enjoying in anticipation the trap he was going to set while he looked at me over the letter. "Just repeat to me what you say here."

I was beaten of course, completely outmanœuvred and trapped; and there remained only force as offering a last hope of escape. Surely a faint, forlorn hope considering where I was.

I moved my hand concealed by the caftan round to my revolver, and while making a low bow of submission, slipped is out.

"Come," he said, as if indulgently playing with me as a beast with a bird. "Not a difficult thing, Hamdi."

"I have explained that my memory has failed me," I answered, dropping my flowery subservient form of speech in my confusion. The inconsistency of the mode of speech did not escape him. Nothing escaped him in those few tense moments.

"Then I'll find means to make you recollect."

I chose that moment to declare myself.

"Stop," I cried, speaking in French. "A word, a sign, a movement, and you are a dead man. I am covering you," and I let the muzzle of the revolver peep out between the folds of the caftan. I dared not make an overt show of force, lest the mutes behind should see and rush upon me.

His self-command was magnificent. Not a sign even of passing surprise escaped him, but he held the letter as before in fingers that did not show a single tremor. To do him justice he was no coward. He knew how near he stood to death; but was as calm, placid, and collected as at any moment of the strange interview.

"This is very interesting," he said slowly, after a pause. "You are—who?"

"I am Mr. Grant's secretary, Mervyn Ormesby."

"And have come as a spy into my house."

"And mean to leave it," I returned.

"Pardon me, Mr. Ormesby, but there you are wrong. You will only leave it at my time and by my consent. You are now too dangerous."

"If you move a finger to have me detained I will fire."

He paused a moment, regarding me stedfastly and thoughtfully, weighing the situation, then shook his head slowly.

"No, you won't," he answered with his evil smile. "If you were to kill me, my servants would either pull you to pieces or hand you over to be tried for murder. In either case you will be powerless to do the harm you meditate. I invite you, therefore, to fire; and if you do not fire in one minute, I shall give you into the care of my servants."

And with supreme coolness and pluck, he took out his watch, glanced at it, and then turned to me, looking me full in the eyes, as though daring me to fire.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TABLES TURNED

HE had turned the tables on me completely, and had read me much better than I had read him. My threat was bluff and he knew it. Had I been as callous as he, and as able to do murder in cold blood, it would still have availed me nothing. Those grim silent guards behind me had served their purpose; their mere presence saved their master's life, and rendered my chance of escape hopeless.

As the sixty seconds ran out I stood thinking in desperate perplexity, and the snap of his watch case as he closed it told me the time was up.

"You do not fire, Mr. Ormesby," he said, in the same cool, collected voice. "You are prudent and understand the uselessness. Will you hand me that revolver?"

"No," I replied shortly.

"I have but to give a sign and it will be taken from you."

"The six chambers are loaded, and one is all I need for myself."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Need we play this any further?"

"Your Excellency will find me in very deadly earnest."

"And what, then, do you propose to do next?"

"I am resolved not to be kept here."

"And if I say you cannot be allowed to leave?"

"I am a very fair shot at close range," I returned.

"You mean you will resist capture, and in the last resort will blow your brains out."

"It would be an easier fate than trusting my life to you."

"I am not so sure of that, Mr. Ormesby. You would at any rate be out of my path, and you shall have an opportunity of making your brave words good," and with this sneer he sounded his table bell vigorously.

It was a desperate pass, but I resolved to make a fight for it to the end; and with this object I drew aside and put my back to the wall.

"The blood of any man who touches me will be on your head, Pasha," I said.

"I am prepared for that, of course," was the reply; "but I cannot allow you to retain that weapon. Send Ulmet here at once with half-a-dozen men," he said to the servant who came in then, and he made some sign to the two mutes, who began to approach me warily.

By chance I had backed to one of the high French windows of the room, and reckoning that it would lead to some balcony, I turned, and with swift, eager fingers unfastened, threw it open, and darted out into the darkness But my intent had been guessed, and I felt a hand clutch the back of the caftan. Turning instantly, I found it was the mute who had had hold of me before, and as quick as thought I fired point-blank at the fellow's arm. But quick as the thing passed, it lasted too long for my safety. He grabbed my caftan with his uninjured hand, and his comrade coming to his help at the same moment, together they hauled me back into the Pasha's presence as easily as if I had been a mere child, and wrenched the revolver from me.

Maraboukh sat quite unmoved throughout the brief struggle. He signed to the men to place me where I had stood before and to give him my revolver; and when the men he had sent for had arrived, he dismissed them at once, telling one of them to take the mute I had shot to have his wound dressed. The other he waved back to his usual place by the door.

"It would have saved trouble to have given me this at once, Mr. Ormesby," he said, as collectedly as before, touching the revolver; "but perhaps it is best so, since now you must recognise the uselessness of resistance."

"For the moment you have the best of it; I admit that."

"Not a very large admission, either," he retorted. "But perhaps you see how much worse you have made your position by your rashness. You came here as a spy; you threatened my life when your disguise was discovered; you tried to run away; and when my servants sought to prevent you breaking your neck by jumping from the balcony there, you turned and shot one of them. That is a heinous crime, even for an Englishman, in Stamboul—you are English, I think?"

"Whatever you believe you can do with me, Pasha, do it, and do it quickly," I answered firmly and with an air of resolution; although inwardly I was intensely alarmed at the turn matters had taken. In fact, I was convinced that my life was in danger, and I was certainly very unwilling to die; but it would have been the height of folly to let him see my cowardice.

"I do not wish you any harm, Mr. Ormesby; on the contrary nothing would give me more pleasure than to let you go at once; but you will of course see you have made that difficult, if not impossible."

"I have had abundant evidence of your Excellency's kindly attentions, in the attempt which Koprili made—the bungler, as you termed him."

"I should withdraw that term, I think, seeing that he was after all the cause of this—this visit, I will call it. But now I will put some questions to you and you will answer or not as you think best. It would on the whole be more prudent of you to answer," he said, his tone mild but the threat unmistakable. "You are very much in the confidence of the American, Mr. Grant?"

"Yes."

"What, then, was his real and ultimate object in this plan of his in regard to the conceded lands in Macedonia?"

"A business venture to develop the resources there, and make money in doing so."

"That was the avowed object, you mean. What was the secret one?"

"We English and Americans set our objects out in full sight. The place will be well governed and properly organized, and the security of the inhabitants assured. A novel experience in Turkey, no

They hauled me back into the Pasha's presence.

doubt, and perhaps distasteful to officials accustomed to govern the vilayets as your Excellency governed yours, for instance."

"You are playing with words, Mr. Ormesby. When this one district had been organized, as you term it, what next?"

"If your Government approve of what will be done, and consent, another district will probably be developed in the same way. It is entirely a commercial matter for the Government to sanction or not, as they please."

"And the arms that you have stored on that island of yours on the coast there, and the men who have been collected there?"

"The meaning is perfectly plain. The company must have agents and servants to do the work until the residents can do it; and as parts of the district are infested by brigands we must have arms to protect ourselves. If you will look at things with Western eyes, instead of through Eastern glasses, they are simple enough."

"Ah, you do not mean to tell me, and I am not surprised. Nor are we blind, Mr. Ormesby. Your object was in reality to make a colony there in the first instance, then to spread to other districts, and in this way to obtain a footing and oust us Mohammedans altogether."

"That is what I mean by coloured Eastern glasses—coloured by racial and religious prejudices. We have neither. Your country is one of the richest in the world, and yet it is on the edge of bankruptcy, because you neither govern it properly nor stir a hand to develop it. We shall merely show you the enormous possibilities and advantages of doing both."

"Would have shown us, you mean?" he said drily "Or would have tried."

"If what you have admitted to me is true—that you have poisoned my friend, you are right, and the scheme is dead."

"You must know a good deal of the East, judging by your fluency in speaking the language and your almost successful impersonation to-day. Yet, do you think we Ottomans would deign to be taught Government by Giaours, the overbearing enemies of Islam?" His hate of us came out in his tones here.

"If you don't learn from someone, and that very soon, Islam will find its worst enemies in its most faithful sons."

"Silence!" he cried, for a moment losing self-control.

"You said you wished to question me. If you don't like the reply, stop the questions, Pasha," I retorted, rather enjoying his anger. It was genuine at any rate, while his assumption of cool interest was mere unctuous hypocrisy.

"You angered me and I spoke hastily," he said, when he had regained self-command.

"I accept your apology," I put in quickly and hastily, with a smile; and again he had to pause to check his anger.

"Let us understand one another, Mr. Ormesby."

"I think we are beginning to do that," said I, but he brushed the words away with a gesture.

"You are in Mr. Grant's employment?"

"In a sense, yes."

"And are looking for higher employment, for promotion in fact, as this scheme developes?"

"In a sense, yes," I said again.

"You are a young man with hopes and ambitions; you have a wide acquaintance with our country; you know these modern and European ideas and methods; and you have come to this country to make your fortune, having been for some years engaged in the task. Has it ever occurred to you that there might be a great sphere, a great career, for one so situated and gifted?"

"Many things have occurred to me," I answered, somewhat flippantly, not catching his drift.

"We are on the eve of great changes, great developments in all directions in which the old might and glory of our Empire will flourish again, and her greatness be restored. In that work there will be need for men of varied parts and attainments; and men like yourself might well find a congenial sphere to the mutual advantage of themselves and the Empire."

He spoke deliberately, choosing his words carefully and watching their effect upon me.

"I don't think I understand your Excellency," I replied, as he paused.

"Such men would rise to high station and influence, and would possess privileges and power unknown to men in alien lands and of other faith than that of Islam."

"Again I say I do not understand your Excellency."

"Wealth, influence, power, the consummation of almost every desire, the obedience of thousands, the respect and admiration of millions—all these things would be within the reach of such men, who as sons of Islam should help in building up again the fallen fortunes of our Empire, re-invigorating her strength, and gilding once more her tarnished glories."

I understood him now well enough; and the colossal infamy and double cunning of his proposal astounded me. He would bribe me to betray Grant and all at the White House, with a promise of a big career, while tacking to it the condition that I should turn Mahommedan and enlist in his service.

"It seems to me," I answered, after pausing, and as though weighing his proposition deliberately, "that the first thing such men would ask for would be some guarantee of good faith, some assurance that things would be as you say."

"They would not be the cautious men we seek if they did not. But such assurances would be given."

"By which of their Royal Highnesses, Rechad or War-ed-in?"

"After what has passed, what need of concealment? By my master, War-ed-in. As His Highness's future Grand Vizir, I am empowered to pledge his word."

I paused again and appeared to think.

"Shall we suppose for a moment that a man like myself were to offer his services in some such capacity as you suggest?"

"I was addressing myself to you, especially, Mr. Ormesby," he answered at once.

"But I am an Englishman, a Giaour, and a Christian, Pasha."

"You would become by nationality an Ottoman. That, of course."

"But my religion?"

"That would be for your after-consideration. The men who rise to the highest eminence must be Moslems. There can be but one God for the true friends of our Empire."

"And you think I could easily change my faith?"

"Your countrymen have done it before."

"Your Excellency has the merit of speaking plainly."

"I am speaking to a man of affairs; besides"—and he spread out his hands and smiled blandly—"you are not just now a free agent, and can scarcely carry my words far."

"I think I understand you. And the price I should have to pay at once for—for His Highness's favour?"

"You would, of course, devote yourself at once to the true Ottoman interests."

"And that means?"

"In regard, for instance, to this American scheme, you would view it at once from the point of advantage to the Empire, instead of from that of your present employer."

A neat wrapping this for an act of dastardly betrayal. My indignation was so hot that for a moment I could not trust myself to speak; but it was a play at fence, and temper was useless.

"You have spoken frankly as to the one side," I said next. "Now, as to the other. What if I refuse?"

"I should be sorry."

"I have no doubt of it," I snapped drily. "But what would happen?"

"We should lose a man we would gladly have, while your scheme would benefit—nothing. Your employer or friend, whichever you consider him, will not live; and thus, as you yourself said, his scheme will die with him. You, yourself, well"—and he shrugged his shoulders expressively—"you know enough of us to understand you cannot be at liberty, and eventually must answer for this attack upon my faithful servant. But our criminal courts do not move swiftly, as

you know, and in the meantime"—he paused again—"our prisons are not pleasant places. And they are not yet full."

He spoke with deliberate malice, hoping to frighten me thoroughly by the mention of prisons which, as the world knows, must find their parallel for horror, cruelty, and abominations in hell rather than on earth. But he was surprised and, I think, disconcerted and angered when, instead of showing the fear I really felt, I laughed lightly. I had done a good deal of acting that day, but no stroke taxed me more than that laugh and the light tone in which I replied.

"There seems to be a fairly glaring contrast between the two pictures. Your Excellency uses vivid colouring."

"And the palette is not quite exhausted yet, Mr. Ormesby. It may or may not touch you closely, but your employer has a sister, rich, I am told, and accounted beautiful?"

"What of her?" I asked sharply.

"A high mission has been accorded to her. She has succeeded in attracting the attention of a man high in our counsels, and destined to rise much higher. She will be his wife—or at least one of them." His eyes glittered in the lamplight as he riveted them on me to mark the effect of this crowning foulness; but he had been too long in reaching it, and I was prepared to shut down every sign of feeling.

"I have heard of that. I know the Count Stephani; and no doubt he will rise high—to the branch of a tree probably with the help of a rope and a pair of strong arms at the end of it."

"Such carrion as that is not worth a rope," he said with bitter contempt. "I was not speaking of carrion."

"Let that be as it will, I have the whole picture now, I presume, as you would paint it. But there are two colours you have not used. In the first place Miss Grant is under the protection of the American Embassy, and they will know how to protect her. The second affects me. The British Embassy knows all about my presence here and will know where to look for me; and its eyes and ears are sharp and keen enough to find me, even in a prison. This means that I can at least consider your proposals dispassionately. How long will you give me?"

"Until to-morrow. After that it will be too late."

"And until then I am to be your guest, I suppose?"

"You must remain here; but if you will give me your word of honour to make no attempt to escape, it will be a mere show of restraint."

"But I will not," I returned promptly.

"Then you leave me no alternative," he said, as if regretfully.

With that the remarkable interview closed, and sending for his servants, he gave me into their charge with instructions which I could not overhear.

Any thought of forcible resistance was, of course, out of the question, and I went away in their custody. In the Pasha's presence, no indignity was offered me; but the moment we were out of his room I was seized, my arms were bound tightly behind me, a bandage was placed over my eyes, and in this condition I was pushed and hauled with considerable violence along passages and down staircases, until I was thrust into some place, and heard a door slammed and barred behind me.

And in that plight I was left.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DELIVERANCE

MY first sensation was one of almost paralysing helplessness. The bandage across my eyes had been so skilfully adjusted that I could see absolutely nothing, while the pressure of it was so tight as to cause actual physical pain. The bonds on my arms had also been tied by those well practised in the work; and my hands were already swollen and aching with that peculiar bursting sensation which follows when the circulation is stopped and the extremities have not yet become deadened to feeling.

Knowing all I did of the unspeakable horrors which have been enacted at times

in that city of crime and violence, and of the devilishly ingenious traps often laid for unfortunate prisoners, I was at first afraid to move an inch from where I had been left, lest I should only fall into some worse plight.

To add to my discomfort and alarm, I had a constitutional dread of such pitchy darkness as that which seemed to envelop me; and my nerves which had been sorely tried by the experiences of that critical day now threatened to collapse altogether. Although I am anything but an emotional man, I was so overcome that I nearly burst into tears. It was only the instinct of a coward, I am afraid, and, no doubt, very contemptible; but the confession will at least convey some idea of my distressing frame of mind.

I remained rooted to the spot, overwhelmed by the sense of helplessness and fear for a time that seemed hours to me; until indeed the physical fatigue of maintaining one fixed position began to tell upon me, and my head and eyes throbbed with the pressure of the bandage with intolerable pain.

Yet it was the fatigue and the pain that led to my bettering my condition. They drove me to make some kind of effort, and in this way drew away my thoughts even from my distracting fears.

I began very cautiously. Putting out my right foot with utmost care, I felt first in front of me and then at the side, to ascertain whether the floor was sound and to make sure that there was no treacherous opening. Then I did the same with my left foot, and having satisfied myself as to what was immediately in front of me, I drew my feet together and turned as a soldier turns at drill, and went through a similar process in that direction.

Finding that all was clear and safe, I took one step forward, and in this way, feeling the ground almost inch by inch, I continued until I found my advance stopped by a wall; there I sat down, resting my hands and shoulders against the wall, and leant back with a sigh of intense relief.

Simple and easy as all this may seem, yet my nerves were so unstrung that the exertion brought the perspiration out over all my body, and I felt tired out.

My next efforts were directed to loosening the bandages across my eyes. The knot was at the back of my head, and after many attempts I succeeded, by rubbing my head against the wall, in slightly forcing it upwards until, after many efforts that caused great pain, I managed to get it over my head.

But the darkness seemed just as dense as when my eyes were covered, and I guessed that I had been brought to some underground room or cellar. Wherever I was I felt much less uncomfortable now the bandage was off; and feeling my way carefully, as before, I sidled and slid along the floor until I came to a corner, and settling myself into it as best I could, since my hands were tied behind me, I fell asleep.

I must have slept soundly, for when I awoke it was to find a couple of men hauling me up unceremoniously to my feet, and I stood blinking and winking at a light by which, held close to my eyes, they were staring hard into my face. They then re-fastened the bandage over my eyes, dragged me away, and hurried me up some stairs to another room. There they unfastened the bonds from my hands, tore the bandage from my eyes, and laid me on a couch; and one of them went away, taking the cords with him, while the other sat down on guard close to the couch.

"My lord is coming to see you," he said, gruffly. "If he asks any questions, you must say you have been here all the time;" and he emphasized the instructions with a savage threatening gesture.

I knew then that my confinement in the other place had not been authorized by Maraboukh, but that the men had taken me there to save themselves the trouble of watching me. Soon afterwards the door was thrown open and the Pasha entered. I lay still as if unable to move; and indeed there was very little pretence in this, for I was stiff and sore in all my joints, and the released blood in my arms and hands gave me excruciating pain.

Maraboukh looked at me in surprise and

then questioningly at the fellow in charge of me, who held himself bolt upright with his arms to his side like a soldier standing to attention. Then the Pasha had the room cleared, and when we were alone, asked:

"Are you ill, Mr. Ormesby?"

"No; but it's no thanks to you that I am not;" and with much effort and strain, as I could not yet use my arms, I contrived to struggle up into a sitting posture. "Your Excellency has a merry wit," I said bitterly.

"I do not understand this," he answered, his face darkening.

"Here are some signs pretty easy to read;" and I showed him my hands which were swollen and bruised, the skin broken in several places where the cords had cut into it. "They are true Turkish characters."

"This is no doing of mine," he said angrily.

"Easy words, your Excellency," I answered with a sneer.

"Do you doubt me?"

"I don't doubt these, at any rate. As soon as I was out of your sight your men blindfolded and bound me, and in that plight pitched me, like a trussed fowl, into a cellar to consider calmly your offer of high place in the Ottoman Court. I repeat, your Excellency has a merry wit;" and I sneered again, and added, "We shall see whether the British Embassy appreciates the point of this kind of joke."

"By the Prophet, I knew nothing of this," he protested vehemently.

"I hear your Excellency," I said, with intentional aggravation.

"My word is not to be doubted, sir."

"Then either your memory is conveniently short or your servants fool you behind your back—and that is scarcely the reputation which His Excellency, Maraboukh Pasha, commonly enjoys."

With an oath he threw the door open and ordered the men who had treated me with such scant ceremony to be brought to him, and while he waited he paced the room like a caged beast. They came trembling like craven bullies, and I had the satisfaction of hearing them ordered off in charge of some of their fellows to be bastinadoed.

I could understand his object in this. He was without doubt still hoping that I should consent to accept his offer and turn traitor, and was anxious that I should not think he had acted in such bad faith as to have me treated in this outrageous manner. It was moreover quite possible that the ill-treatment was the work of the servants who had either continued to mistake me for Koprili, and had rejoiced at a chance of paying off old scores, or had been actuated by feelings of revenge for my having wounded the mute.

"You will believe me now, Mr. Ormesby, and accept my regrets?" he said, when the room was again cleared.

"Yes. Your men evidently disobeyed you. It is a lesson for me."

"A lesson? In what way?"

"A lesson that, however excellent your intentions may be, Pasha, those about you are not to be trusted." He frowned.

"I have come to ask you if you have yet decided?"

"Yes, my experiences have decided me. I will not trust your people."

"Nothing of this will occur again. You have my word. I mean you no harm."

"And I have had proof of the practical value of your desires when your back is turned."

"You will regret this attitude."

"Your attitude, you mean? I have already done so," I retorted, with a laugh.

"I will see you again in the morning. Meanwhile, I will answer personally that no harm befalls you;" and with that he left the room, and a man I had not before seen came to keep watch over me.

There was nothing left for me but to make the best of the ugly situation; and, after rubbing my arms until the circulation was thoroughly restored, I settled myself on the comfortable divan and was soon asleep.

I was left undisturbed for the rest of the night. In the morning coffee and food and cigarettes were brought me, and after I had breakfasted the Pasha again visited me.

He was less cool, and appeared, indeed, somewhat excited. He told me I must now make my decision, and that he could give me no more time for reflection; urged me insistently to accept his offer, and declared that if I refused he would be compelled to place me in greater restraint.

"It may be necessary even for your own safety," he concluded, significantly.

"I have not yet made up my mind," I answered. It was obviously my course to appear to dally with the thing as long as possible.

"We are not children or women," he returned angrily. "I must know now."

"As you please, of course; but it means so much to me that I can't decide in a hurry."

"It must be now or not at all, sir," he exclaimed, very sternly.

"Well, it can't be now," I answered, with a shrug.

"If your hesitation costs you your life, it is your own doing;" and without more he turned on his heel and left me.

Shortly afterwards I was taken out of the room to one in the lower part of the house; a gloomy place with one small strongly-barred window high up. To all intents a prison cell, but larger, and containing a not uncomfortable divan. There I was kept a close prisoner all that day and night and until late the following day; food was brought to me at intervals; and servants, or gaolers, whichever they may be termed, looked into the room frequently to see that I made no attempt to escape.

I could make none, of course. Had I been able to reach the little window, I could not have forced the strong bars; so I accepted the inevitable and waited, curbing my fretting impatience as best I could. I had the one hope still left, that old Ibrahim's spies in the house might yet effect a release; but it grew fainter and fainter with every hour that passed.

During all the time of my confinement my mind was filled with feverish anxiety as to the position of matters at the White House; and in particular about Enid. What the Pasha's motive had been in bringing her name into the matter, and speaking of her as one of the objects of his crafty machinations, I could only surmise. But after the almost reckless audacity of the attempt on Grant's life I could well believe him capable of any devilment directed against Enid.

I hoped with all my heart she had gone to The Home as I had entreated her. She would be comparatively safe there, unless, indeed, the conspiracy plot came to a head and Maraboukh became Grand Vizir, with his puppet, War-ed-in, on the throne. In such an event no one could say what might happen. Even if he were in power for no more than a day or a few hours, he was capable of doing anything.

The knowledge of her danger warped every other consideration in my thoughts; and I believe that it was then I realized fully for the first time how dear she was to me. Grant's grievous illness, the now almost certain wrecking of his scheme and with it of my chances in regard to it, my own danger—all these were nothing in my eyes when compared with the distracting pain of the consciousness that she was in peril and that I could do nothing to help her. That was the thought which made my prison like a hell to me.

As the second day wore wearily to a close I became gradually aware that something unusual was astir, affecting the whole of the Pasha's household. The visits to my room were less frequent in the morning; and the men who came, instead of entering leisurely and examining the room carefully, were hurried, and their glances at me vindictive and threatening. Then the visits ceased, and I was left without food for some hours. It was almost as though I had been forgotten in the pressure of more important affairs, and when the light from my small window faded and the room grew dark, I began to speculate whether I might not after all make some attempt to escape.

I had not got beyond the stage of speculation, however, when I heard someone fumbling with the lock and bars of my door as though ignorant of the fastenings. I immediately threw myself on the divan and pretended to be asleep, my pulses quickening at the thought that if the man

were alone I might tackle him and make a dash for my liberty.

There was no need for anything of the kind, however. The door was opened slowly and cautiously, and a voice that I did not know, said in a low tone:

"Effendi, I am a friend." The door was closed, and a light was kindled. My visitor was a tall, powerful fellow, with anything but a prepossessing face, and I recalled having seen him among the loungers in the hall on my arrival.

"Who are you?" I asked, but not without qualms of suspicion.

"I am Ben-ulral, the nephew of Ibrahim. If you will be quick we can get away. Put on these clothes. Great things are in the doing."

I stopped to ask no questions then, but peeled off Koprili's clothes and dressed myself rapidly in those he had brought—a pair of old baggy trousers and a seedy frock-coat and fez, the usual costume of a Turk of the lower classes. As I finished he handed me a loaded revolver, and he could give me no more sterling proof of his good intentions.

"I think we can get away without trouble, but if not, the Effendi knows that life or death for both of us will depend upon our acting promptly. You will pass with me as one of the servants, but if we are stopped there is only one course to take. Come."

We stepped out into the corridor then, stayed while he fastened the door behind us, and then walked rapidly along the passage and through a door out on to the main staircase of the house.

"There is only Achmet and perhaps one other on duty at the door. All are away at the fire. Show no hesitation: we are going to the fire also, if any questions are asked."

He was a clever, ready fellow, indeed; and he now took my arm familiarly and began to laugh and talk as we ran down the stairway to the great hall.

He was right. The big porter and one comrade were the only occupants of the great place, which looked gloomy and desolate in the dim light of a couple of lamps.

"You haven't lighted the other lamps, Ben-ulral, you Jew dog," said Achmet, the porter, gruffly, as we appeared.

"Dog, yourself, Achmet; hold your peace. Who thinks of lamps when a palace burns to make light? We go there."

"Who's that with you?"

"My brother, Ben-uzrul, who came to us but yesterday."

"Well, let him help you with the lamps, and then you can go. I'm not here to open doors for all the Jew scum of the city," and he growled something into the ear of his fellow, who rose and came toward me.

"I don't take orders from you. We are going to the fire, I say, and if you try to stop us, look to yourself," replied my rescuer in a very angry tone, and we went on towards the door.

"Shall a beast of a Jew threaten a true son of Islam? By the Prophet," cried the porter fiercely, and, snatching up a thick stick, he rushed upon my companion, while the other was for laying hands on me.

I was loth to fire, and contented myself with drawing my revolver and threatening my assailant, who fell back at sight of it. Ben-ulral would have had less compunction, probably, but fortunately had no revolver. He waited for the attack with courage and cunning, and, dodging the heavy blow which the burly porter aimed, sprang on him, and with a strength that impressed me, wrested the stick from his grasp and struck him some three or four tremendous blows, knocking him down.

Meanwhile, the other man sent up a loud cry for help, and I heard answering shouts from other parts of the house.

"Keep them off while I open the door," cried Ben-ulral, and in a few seconds more, just as three fellows came leaping down the stairway to the rescue, the door was open, and we darted out into the dark and set off running at top speed.

"It is well, Effendi," said Ben-ulral, pulling up presently. "They will not follow now. The streets are thronged, and you will pass without notice."

Ben-ulral struck him some three or four tremendous blows.

"You have done me a service I shall never forget, Ben-ulral."

"You can send me such reward as you think right to Ibrahim."

"You may be in sore trouble through it, I fear."

"I have been there before," he answered, with a careless shrug. "We shall do better to part here than keep together—if you feel safe."

"I shall be safe now."

"Then I have done my work," and without another word he was going.

"Stay," I cried. "What is the fire, and where?"

"The Yildiz Kiosk, and it means more than fire," and with that somewhat cryptic reply, he swung away in the darkness, leaving me full of amazement at his words.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MESSENGERS

By JEFFERY FARNOL

OH, wind, I have a charge for thee,
Oh, fleet and fragrant wind;
Thou my swift messenger shall be,
Yea, thou shalt bear a charge for me,
If thou my mistress find.

Oh, bird, that pipeth wondrous clear,
Oh, bird, that pipeth sweet,
Come, prithee carry to my dear
All my fair thoughts and loving gear,
Yea, ev'ry sigh, and smile, and tear,
And lay them at her feet!

Oh, sunbeam, dancing to and fro,
Oh, sunbeam, passing bright,
Come, take my heart, and with it go
To my dear love, and tell her how
My love for her doth ever grow
Beyond all thought and sight!

'Tis thus ye shall my Mistress find—
'Tis thus ye all shall know her:—
More sweet her breath than thou, oh, wind,
Her voice beyond all feathered kind,
More bright her eyes than sun e'er shined,
Thus shall these things all show her!

Go then—fulfil me this design,
Go all ye gentle three;
Bear ye all this great love of mine,
Kiss soft her rosy mouth divine—
This shall your guerdon be!

THE PASSING HOUR BY Edward Bennett

WE are all more or less under the dominion of phrases. Some years ago the phrase most in use in political circles was "The Open Door." Only a few professional politicians understood its real significance; the rank and file saw in it merely a gibe at the foreigner, and they put the words to music to the tune of "Rule Britannia." To-day the phrase of the hour is "The Open Mind." A few sincere students of politics possess the particular quality, and understand its significance, but I am afraid that the man in the street only smiles at the suggestion which has been conveyed to him of his "readiness to consider with an open mind" certain proposals of a distinguished politician. For this particular characteristic is the product of the highest culture; it implies a temperament in which he knows that he is conspicuously lacking. All through September, however, we are bidden to keep our minds in suspense; the Prime Minister, who is a philosopher, leads the way, and we go out into all the corners of the earth with our golf clubs, motor cars, bicycles, alpenstocks, and with our open minds. For one short month we are all to be a nation of philosophers. But the unreality of the attitude is patent to us all. Some of us recognise in the phrase merely a convenient way of describing that particular feature of a politician's toilet known as "changing his coat." We are in a state of *déshabillé*, of political nudity, but we are conscious that the new clothes are ready, and the politician is only awaiting a favourable opportunity in which to put them on. In October he will be ready with a "raging and tearing propaganda," and all the resources of oratory and journalism will then be devoted to exposing the iniquity of maintaining any longer an impartial attitude. I may want to be open-minded all through October and November, as well as during September, but if I insist on such an attitude I am afraid that I shall then be called unpatriotic. I am not a politician, but there are circumstances in which I might perhaps be induced to march to Hyde Park in a procession. Open-mindedness is the child of indifference, and this question of fiscal reform touches us all in a tender place. I am, for instance, deeply interested in the prices of bread and tobacco. Mr. Chamberlain has suggested that if the price of the one is raised, that of the other may be lowered. I admit the tempting nature of the bribe; it will introduce a sword into many households. I am all for tobacco at my club or at my office; but at my home there are two voices, and the stronger is not for tobacco. The home voice declares for the cheap loaf, and though the home voice has no vote it makes speeches. "The Open Mouth" is the phrase that should succeed "The Open Mind"; it marks the limit of our capacities to be philosophic, because "the open mouth" is almost the only subject on which we cannot maintain an open mind.

The signs of the times seem, indeed, to indicate a general breaking-up of party divisions and party allegiances. We are thrown back on the great questions which lie at the root of the struggle for existence. The party man will survive, no doubt, but for a time he will be interesting more as a curiosity than as an active influence. The party man will stand a great deal of knocking about, and will submit to many humiliations. I remember meeting, in the

mid-eighties, a farmer friend who had always been known to me in the days of my boyhood as a staunch Liberal, and I was curious to ascertain how far recent developments in the Liberal party had affected his allegiance. He was quite candid about his attitude. On the main question he was still as firm as a rock. "I shall vote, as my father and grandfather did before me, for the Liberals. But then," he explained, "I'm dead against this 'ere extension of the franchise and all this bunkum about education. What we want is a good stiff duty on corn, and none of this d——d Home Rule. And Gladstone's the man for the job when the time comes." When the Conservative candidate called on this man and heard these views expounded, he naturally thought that he had secured in the farmer an intelligent supporter. But the mere suggestion of giving his vote to a Conservative opened up from the farmer a torrent of personal abuse and rancour. "My father voted Liberal, so did my grandfather, and they always said, 'Scratch a Tory and you find a blackguard.' I stick to my colours." The candidate beat a hasty retreat to meditate at his leisure on the problem of "the party man."

I have already stated in these columns that it is the odds and ends of history, the personal gossip, and inconsequential occurrences which make up largely my historical knowledge. Local histories have always interested me extremely, and it is only to state the obvious to say that a holiday is rendered infinitely more enjoyable if we take an interest in the story of the place we are visiting. Parish registers and records are especially interesting to the student of character. The quaint humour of the entries, sometimes conscious, more often unconscious, are frequently delightful, and we can often note in such entries how certain characteristics of a place persist through the centuries. "The Home Counties Magazine" is an excellent little publication which devotes itself to the topography and local history of the counties in the neighbourhood of London, and it is just now publishing the account of Archbishop Parker's Visitation to his Diocese in the year 1569.

It is not only a most valuable record from a historical point of view, but it is a veritable human document. We are too much inclined, when we conceive of a historical period, to take our cue from the "outlines" and "primers" which we used in our school days, and we perhaps picture the life of England in the sixteenth century as given over to fierce religious and political struggles. But in the country parishes the daily life of the people went on with but little regard to the schemes and revolutionary changes of the politicians and ecclesiastical statesmen, and there is certainly no indication in the Archbishop's notes on his visits to the various parishes that the great Elizabethan period was in process of making. He visits St. Margaret's, Canterbury, but he has nothing to say of the vicar's religious opinions; he censures him because "no hospitality is kept." He goes on to Herne, and here he notes "That Mr. Vicar should be a peacemaker, but is a peacebreaker, to the disquiet of the parish." He is given to "railing and scolding," and "hath sent his wife away from him." Seasalter was a place that must have been a haven of rest to those who were weary of religious disputations, for "They have had no sermon this three years but one." Monkton seems to have been in the thick of a secularist movement, for "the curate there weareth apparel like a layman." And worse still, "the curate doth not call upon fathers and mothers and masters of youth to bring them up in the fear of God." At Swalcliffe there was apparently little to note. There was no heresy to be condemned or riotous living. But one "Alexander Consant received a cow which belonged to the church, and hath not made an account to the parish for her." It is well to remember that this sort of thing went on in Swalcliffe when the struggles between Catholic and Protestant statesmen were convulsing Europe. Ivychurch seems to have been a wicked little place, for it contained the wife of George Walcot, and the Archbishop solemnly notes that she was "a common scold and blasphemer of God's holy name." Peter Parks was also a resident of this parish, and in the simple and homely language of the Archbishop "Peter Parks is a common liar." At Sellindge "their Bible lacketh certain leaves," and "they have not the Paraphrase of Erasmus." The sins of Sellindge were what might be called literary peccadilloes. Not so in the case of Brenzett. For here resided John Jybbs who "would not say his prayers." "And since that time the said John hath showed himself more stubborn and as disobedient as he was before. And divers times hath he been requested to come to his parish church, and he doth answer very stubbornly that he will not come to church but

once a month in summer, and once in six weeks in winter; and saith that he hath dispensed with the Official so to do which thing doth cause others to take a boldness to do the like." John Jybbs evidently believed in "passive resistance," but it is curious that he should have been a better churchgoer in summer than in winter. I commend this problem to the *Daily News*, which is taking a census of the churchgoers of the metropolis. At Sevington, one "Elizabeth Godfrey liveth from her husband," and the Archbishop mentions no extenuating circumstances. At Appledore six people have broken the seventh, and one the eighth commandment. But here there *is* an extenuating circumstance. Never was a situation put in clearer language. The Archbishop says "We lack a table of the commandments." Appledore, at any rate, was not sinning against the light. In Fawkenhurst "our parson is not resident, neither doth he any good, neither keepeth he any hospitality." And the petition of the people has a touch of pathos: "We are absent from service because there is none." This is the most satisfactory alibi that could possibly be established. Wye was a place that rather troubled the Archbishop, because "Mr. William Clyfton, schoolmaster, is not of synsere religion." That is a sufficiently serious matter, yet the Archbishop goes on, "But we cannot tell what grammar he teacheth." Like so many modern bishops, Parker was a promoted schoolmaster, and we understand his disgust with the man's want of piety. Wingham has a naughty parishioner, "Elizabeth Ratcliff is an obstinate and dissipate person." But Adsham beats all records. The Archbishop must have presented himself with a pair of gloves after he recorded against Adsham "*Detectum est nihil.*" That is the only entry. Perhaps the Archbishop was tired and looked the other way. But Stodmarsh runs Adsham very close, for her only offence is that "she borrows a communion cup from another parish." And so on the record goes, giving us glimpses of tragedy and comedy in these little Kentish villages which in their main characteristics endure to this day. For instance, I know Adsham well, and I can think of no better description of her quiet and dreamy existence than *Detectum est nihil.* And from observations made in Wye, I wonder, with the Archbishop, what grammar they use. It is curious how frequently the Archbishop holds up some woman in a parish as "a scold." In these degenerate days we have forgotten that our fathers provided a very salutary punishment for the offence of "scolding." In the local records of Gravesend there is a very significant entry:

		s.	d.
1636.	The porters for ducking of Goodwife Campion ..	2	0
	Two porters for laying up the ducking-stool ..	0	8
		2	8

Now the ducking-stool not only endangered the health of the party, but gave the tongue liberty 'twixt every dip. So, to quote Mr. Gilbert, the punishment fitted the crime.

As a saunterer in the byways of literature and history I have welcomed with especial pleasure the appearance of "The King's Classics," a series which deals with "neglected corners," and is under the general editorship of Mr. Israel Gollancz. The publisher is Mr. Alexander Moring, of the De La More Press, 298, Regent Street, W., and he deserves a special word of praise from all book-lovers who appreciate artistic work as well as good literature. The volume I have before me, which can be purchased for the modest sum of half-a-crown, is "The Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond: a Picture of Monastic Life in the days of Abbot Samson," newly edited by Sir Ernest Clarke, F.S.A. This is the work that was introduced to an earlier generation by Carlyle in his "Past and Present," and served as a text with him for the homilies he was at that time preaching to the British nation. He had found one of his strong men in the Abbot Samson, and he held him up as an example to the trimmers and opportunists of the early Victorian period. England has possessed several strong men since that date; has, indeed, suffered much from them, and we may be forgiven if we make up our minds to forget the dogmatism of "Past and Present," and endeavour to look at the Abbot through the spectacles of Jocelin of Brakelond alone. For Jocelin, in spite of his evident admiration for the Abbot, allows us also to see the monk's point of view. The strong and masterful man in any community implies a certain number of victims, and their side of the case is too often neglected when the praises of the hero are trumpeted abroad. Now Jocelin never forgets that he is a subordinate, and his sympathies are with his class. He has, moreover, a quaint